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THE VORTEX*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGUS MACDONALL

"Thy Lord spoke by inspiration to the Bee."
—AL KORAN.

I HAVE, to my grief and loss, suppressed several notable stories of my friend, the Hon. A. M. Penfentenyou, once Minister of Woods and Waysides in De Thouar's first administration; later, Premier in all but name of one of Our great and growing Dominions; and now, as always, the idol of his own Province, which is two and one-half times the size of England.

For this reason I hold myself at liberty to deal with some portion of the truth concerning Penfentenyou's latest visit to Our shores. He arrived at my house by car, on a hot summer day, in a white waistcoat and spats, sweeping black frock-coat and glistening top-hat—a little rounded, perhaps, at the edges, but agile as ever in mind and body.

"What is the trouble now?" I asked, for the last time we had met, Penfentenyou was floating a three-million pound loan for his beloved but unscrupulous province, and I did not wish to entertain any more of his financial friends.

"We," Penfentenyou replied ambassadorially, "have come to have a Voice in Your Councils. By the way, the Voice is coming down on the evening train with my Agent-General. I thought you wouldn't mind if I invited 'em. You know We're going to share Your burdens henceforward. You'd better get into training."

"Certainly," I replied. "What's the Voice like?"

"He's in earnest," said Penfentenyou. "He's got It, and he's got It bad. He'll give It to you," he said.

"What's his name?"

"We call him all sorts of names, but I think you'd better call him Mr. Lingnam. You won't have to do it more than once."

"What's he suffering from?"

"The Empire. He's pretty nearly cured us all of Imperialism at home. P'raps he'll cure you."

"Very good, and what am I to do with him?"

"Don't you worry," said Penfentenyou. "He'll do it."

And when Mr. Lingnam appeared half an hour later with the Agent-General for Penfentenyou's Dominion, he did just that.

He advanced across the lawn eloquent as all the tides. He said he had been observing to the Agent-General that it was both politically immoral and strategically unsound that forty-four million people should bear the entire weight of the defences of our mighty Empire, but, as he had observed (here the Agent-General evaporated), we stood now upon the threshold of a new era in which the self-governing *and* self-respecting (*bis*) Dominions would rightly and righteously, as co-partners in Empery, shoulder their share of any burden which the Pan-Imperial Council of the Future should allot. The Agent-General was already intriguing for drinks with Penfentenyou at the

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other end of the garden. Mr. Lingnam swept me on to the most remote bench and settled to his theme.

We dined at eight. At nine, Mr. Lingnam was only drawing abreast of things Imperial. At ten the Agent-General, who earns his salary, was shamelessly dozing on the sofa. At eleven he and Penfentenyou went to bed. At midnight Mr. Lingnam brought down his big-bellied despatch box with the newspaper clippings and set to federating the Empire in earnest. I remember that he had three alternative plans. As a dealer in words, I plumped for the resonant third—"Reciprocally co-ordinated Senatorial Hegemony"—which he then elaborated in detail for three-quarters of an hour. At half-past one he urged me to have faith and to remember that nothing mattered except the Idea. Then he retired to his room, accompanied by one glass of cold water, and I went into the dawn-lit garden and prayed to any Power that might be off duty for the blood of Mr. Lingnam, Penfentenyou, and the Agent-General.

To me, as I may have observed elsewhere, the hour of earliest dawn is fortunate, and the wind that runs before it has been my most comfortable counsellor.

"Wait!" it said, all among the night's new rosebuds. "To-morrow is also a day. Wait upon the Event!"

I went to bed so at peace with God and Man and Guest that when I waked I visited Mr. Lingnam in pajamas, and he talked to me Pan-Imperially for half an hour before his bath. Later, the Agent-General said he had letters to write, and Penfentenyou invented a Cabinet crisis in his adored Dominion which would keep him busy with codes and cables all the forenoon. But I said firmly: "Mr. Lingnam wishes to see a little of the country round here. You are coming with us in your own car."

"It's a hired one," Penfentenyou objected.

"Yes. Paid for by me as a taxpayer," I replied.

"And yours has a top, and the weather looks thundery," said the Agent-General. "Ours hasn't a wind-screen. Even our goggles were hired."

"I'll lend you goggles," I said. "My car is under repairs."

The hireling who had looked to be returned to London spat and growled on the drive. She was an open car, capable of some eighteen miles on the flat, with tetanic gears and a perpetual palsy.

"It won't make the least difference," sighed the Agent-General. "He'll only raise his voice. He did it *all* the way coming down."

"I say," said Penfentenyou suspiciously, "what are you doing this for?"

"Love of the Empire," I answered, as Mr. Lingnam tripped up in dust-coat and binoculars. "Now Mr. Lingnam will tell us exactly what he wants to see. He probably knows more about England than the rest of us put together."

"I read it up yesterday," said Mr. Lingnam simply. While we stowed the lunch-basket (one can never make too sure with a hired car) he outlined a very pretty and instructive little day's run.

"You'll drive, of course?" said Penfentenyou to him. "It's the only thing you know anything about."

This astonished me a little, for your greater Federationists are rarely mechanicians, but Mr. Lingnam said he would prefer to be inside for the present and enjoy our conversation.

Well settled on the back seat, he did not once lift his eyes to the mellow landscape around him, or throw a word at the life of the English road which to me is one renewed and unreasoned orgy of delight. The mustard-colored scouts of the Automobile Association; their natural enemies, the unjust police; our natural enemies, the deliberate market-day cattle, broadside-on at the corners, the bicycling butcher-boy a furlong behind; road-engines that pulled giddy-go-rounds, rifle-galleries, and swings, and sucked snortingly from wayside ponds in defiance of the notice-board; traction-engines, their trailers piled high with road-metal; uniformed village nurses, one per seven statute miles, flitting by on their wheels; governess-carts full of pink children jogging unconcernedly past roaring, brazen touring-cars; the wayside rector with virgins in attendance, their faces screwed up against our dust; motor-bicycles of every shape charging down at every angle; red flags of rifle-ranges; detachments of dusty-putteed Territorials; coveys of flagrant

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children playing in mid-street, and the wise, educated English dog safe and quite silent on the pavement if his fool-mistress would only cease from trying to save him, passed and re-passed us in sunlit or shaded settings. But Mr. Lingnam only talked. He talked—we all sat together behind so that we could not escape him—and he talked above the worn gears and a certain maddening swish of one badly patched tire—*and* he talked of the federation of the Empire against all conceivable dangers except himself. Yet I was neither brutally rude like Penfentenyou, nor swooningly bored like the Agent-General. I remembered a certain Joseph Finsbury who delighted the Tregonwell Arms on the borders of the New Forest with "nine versions of a single income of two hundred pounds" placing the imaginary person in—but I could not recall the list of towns farther than "London, Paris, Bagdad, and Spitzbergen." This last I must have murmured aloud, for the Agent-General suddenly became human and went on: "Bussorah, Heligoland, and the Scilly Islands——"

"What?" growled Penfentenyou.

"Nothing," said the Agent-General, squeezing my hand affectionately. "Only we have just found out that we are brothers."

"Exactly," said Mr. Lingnam. "That's what I've been trying to lead up to. D'you realize that fifteen years ago such a conversation as we're having would have been unthinkable? The Empire wouldn't have been ripe for it. To go back, even ten years——"

"I've got it," cried the Agent-General. "'Brighton, Cincinnati, and Nijni-Novgorod!' God bless R.L.S.! Go on, Uncle Joseph. I can endure much now."

Mr. Lingnam went on like our shandrydan, slowly and loudly. He admitted that a man obsessed with a Central Idea—and, after all, the only thing that mattered was the Idea—might become a bore, but the World's Work, he pointed out, had been done by bores. So he laid his bones down to that work till we abandoned ourselves to the passage of time and the Mercy of Allah Who Alone closes the Mouths of His Prophets. And we wasted more than fifty miles of summer's vivid own England upon him the while.

About two o'clock we topped Sumtner Rising and looked down on the village of Sumtner Barton, which lies just across a single railway line, spanned by a red brick bridge. The thick, thunderous June airs brought us gusts of melody from a giddy-go-round steam-organ in full blast near the pond on the village green. Drums, too, thumped and banners waved and regalia flashed at the far end of the broad village street. Mr. Lingnam asked why.

"Nothing Imperial, I'm afraid. It looks like a Foresters' Fête—one of our big Mutual Benefit Societies," I explained.

"The Idea only needs to be co-ordinated to Imperial scale—" he began.

"But it means that the pub will be crowded," I went on.

"What's the matter with lunching by the roadside here?" said Penfentenyou. "We've got the lunch-basket."

"Haven't you ever heard of Sumtner Barton ales?" I demanded, and he became the administrator at once, saying: "I see! Lingnam can drive us in and we'll get some, while Holford"—this was the hireling chauffeur, whose views on beer we knew not—"lays out lunch here. That'll be better than eating at the pub. We can take in the Foresters' Fête as well, and perhaps I can buy some newspapers at the station."

"True," I answered. "The railway station is just under that bridge, and we'll come back and lunch here."

I indicated a terrace of cool brown shade beneath kindly beeches at the head of Sumtner Rise. As Holford got out the lunch-basket, a detachment of regular troops on manœuvres swung down the baking road.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lingnam, the monthly-magazine roll in his voice. "All Europe is an armed camp, groaning, as I remember I once wrote, under the weight of its accoutrements."

"Oh, hop in and drive," cried Penfentenyou. "We want that beer!"

It made no difference. Mr. Lingnam could have federated the Empire from a tight rope. He continued his oration at the wheel as we trundled.

"The danger to the Younger Nations is of being drawn into this vortex of militarism," he went on, dodging the rear of the soldiery.

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"Slow past troops," I hinted. "It saves 'em dust. And we overtake on the right as a rule in England."

"Thanks!" Mr. Lingnam slued over. "That's *another* detail which needs being co-ordinated throughout the Empire. But to go back to what I was saying. My idea has always been that the component parts of the Empire should take counsel among themselves on the approach of war, so that, after we have decided on the merits of the *casus belli*, we can co-ordinate what part each Dominion shall play whenever war is, unfortunately, a possibility."

We neared the hog-back railway bridge, and the hireling knocked piteously at the grade. Mr. Lingnam changed gears and she hoisted herself up to a joyous *Youp-i-addy-i-ay!* from the steam-organ. As we topped the arch we saw a Foresters' band with banners marching down the street.

"That's all very fine," said the Agent-General. "But in real life things have a knack of happening without approaching——"

(Some schools of Thought hold that Time is not; and that when we attain complete enlightenment we shall behold past, present, and future as One Awful Whole. I myself have nearly achieved this.)

We descended the bridge into the village. A boy on a bicycle, loaded with four paper bonnet-boxes, pedalled towards us out of an alley on our right. He bowed his head, the better to overcome the ascent, and naturally took his left. Mr. Lingnam swerved fractionally to the right. Penfentenyou shouted. The boy looked up, saw the car was like to squeeze him against the bridge wall, flung himself off his machine and across the narrow pavement into the nearest house. He slammed the door at the precise moment when the car, all brakes set, bunted the abandoned bicycle, shattering three of the bonnet-boxes and jerking the fourth over the unscreened dashboard into Mr. Lingnam's arms.

There was a dead stillness, then a hiss like that of escaping steam, and a man who had been running toward us ran the other way.

"Why! I think that those must be bees," said Mr. Lingnam.

They were—four full swarms—and the first living objects which he had remarked upon all day.

Some one said: "Oh, God!" The Agent-General went out over the back of the car, crying resolutely: "Stop the traffic! Stop the traffic, there!" Penfentenyou was already on the pavement ringing a door-bell, so I had both their rugs, which—for I am an apiarist—I threw over my head. While I was tucking my trousers into my socks—for I am an apiarist of some experience—Mr. Lingnam picked up the unexploded bonnet-box and with a single magnificent gesture (he told us afterward he thought there was a river there) hurled it over the parapet of the bridge, ere he ran across the road toward the village green. Now, the station platform immediately below was crowded with Foresters and their friends waiting to welcome a delegation from a sister Court. I saw the box burst on the flint edging of the station garden and the contents sweep forward cone-wise like shrapnel. But the result was stimulating rather than sedative. All those well-dressed people below shouted like Sodom and Gomorrah. Then they moved as a unit into the booking-office, the waiting-rooms, and other places, shut doors and windows and declaimed aloud, while the incoming train whistled far down the line.

I pivoted round cross-legged on the back seat, coyly as a Circassian beauty beneath her veil, and beheld Penfentenyou, his coat collar over his ears, dancing before a shut door and holding up handfuls of currency to a silver-haired woman at an upper window, who only mouthed and shook her head. A little child, carrying a kitten, came smiling round a corner. Suddenly (but these things moved me no more than so many yards of threepenny cinematograph-film) the kitten leaped spitting from her arms, the child burst into tears, Penfentenyou still dancing, snatched her up and tucked her under his coat, the woman's countenance blanched, the front door opened, Penfentenyou and the child pressed through, and I was alone in an inhospitable world where every one was shutting windows and calling children home.

A voice cried: "You've frowtened 'em!

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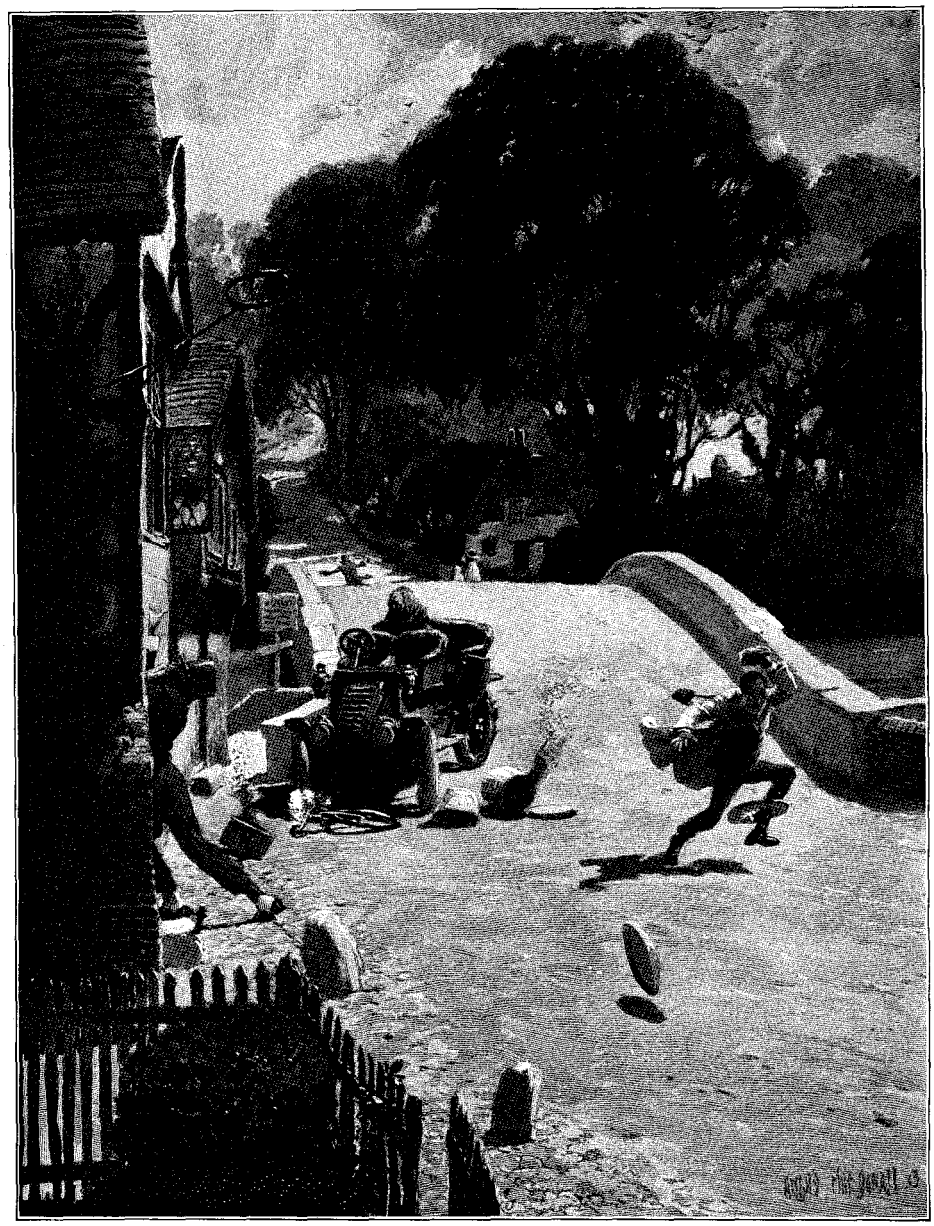

The front door opened, Penfentenyou and the child pressed through, and I was alone in an inhospitable world.
—Page 140.

You've frowtened 'em! Throw dust on 'em and they'll settle!"

I did not desire to throw dust on any created thing. I needed both hands for my draperies and two more for my stockings. Besides, the bees were doing me no hurt. They recognized me under the rugs as a member of the County Bee-keepers' Association who had paid his annual subscription and was entitled to a free seat at all apicultural exhibitions. The quiver and the churn of the hireling car, or it might have been the lurching banners and the arrogant big drum, inclined many of them to go up street, and pay court to the advancing Foresters' band. So they went,

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such as had not followed Mr. Lingnam in his flight toward the green, and I looked out of two goggled eyes instead of half of one at the approaching musicians, while I listened with both ears to the delayed train's second whistle down the line beneath me.

The Foresters' band no more knew what was coming than do troops under sudden fire. Indeed there were the same extravagant gestures and contortions as attend wounds and death in war; the very same uncanny cessations of speech—for the trombone was cut off at midslide, even as a man drops with a syllable on his tongue. They clawed, they slapped, they fled, leaving behind them a trophy of banners and brasses, crudely arranged round the big drum. Then that end of the street also shut its windows, and the village, stripped of life, lay round me like a reef at low tide. Though I am, as I have said, an apiarist in good standing, I never realized that there were so many bees in the world. When they had woven a flashing haze from one end of the desert street to the other, there remained reserves enough to form knops and pendules on all window-sills and gutter-ends, without diminishing the multitudes in the three oozing bonnet-boxes or drawing on the Fourth (Railway) Battalion in charge of the station below. The prisoners in the waiting-rooms and other places there cried out a great deal (I argued that they were dying of the heat), and at regular intervals the station-master called and called to a signalman who was not on duty, and the train whistled as it drew nearer.

Then Penfentenyou, venal and adaptable politician of the type that survives at the price of all the higher emotions, appeared at the window of the house on my right, broken and congested with mirth, the woman beside him, and the child in his arms. I saw his mouth open and shut, he hollowed his hands round it, but the churr of the motor and the bees drowned the words. He pointed dramatically across the street many times and fell back, tears running down his face. I turned like a hooded barbette in a heavy seaway (not knowing when my trousers would come out of my socks again) through an arc of one hundred and eighty degrees, and in due time bore on the village green. There was a salmon in the pond rising short at a cloud of midges, to the tune of Yip-i-addy; but there was none to gaff him. The swing-boats were empty, cocoanuts sat still on their red sticks before white screens, and the gay-painted horses of the giddy-go-rounds revolved riderless. All was melody, green turf, bright water, and this greedy gambolling fish. When I had identified it by its gray gills and binoculars as Lingnam I prostrated myself before Allah in that mirth which is more truly labor than any prayer. Then I turned to the purple Penfentenyou at the window, and wiped my eyes on the rug edge.

He raised the window half one cautious inch and bellowed through the crack: "Did you see *him?* Have they got *you?* I can see lots of things from here. It's like a three-ring circus!"

"Can you see the station?" I replied, nodding toward the right rear mudguard.

He twisted and craned sideways, but could not command that beautiful view.

"No! What's it like?" he cried.

"Hell!" I shouted. The silvery-haired woman frowned; so did Penfentenyou, and, I think, apologized to her for my language.

"You're always so extreme," he fluted reproachfully. "You forget that nothing matters except the Idea. Besides, they are this lady's bees."

He closed the window and introduced us through it in dumb show; but he contrived to give the impression that *I* was the specimen under glass.

A spurt of damp steam saved me from apoplexy. The train had lost patience at last and was coming into the station directly beneath me to see what was the matter. Happy voices sang and heads were thrust out all along the compartments, but none answered their songs or greetings. She halted, and the people began to get out. Then they began to get in again, as their friends in the waiting-rooms advised. All did not catch the warning, so there was congestion at the doors, but those whom the bees caught got in first.

Still the bees, more bent on their own business than on wanton torture, kept to the south end of the platform by the book-

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Drawn by Angus MacDonall.

Indeed there were the same extravagant gestures and contortions as attend wounds and death in war.—Page 142.

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stall, and that was why the completely exposed engine-driver at the north end of the train did not at first understand the hermetically sealed station-master when the latter shouted to him many times to "get on out o' this."

"Where are you?" was the reply. "And what for?"

"It don't matter where I am, an' you'll get what for in a minute if you don't shift," said the station-master. "Drop 'em at Parson's Meadow and they can walk up over the fields!"

That bare-armed, thin-shirted idiot, leaning out of the cab, took the station-master's orders as an insult to his dignity, and roared at the shut offices: "You'll give me what for, will you? Look 'ere, I'm not in the 'abit of——" His outstretched hand flew to his neck. Do you know that if you sting an engine-driver it is the same as stinging his train? She starts with a jerk that nearly smashes the couplings, and runs, barking like a dog, till she is out of sight. Nor does she think about spilled people and parted families on the platform behind her. I had to do all that. There was a man called Fred, and his wife Harriet—a cheery, full-blooded couple—who interested me immensely before they battered their way into a small detached building, already densely occupied. There was also a nameless bachelor who sat under a half-opened umbrella and twirled it dizzily, which was so new a game to me that I applauded aloud.

When they had thoroughly cleared the ground, the bees set about making comb for publication at the bookstall counter. Presently some bold hearts tiptoed out of the waiting-rooms over the loud gravel with the consciously modest air of men under fire or leaving church, climbed the wooden staircase to the bridge, and so reached my level where the inexhaustible bonnet-boxes were still vomiting squadrons and platoons. There was little need to bid them descend. They had wrapped their heads in handkerchiefs so that they looked like the disappointed dead scuttling back to Purgatory. Only one old gentleman, pontifically draped in a banner embroidered, "Temperance and Fortitude," ran the gauntlet up-street, shouting as he passed me: "It's night or Blücher, Mister." They let him in at the White Hart, the pub where I should have bought the beer.

After this the day sagged. I fell to reckoning how long a man in a Turkish bath, weakened by excessive laughter, could live without food and specially drink; and how long a disenfranchised bee could hold out under the same conditions.

Obviously, since her one practical joke costs her her life, the bee can have but small sense of humor; but her fundamentally dismal and ungracious outlook on life impressed me beyond words. She had paralyzed locomotion, wiped out trade, social intercourse, mutual trust, love, friendship, sport, music (the lonely steam-organ had run down at last), all that gives substance, color or savor to life, and yet, in the barren desert she had created was not one whit more near to the evolution of a saner order of things. The Heavens were darkened with the swarms' divided counsels; the street shimmered with their purposeless sallies. They clotted on tiles and gutter-pipes, and began frenziedly to build a cell or two of comb ere they discovered that their Queen was not with them; then flung off to seek her, or whirled, dishevelled and insane, into another hissing nebula on the false rumor that she was there. I scowled upon them with disfavor, and a massy, blue thunder-head rose majestically from behind the elm-trees of Sumtner Barton Rectory, arched over and scowled with me. Then I realized that it was not bees nor locusts that had darkened the skies, but the oncoming of the malignant English thunder-storm—the one thing before which even Deborah the bee cannot express her silly little self.

"Aha! *Now* you'll catch it," I said, as the herald gusts set the big drum rolling down the street like a box-kite with the string cut. Up and up yearned the gravid cloud, till the first lightning quivered and cut. Deborah cowered. Where she flew, there she fled; where she was, there she sat still; and the solid rain closed in on her as a book that is closed when the chapter is finished. By the time it had soaked to my second rug, Penfentenyou appeared at the window, wiping his false mouth on a napkin.

"Are you all right?" he inquired.

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"Then *that's* all right! Mrs. Bellamy says that her bees don't sting in the wet. You'd better fetch Lingnam over. He's got to pay for them and the bicycle."

I had no words which the silver-haired lady could listen to, but paddled across the flooded street between flashes to the pond on the green. Mr. Lingnam, scarcely visible through the sheeting downpour, trotted round the edge. He bore himself nobly, and lied at the mere sight of me.

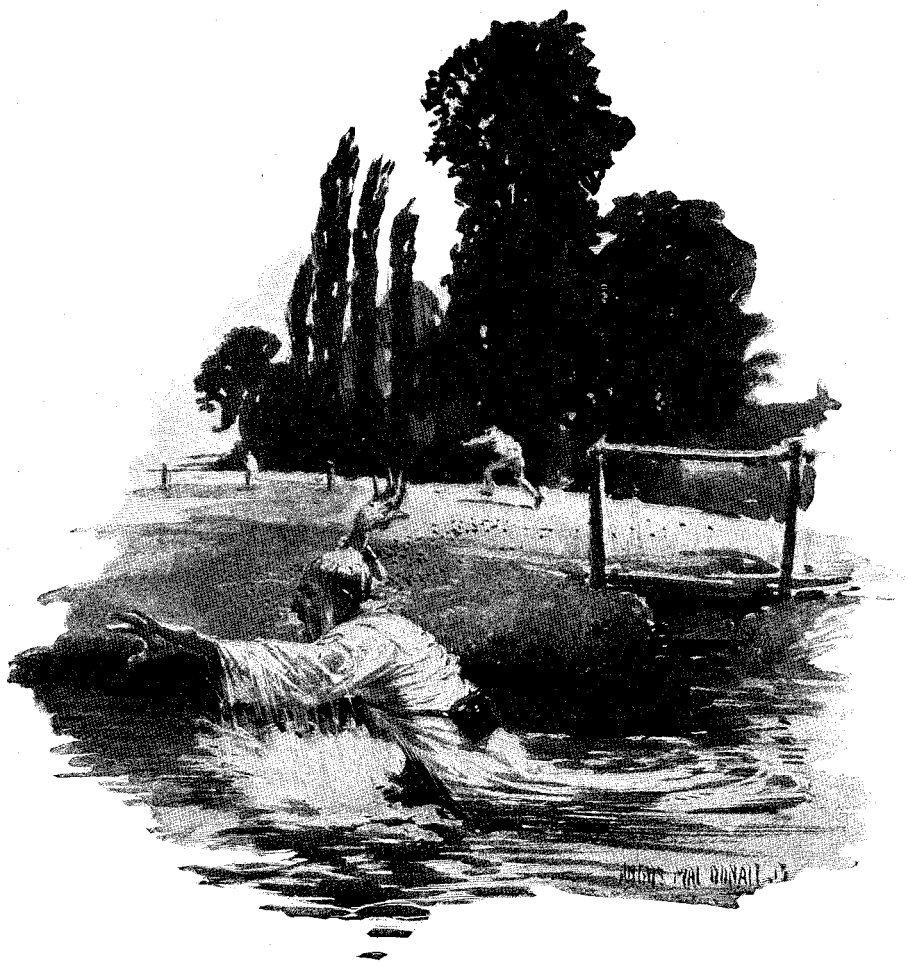
"Isn't this wet?" he cried. "It has drenched me to the skin. I shall need a change."

"Come along," I said. "I don't know what you'll get, but you deserve more."

As we returned to the house one peculiarly awful flash with its peal descended on our heads.

"Good Lord!" I heard him gasp. "Can they do *that*, too?"

"Cheer up," I answered. "It's only the Lord this time," and I heard him thank the Lord for it quite simply.



There was a salmon in the pond rising short at a cloud of midges, to the tune of Yip-i-addy.—Page 142.

Penfentenyou, dry, fed and in command, let us in. "You," he whispered to me, "are to wait in the scullery. Mrs. Bellamy didn't like the way you talked about her bees. Hsh! Hsh! She's a kind-hearted lady. She's a widow, Lingnam, but she's kept *his* clothes, and as soon as you've paid for the damage she'll rent you a suit. I've arranged it all!"

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"You can dress him yourself," I said. "I want something to eat."

"But I chose the suit. Aren't you coming to help?" Penfentenyou pleaded.

"Then tell him he mustn't undress in my hall," said a voice from the stair-head.

"Tell *her*——" Lingnam began.

"Come and look at the pretty suit

The people began to get out. Then they began to get in again.—Page 142.

"Oh, be quick," Mr. Lingnam chattered, stripping off his dust or, rather, mud coat. "I want underclothes as well —and a towel."

"It's fifteen shillings for each swarm, and five pounds for Arthur's bicycle—eight pounds altogether." Penfentenyou held out his hand. "*I* don't get a cent out of this. I'm only acting for the widow and the fatherless."

I've chosen," Penfentenyou cooed, as one cajoling a maniac.

I staggered out-of-doors again and fell into the car, whose ever-running machinery masked my yelps and hiccups. When I raised my forehead from the wheel, I saw that traffic through the village had been resumed after, as my watch showed, one and one-half hours' suspension. There was one limousine, one landau, one doc-

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tor's car, three touring-cars, one patent steam-laundry van, three tricars, one traction-engine, some motor-cycles, one with a side-car, and one brewery lorry. It was the allegory of my own imperturbable country, delayed for a short time by unforeseen external events but now going about her business, and I blessed Her with tears in my eyes, even though I knew She looked upon me as drunk and incapable.

Then troops came over the bridge behind me—a company of dripping, wet regulars without any expression. In their rear, carrying the lunch-basket, marched the Agent-General and Holford the hired chauffeur.

"I say," said the Agent-General, nodding at the darkened khaki backs. "If *that's* what we've got to depend on in event of war they're a broken reed. They ran like hares—ran like hares, I tell you."

"And you?" I asked.

"Oh, I just sauntered back over the bridge and stopped the traffic that end. Then I had lunch. Pity about the beer, though. I say—these cushions are sopping wet!"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I haven't had time to turn 'em."

"Nor there wasn't any need to 'ave kept the engine runnin' all this time," said Holford sternly. "I'll 'ave to account for the expenditure of petrol. It exceeds the mileage indicated, you see."

"I'm sorry," I repeated. After all, that is the way that taxpayers regard most crises.

The house-door opened and Penfentenyou and another came out into the now thinning rain.

"Ah! There you both are! Here's Lingnam," he cried. "He's got a little wet. He's had to change."

We saw that. I was too sore and weak to begin another laugh, but the Agent-General crumpled up where he stood. The late Mr. Bellamy must have been a man of tremendous personality, which he had impressed on every angle of his garments. I was told later that he had died in delirium tremens, which at once explained the pattern, and the reason why Mr. Lingnam, writhing inside it, swore so inspiredly. Of the deliberate and diffuse Federationist there remained no trace, save the binoculars and two damp whiskers. We stood on the pavement, before Elemental Man calling on Elemental Powers to condemn and incinerate Creation.

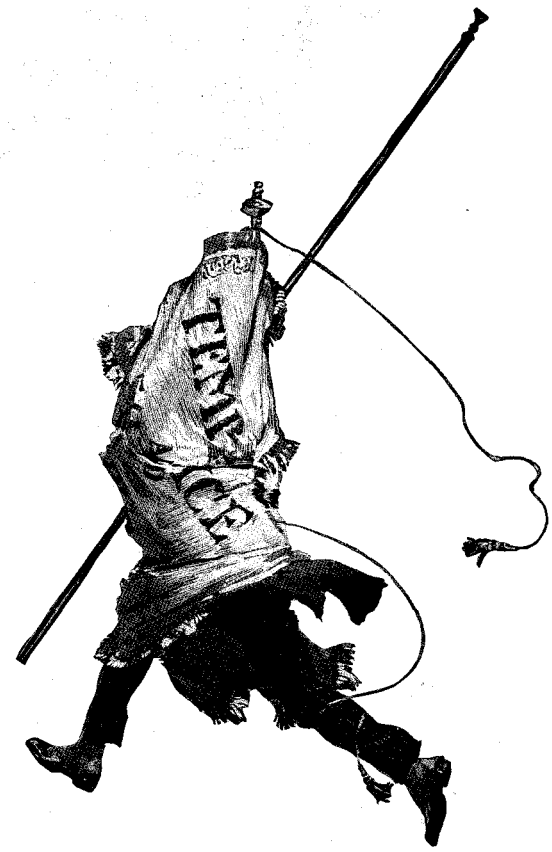
"Well, hadn't we better be getting back?" said the Agent-General in a pause.

"Look out!" I remarked casually. "Those bonnet-boxes are full of bees still!"

"Are they?" said the livid Mr. Lingnam, and tilted them over with the late Mr. Bellamy's large boots. Deborah rolled out in drenched lumps into the swilling gutter. There was a muffled shriek at the window where Mrs. Bellamy gesticulated.

"It's all right. I've paid for them," said Mr. Lingnam. He dumped out the last dregs like mould from a pot-bound flower-pot.

"What? Are you going to take 'em home with you?" said the Agent-General.



"It's night or Blücher, Mister."—Page 144.

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"No!" He passed a wet hand over his streaky forehead. "Wasn't there a bicycle was the beginning of this trouble?" said he.

The late Mr. Bellamy must have been a man of tremendous personality.—Page 147.

"It's under the fore-axle, sir," said Holford promptly. "I can fish it out from 'ere."

"Not till I've done with it, please." Before we could stop him he had jumped into the car and taken charge. The hireling leaped into her collar, surged, shrieked (less loudly than Mrs. Bellamy at the window), and swept on. That which came out behind her, was, as Holford truly observed, no joy-wheel. Mr. Lingnam swung round the big drum in the market-place and thundered back, shouting: "Leave it alone. It's my meat!"

"Mince-meat, 'e means," said Holford after this second trituration. "You couldn't say now it 'ad ever *been* one, could you?"

Mrs. Bellamy opened the window and

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spoke. It appears she had only charged for damage to the bicycle, not for the entire machine which Mr. Lingnam was ruthlessly gleaning, spoke by spoke, from the highway and cramming into the slack of the hood. At last he answered, and I have never seen a man foam at the mouth before. "If you don't stop, I shall come into your house—in this car—and climb upstairs and Crippen you!"

She stopped; he stopped. Holford took the wheel, and we got away. It was time, for the sun shone after the storm, and Deborah beneath the tiles and the eaves already felt its reviving influence compel her to her interrupted labors of federation. We warned the village policeman at the far end of the street that he might have to suspend traffic again. The genial and versatile proprietor of the giddy-go-rounds, swings, and cocoa-nut shies wanted to know from whom, in this world and another, he could recover damages. Mr. Lingnam referred him most directly to Mrs. Bellamy. . . . .

Late, oh, very late, that evening Mr. Lingnam rose stiffly in his place to make a few remarks on the Federation of the Empire on the lines of Co-ordinated, Offensive Operations, backed by the Entire Effective Forces, Moral, Military and Fiscal, of permanently Mobilized Communities, the whole brought to bear without any respect to the merits of any *casus belli*, instantaneously, automatically, and remorsely at the first faint buzz of war.

"The trouble with Us," said he, "is that We take such an infernally long time making sure that We are right that We don't go ahead when things happen. For instance, *I* ought to have gone ahead instead of pulling up when I hit that bicycle."

"But you were in the wrong, Lingnam, when you turned to the right," I put in.

"I don't want to hear any more of your damned, detached, mugwumping excuses for the other fellow," he snapped.

"Now you're beginning to see things," said Penfentenyou. "I hope you won't backslide when the swellings go down."

THE TRIUMPH OF NIGHT

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

IT was clear that the sleigh from Weymore had not come; and the shivering young traveller from Boston, who had so confidently counted on jumping into it when he left the train at Northridge Junction, found himself standing alone on the open platform, exposed to the full assault of night-fall and winter.

The blast that swept him came off New Hampshire snow-fields and ice-hung forests. It seemed to have traversed interminable leagues of frozen silence, filling them with the same cold roar and sharpening its edge against the same bitter black-and-white landscape. Dark, searching, and sword-like, it alternately muffled and harried its victim, like a bull-fighter now whirling his cloak and now planting his darts. This analogy brought home to the young man the fact that he himself had no cloak, and that the overcoat in which he had faced the relatively temperate airs of Boston seemed no thicker than a sheet of paper on the bleak heights of Northridge. George Faxon said to himself that the place was uncommonly well-named. It clung to an exposed ledge over the valley from which the train had lifted him, and the wind combed it with teeth of steel that he seemed actually to hear scraping against the wooden sides of the station. Other building there was none: the village lay far down the road, and thither—since the Weymore sleigh had not come—Faxon saw himself under the immediate necessity of plodding through several feet of snow.

He understood well enough what had happened at Weymore: his hostess had forgotten that he was coming. Young as

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Faxon was, this sad lucidity of soul had been acquired as the result of long experience, and he knew that the visitors who can least afford to hire a carriage are almost always those whom their hosts forget to send for. Yet to say Mrs. Culme had forgotten him was perhaps too crude a way of putting it. Similar incidents led him to think that she had probably told her maid to tell the butler to telephone the coachman to tell one of the grooms (if no one else needed him) to drive over to Northridge to fetch the new secretary; but on a night like this what groom who respected his rights would fail to forget the order?

Faxon's obvious course was to struggle through the drifts to the village, and there rout out a sleigh to convey him to Weymore; but what if, on his arrival at Mrs. Culme's, no one remembered to ask him what this devotion to duty had cost? That, again, was one of the contingencies he had expensively learned to look out for, and the perspicacity so acquired told him it would be cheaper to spend the night at the Northridge inn, and advise Mrs. Culme of his presence there by telephone. He had reached this decision, and was about to entrust his luggage to a vague man with a lantern who seemed to have some loose connection with the railway company, when his hopes were raised by the sound of sleigh-bells.

Two vehicles were just dashing up to the station, and from the foremost there sprang a young man swathed in furs.

"Weymore?— No, these are not the Weymore sleighs."

The voice was that of the youth who had jumped to the platform—a voice so agreeable that, in spite of the words, it fell reassuringly on Faxon's ears. At the same moment the wandering station-lantern, casting a transient light on the speaker, showed his features to be in the pleasantest harmony with his voice. He was very fair and very young—hardly in the twenties, Faxon thought—but his face, though full of a morning freshness, was a trifle too thin and fine-drawn, as though a vivid spirit contended in him with a strain of physical weakness. Faxon was perhaps the quicker to notice such delicacies of balance because his own temperament hung on lightly vibrating nerves, which yet, as he believed, would never quite swing him beyond the arc of a normal sensibility.

"You expected a sleigh from Weymore?" the youth continued, standing beside Faxon like a slender column of fur.

Mrs. Culme's secretary explained his difficulty, and the new-comer brushed it aside with a contemptuous "Oh, *Mrs. Culme!*" that carried both speakers a long way toward reciprocal understanding.

"But then you must be—" The youth broke off with a smile of interrogation.

"The new secretary? Yes. But apparently there are no notes to be answered this evening." Faxon's laugh deepened the sense of solidarity which had so promptly established itself between the two.

The new-comer laughed also. "Mrs. Culme," he explained, "was lunching at my uncle's today, and she said you were due this evening. But seven hours is a long time for Mrs. Culme to remember anything."

"Well," said Faxon philosophically, "I suppose that's one of the reasons why she needs a secretary. And I've always the inn at Northridge," he concluded.

The youth laughed again. He was at the age when predicaments are food for gaiety.

"Oh, but you haven't, though! It burned down last week."

"The deuce it did!" said Faxon; but the humour of the situation struck him also before its inconvenience. His life, for years past, had been mainly a succession of resigned adaptations, and he had learned, before dealing practically with his embarrassments, to extract from most of them a small tribute of amusement.

"Oh, well, there's sure to be somebody in the place who can put me up."

"No one *you* could put up with. Besides, Northridge is three miles off, and our place—in the opposite direction—is a little nearer." Through the darkness, Faxon saw his friend sketch a gesture of self-introduction. "My name's Frank Rainer, and I'm staying with my uncle at Overdale. I've driven over to meet two friends of his, who are due in a few minutes from New York. If you don't mind waiting till they arrive I'm sure Overdale can do you better than Northridge. We're only down from town for a few

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days, but the house is always ready for a lot of people."

"But your uncle—?" Faxon could only object, with the odd sense, through his embarrassment, that it would be magically dispelled by his invisible friend's next words.

"Oh, my uncle—you'll see! I answer for *him!* I daresay you've heard of him—John Lavington?"

John Lavington! There was a certain irony in asking if one had heard of John Lavington! Even from a post of observation as obscure as that of Mrs. Culme's secretary, the rumour of John Lavington's money, of his pictures, his politics, his charities and his hospitality, was as difficult to escape as the roar of a cataract in a mountain solitude. It might almost have been said that the one place in which one would not have expected to come upon him was in just such a solitude as now surrounded the speakers—at least in this deepest hour of its desertedness. But it was just like Lavington's brilliant ubiquity to put one in the wrong even there.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of your uncle."

"Then you *will* come, won't you? We've only five minutes to wait," young Rainer urged, in the tone that dispels scruples by ignoring them; and Faxon found himself accepting the invitation as simply as it was offered.

A delay in the arrival of the New York train lengthened their five minutes to fifteen; and as they paced the icy platform Faxon began to see why it had seemed the most natural thing in the world to accede to his new acquaintance's suggestion. It was because Frank Rainer was one of the privileged beings who simplify human intercourse by the atmosphere of confidence and good humour they diffuse. He produced this effect, Faxon noted, by the exercise of no gift save his youth, of no art save his sincerity; but these qualities were revealed in a smile of such appealing sweetness that Faxon felt, as never before, what Nature can achieve when she deigns to match the face with the mind.

He learned that the young man was the ward, and only nephew, of John Lavington, with whom he had made his home since the death of his mother, the great man's sister. Mr. Lavington, Rainer said, had been "a regular brick" to him—"But then he is to every one, you know"—and the young fellow's situation seemed in fact to be perfectly in keeping with his person. Apparently the only shade that had ever rested on him was cast by the physical weakness which Faxon had already detected. Young Rainer had been threatened with a disease of the lungs which, according to the highest authorities, made banishment to Arizona or New Mexico inevitable. "But luckily my uncle didn't pack me off, as most people would have done, without getting another opinion. Whose? Oh, an awfully clever chap, a young doctor with a lot of new ideas, who simply laughed at my being sent away, and said I'd do perfectly well in New York if I didn't dine out too much, and if I dashed off occasionally to Northridge for a little fresh air. So it's really my uncle's doing that I'm not in exile—and I feel no end better since the new chap told me I needn't bother." Young Rainer went on to confess that he was extremely fond of dining out, dancing and other urban distractions; and Faxon, listening to him, concluded that the physician who had refused to cut him off altogether from these pleasures was probably a better psychologist than his seniors.

"All the same you ought to be careful, you know." The sense of elder-brotherly concern that forced the words from Faxon made him, as he spoke, slip his arm impulsively through Frank Rainer's.

The latter met the movement with a responsive pressure. "Oh, I *am:* awfully, awfully. And then my uncle has such an eye on me!"

"But if your uncle has such an eye on you, what does he say to your swallowing knives out here in this Siberian wild?"

Rainer raised his fur collar with a careless gesture. "It's not that that does it—the cold's good for me."

"And it's not the dinners and dances? What is it, then?" Faxon good-humouredly insisted; to which his companion answered with a laugh: "Well, my uncle says it's being bored; and I rather think he's right!"

His laugh ended in a spasm of coughing and a struggle for breath that made Faxon, still holding his arm, guide him

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hastily into the shelter of the fireless waiting-room.

Young Rainer had dropped down on the bench against the wall and pulled off one of his fur gloves to grope for a handkerchief. He tossed aside his cap and drew the handkerchief across his forehead, which was intensely white, and beaded with moisture, though his face retained a healthy glow. But Faxon's gaze remained fastened to the hand he had uncovered: it was so long, so colourless, so wasted, so much older than the brow he passed it over.

"It's queer—a healthy face but dying hands," the secretary mused; he somehow wished young Rainer had kept on his glove.

The whistle of the express drew the young men to their feet, and the next moment two heavily-furred gentlemen had descended to the platform and were breasting the rigour of the night. Frank Rainer introduced them as Mr. Grisben and Mr. Balch, and Faxon, while their luggage was being lifted into the second sleigh, discerned them, by the roving lantern-gleam, to be an elderly grey-headed pair, apparently of the average prosperous business cut.

They saluted their host's nephew with friendly familiarity, and Mr. Grisben, who seemed the spokesman of the two, ended his greeting with a genial—"and many many more of them, dear boy!" which suggested to Faxon that their arrival coincided with an anniversary. But he could not press the enquiry, for the seat allotted him was at the coachman's side, while Frank Rainer joined his uncle's guests inside the sleigh.

A swift flight (behind such horses as one could be sure of John Lavington's having) brought them to tall gate-posts, an illuminated lodge, and an avenue on which the snow had been levelled to the smoothness of marble. At the end of the avenue the long house loomed through trees, its principal bulk dark but one wing sending out a ray of welcome; and the next moment Faxon was receiving a violent impression of warmth and light, of hot-house plants, hurrying servants, a vast spectacular oak hall like a stage-setting, and, in its unreal middle distance, a small concise figure, correctly dressed, conventionally featured, and utterly unlike his rather florid conception of the great John Lavington.

The shock of the contrast remained with him through his hurried dressing in the large impersonally luxurious bedroom to which he had been shown. "I don't see where he comes in," was the only way he could put it, so difficult was it to fit the exuberance of Lavington's public personality into his host's contracted frame and manner. Mr. Lavington, to whom Faxon's case had been rapidly explained by young Rainer, had welcomed him with a sort of dry and stilted cordiality that exactly matched his narrow face, his stiff hand, the whiff of scent on his evening handkerchief. "Make yourself at home—at home!" he had repeated, in a tone that suggested, on his own part, a complete inability to perform the feat he urged on his visitor. "Any friend of Frank's . . . delighted . . . make yourself thoroughly at home!"

II

In spite of the balmy temperature and complicated conveniences of Faxon's bedroom, the injunction was not easy to obey. It was wonderful luck to have found a night's shelter under the opulent roof of Overdale, and he tasted the physical satisfaction to the full. But the place, for all its ingenuities of comfort, was oddly cold and unwelcoming. He couldn't have said why, and could only suppose that Mr. Lavington's intense personality—intensely negative, but intense all the same—must, in some occult way, have penetrated every corner of his dwelling. Perhaps, though, it was merely that Faxon himself was tired and hungry, more deeply chilled than he had known till he came in from the cold, and unutterably sick of all strange houses, and of the prospect of perpetually treading other people's stairs.

"I hope you're not famished?" Rainer's slim figure was in the doorway. "My uncle has a little business to attend to with Mr. Grisben, and we don't dine for half an hour. Shall I fetch you, or can you find your way down? Come straight to the dining-room—the second door on the left of the long gallery."

He disappeared, leaving a ray of warmth

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behind him, and Faxon, relieved, lit a cigarette and sat down by the fire.

Looking about with less haste, he was struck by a detail that had escaped him. The room was full of flowers—a mere "bachelor's room," in the wing of a house opened only for a few days, in the dead middle of a New Hampshire winter! Flowers were everywhere, not in senseless profusion, but placed with the same conscious art he had remarked in the grouping of the blossoming shrubs that filled the hall. A vase of arums stood on the writing-table, a cluster of strange-hued carnations on the stand at his elbow, and from wide bowls of glass and porcelain clumps of freesia-bulbs diffused their melting fragrance. The fact implied acres of glass—but that was the least interesting part of it. The flowers themselves, their quality, selection and arrangement, attested on some one's part—and on whose but John Lavington's?—a solicitous and sensitive passion for that particular embodiment of beauty. Well, it simply made the man, as he had appeared to Faxon, all the harder to understand!

The half hour elapsed, and Faxon, rejoicing at the near prospect of food, set out to make his way to the dining-room. He had not noticed the direction he had followed in going to his room, and was puzzled, when he left it, to find that two staircases, of apparently equal importance, invited him. He chose the one to his right, and reached, at its foot, a long gallery such as Rainer had described. The gallery was empty, the doors down its length were closed; but Rainer had said: "The second to the left," and Faxon, after pausing for some chance enlightenment which did not come, laid his hand on the second knob to the left.

The room he entered was square, with dusky picture-hung walls. In its centre, about a table lit by veiled lamps, he fancied Mr. Lavington and his guests to be already seated at dinner; then he perceived that the table was covered not with viands but with papers, and that he had blundered into what seemed to be his host's study. As he paused in the irresolution of embarrassment Frank Rainer looked up.

"Oh, here's Mr. Faxon. Why not ask him——?"

Mr. Lavington, from the end of the table, reflected his nephew's smile in a glance of impartial benevolence.

"Certainly. Come in, Mr. Faxon. If you won't think it a liberty——"

Mr. Grisben, who sat opposite his host, turned his solid head toward the door. "Of course Mr. Faxon's an American citizen?"

Frank Rainer laughed. "That's all right! . . . Oh, no, not one of your pin-pointed pens, Uncle Jack! Haven't you got a quill somewhere?"

Mr. Balch, who spoke slowly and as if reluctantly, in a muffled voice of which there seemed to be very little left, raised his hand to say: "One moment: you acknowledge this to be——?"

"My last will and testament?" Rainer's laugh redoubled. "Well, I won't answer for the 'last.' It's the first one, any way."

"It's a mere formula," Mr. Balch explained.

"Well, here goes." Rainer dipped his quill in the inkstand his uncle had pushed in his direction, and dashed a gallant signature across the document.

Faxon, understanding what was expected of him, and conjecturing that the young man was signing his will on the attainment of his majority, had placed himself behind Mr. Grisben, and stood awaiting his turn to affix his name to the instrument. Rainer, having signed, was about to push the paper across the table to Mr. Balch; but the latter, again raising his hand, said in his sad imprisoned voice: "The seal——?"

"Oh, does there have to be a seal?"

Faxon, looking over Mr. Grisben at John Lavington, saw a faint frown between his impassive eyes. "Really, Frank!" He seemed, Faxon thought, slightly irritated by his nephew's frivolity.

"Who's got a seal?" Frank Rainer continued, glancing about the table. "There doesn't seem to be one here."

Mr. Grisben interposed. "A wafer will do. Lavington, you have a wafer?"

Mr. Lavington had recovered his serenity. "There must be some in one of the drawers. But I'm ashamed to say I don't know where my secretary keeps these things. He ought, of course, to have seen to it that a wafer was sent with the document."

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"Oh, hang it—" Frank Rainer pushed the paper aside: "It's the hand of God—and I'm as hungry as a wolf. Let's dine first, Uncle Jack."

"I think I've a seal upstairs," said Faxon suddenly.

Mr. Lavington sent him a barely perceptible smile. "So sorry to give you the trouble——"

"Oh, I say, don't send him after it now. Let's wait till after dinner!"

Mr. Lavington continued to smile on his guest, and the latter, as if under the faint coercion of the smile, turned from the room and ran upstairs. Having taken the seal from his writing-case he came down again, and once more opened the door of the study. No one was speaking when he entered—they were evidently awaiting his return with the mute impatience of hunger, and he put the seal in Rainer's reach, and stood watching while Mr. Grisben struck a match and held it to one of the candles flanking the inkstand. As the wax descended on the paper Faxon remarked again the singular emaciation, the premature physical weariness, of the hand that held it: he wondered if Mr. Lavington had ever noticed his nephew's hand, and if it were not poignantly visible to him now.

With this thought in his mind, Faxon raised his eyes to look at Mr. Lavington. The great man's gaze rested on Frank Rainer with an expression of untroubled benevolence; and at the same instant Faxon's attention was attracted by the presence in the room of another person, who must have joined the group while he was upstairs searching for the seal. The newcomer was a man of about Mr. Lavington's age and figure, who stood directly behind his chair, and who, at the moment when Faxon first saw him, was gazing at young Rainer with an equal intensity of attention. The likeness between the two men—perhaps increased by the fact that the hooded lamps on the table left the figure behind the chair in shadow—struck Faxon the more because of the strange contrast in their expression. John Lavington, during his nephew's blundering attempt to drop the wax and apply the seal, continued to fasten on him a look of half-amused affection; while the man behind the chair, so oddly reduplicating the lines of his features and figure, turned on the boy a face of pale hostility.

The impression was so startling Faxon forgot what was going on about him. He was just dimly aware of young Rainer's exclaiming: "Your turn, Mr. Grisben!" of Mr. Grisben's ceremoniously protesting: "No—no; Mr. Faxon first," and of the pen's being thereupon transferred to his own hand. He received it with a deadly sense of being unable to move, or even to understand what was expected of him, till he became conscious of Mr. Grisben's paternally pointing out the precise spot on which he was to leave his autograph. The effort to fix his attention and steady his hand prolonged the process of signing, and when he stood up—a strange weight of fatigue on all his limbs—the figure behind Mr. Lavington's chair was gone.

Faxon felt an immediate sense of relief. It was puzzling that the man's exit should have been so rapid and noiseless, but the door behind Mr. Lavington was screened by a tapestry hanging, and Faxon concluded that the unknown looker-on had merely had to raise it to pass out. At any rate, he was gone, and with his withdrawal the strange weight was lifted. Young Rainer was lighting a cigarette, Mr. Balch meticulously inscribing his name at the foot of the document, Mr. Lavington—his eyes no longer on his nephew—examining a strange white-winged orchid in the vase at his elbow. Every thing suddenly seemed to have grown natural and simple again, and Faxon found himself responding with a smile to the affable gesture with which his host declared: "And now, Mr. Faxon, we'll dine."

III

"I WONDER how I blundered into the wrong room just now; I thought you told me to take the second door to the left," Faxon said to Frank Rainer as they followed the older men down the gallery.

"So I did; but I probably forgot to tell you which staircase to take. Coming from your bedroom, I ought to have said the fourth door to the right. It's a puzzling house, because my uncle keeps adding to it from year to year. He built this room last summer for his modern pictures."

Young Rainer, pausing to open another

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door, touched an electric button which sent a circle of light about the walls of a long room hung with canvases of the French impressionist school.

Faxon advanced, attracted by a shimmering Monet, but Rainer laid a hand on his arm.

"He bought that last week for a thundering price. But come along—I'll show you all this after dinner. Or *he* will rather—he loves it."

"Does he really love things?"

Rainer stared, clearly perplexed at the question. "Rather! Flowers and pictures especially! Haven't you noticed the flowers? I suppose you think his manner's cold; it seems so at first; but he's really awfully keen about things."

Faxon looked quickly at the speaker. "Has your uncle a brother?"

"Brother? No—never had. He and my mother were the only ones."

"Or any relation who—who looks like him? Who might be mistaken for him?"

"Not that I ever heard of. Does he remind you of some one?"

"Yes."

"That's queer. We'll ask him if he's got a double. Come on!"

But another picture had arrested Faxon, and some minutes elapsed before he and his young host reached the dining-room. It was a large room, with the same conventionally handsome furniture and delicately grouped flowers; and Faxon's first glance showed him that only three men were seated about the dining-table. The man who had stood behind Mr. Lavington's chair was not present, and no seat awaited him.

When the young men entered, Mr. Grisben was speaking, and his host, who faced the door, sat looking down at his untouched soup-plate and turning the spoon about in his small dry hand.

"It's pretty late to call them rumours—they were devilish close to facts when we left town this morning," Mr. Grisben was saying, with an unexpected incisiveness of tone.

Mr. Lavington laid down his spoon and smiled interrogatively. "Oh, facts—what *are* facts? Just the way a thing happens to look at a given minute. . . ."

"You haven't heard anything from town?" Mr. Grisben persisted.

"Not a syllable. So you see. . . Balch, a little more of that *petite marmite*. Mr. Faxon . . . between Frank and Mr. Grisben, please."

The dinner progressed through a series of complicated courses, ceremoniously dispensed by a stout butler attended by three tall footmen, and it was evident that Mr. Lavington took a somewhat puerile satisfaction in the pageant. That, Faxon reflected, was probably the joint in his armour—that and the flowers. He had changed the subject—not abruptly but firmly—when the young men entered, but Faxon perceived that it still possessed the thoughts of the two elderly visitors, and Mr. Balch presently observed, in a voice that seemed to come from the last survivor down a mine-shaft: "If it *does* come, it will be the biggest crash since '93."

Mr. Lavington looked bored but polite. "Wall Street can stand crashes better than it could then. It's got a robuster constitution."

"Yes; but——"

"Speaking of constitutions," Mr. Grisben intervened: "Frank, are you taking care of yourself?"

A flush rose to young Rainer's cheeks. "Why, of course! Isn't that what I'm here for?"

"You're here about three days in the month, aren't you? And the rest of the time it's crowded restaurants and hot ball-rooms in town. I thought you were to be shipped off to New Mexico?"

"Oh, I've got a new man who says that's rot."

"Well, you don't look as if your new man were right," said Mr. Grisben bluntly.

Faxon saw the lad's colour fade, and the rings of shadow deepen under his gay eyes. At the same moment his uncle turned to him with a renewed intensity of attention. There was such solicitude in Mr. Lavington's gaze that it seemed almost to fling a tangible shield between his nephew and Mr. Grisben's tactless scrutiny.

"We think Frank's a good deal better," he began; "this new doctor——"

The butler, coming up, bent discreetly to whisper a word in his ear, and the communication caused a sudden change in Mr. Lavington's expression. His face was

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naturally so colourless that it seemed not so much to pale as to fade, to dwindle and recede into something blurred and blotted-out. He half rose, sat down again and sent a rigid smile about the table.

"Will you excuse me? The telephone. Peters, go on with the dinner." With small precise steps he walked out of the door which one of the footmen had hastened to throw open.

A momentary silence fell on the group; then Mr. Grisben once more addressed himself to Rainer. "You ought to have gone, my boy; you ought to have gone."

The anxious look returned to the youth's eyes. "My uncle doesn't think so, really."

"You're not a baby, to be always governed on your uncle's opinion. You came of age today, didn't you? Your uncle spoils you . . . that's what's the matter. . ."

The thrust evidently went home, for Rainer laughed and looked down with a slight accession of colour.

"But the doctor——"

"Use your common sense, Frank! You had to try twenty doctors to find one to tell you what you wanted to be told."

A look of apprehension overshadowed Rainer's gaiety. "Oh, come—I say! . . . What would *you* do?" he stammered.

"Pack up and jump on the first train." Mr. Grisben leaned forward and laid a firm hand on the young man's arm. "Look here: my nephew Jim Grisben is out there ranching on a big scale. He'll take you in and be glad to have you. You say your new doctor thinks it won't do you any good; but he doesn't pretend to say it will do you harm, does he? Well, then—give it a trial. It'll take you out of hot theatres and night restaurants, anyhow. . . And all the rest of it. . . Eh, Balch?"

"Go!" said Mr. Balch hollowly. "Go *at once*," he added, as if a closer look at the youth's face had impressed on him the need of backing up his friend.

Young Rainer had turned ashy-pale. He tried to stiffen his mouth into a smile. "Do I look as bad as all that?"

Mr. Grisben was helping himself to terrapin. "You look like the day after an earthquake," he said concisely.

The terrapin had encircled the table, and been deliberately enjoyed by Mr. Lavington's three visitors (Rainer, Faxon noticed, left his plate untouched) before the door was thrown open to re-admit their host.

Mr. Lavington advanced with an air of recovered composure. He seated himself, picked up his napkin and consulted the gold-monogrammed menu. "No, don't bring back the filet. . . Some terrapin; yes. . ." He looked affably about the table. "Sorry to have deserted you, but the storm has played the deuce with the wires, and I had to wait a long time before I could get a good connection. It must be blowing up for a blizzard."

"Uncle Jack," young Rainer broke out, "Mr. Grisben's been lecturing me."

Mr. Lavington was helping himself to terrapin. "Ah—what about?"

"He thinks I ought to have given New Mexico a show."

"I want him to go straight out to my nephew at Santa Paz and stay there till his next birthday." Mr. Lavington signed to the butler to hand the terrapin to Mr. Grisben, who, as he took a second helping, addressed himself again to Rainer. "Jim's in New York now, and going back the day after tomorrow in Olyphant's private car. I'll ask Olyphant to squeeze you in if you'll go. And when you've been out there a week or two, in the saddle all day and sleeping nine hours a night, I suspect you won't think much of the doctor who prescribed New York."

Faxon spoke up, he knew not why. "I was out there once: it's a splendid life. I saw a fellow—oh, a really *bad* case—who'd been simply made over by it."

"It *does* sound jolly," Rainer laughed, a sudden eagerness of anticipation in his tone.

His uncle looked at him gently. "Perhaps Grisben's right. It's an opportunity——"

Faxon looked up with a start: the figure dimly perceived in the study was now more visibly and tangibly planted behind Mr. Lavington's chair.

"That's right, Frank: you see your uncle approves. And the trip out there with Olyphant isn't a thing to be missed. So drop a few dozen dinners and be at the Grand Central the day after tomorrow at five."

Mr. Grisben's pleasant grey eye sought

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corroboration of his host, and Faxon, in a cold anguish of suspense, continued to watch him as he turned his glance on Mr. Lavington. One could not look at Lavington without seeing the presence at his back, and it was clear that, the next minute, some change in Mr. Grisben's expression must give his watcher a clue.

But Mr. Grisben's expression did not change: the gaze he fixed on his host remained unperturbed, and the clue he gave was the startling one of not seeming to see the other figure.

Faxon's first impulse was to look away, to look anywhere else, to resort again to the champagne glass the watchful butler had already brimmed; but some fatal attraction, at war in him with an overwhelming physical resistance, held his eyes upon the spot they feared.

The figure was still standing, more distinctly, and therefore more resemblingly, at Mr. Lavington's back; and while the latter continued to gaze affectionately at his nephew, his counterpart, as before, fixed young Rainer with eyes of deadly menace.

Faxon, with what felt like an actual wrench of the muscles, dragged his own eyes from the sight to scan the other countenances about the table; but not one revealed the least consciousness of what he saw, and a sense of mortal isolation sank upon him.

"It's worth considering, certainly—" he heard Mr. Lavington continue; and as Rainer's face lit up, the face behind his uncle's chair seemed to gather into its look all the fierce weariness of old unsatisfied hates. That was the thing that, as the minutes laboured by, Faxon was becoming most conscious of. The watcher behind the chair was no longer merely malevolent: he had grown suddenly, unutterably tired. His hatred seemed to well up out of the very depths of balked effort and thwarted hopes, and the fact made him more pitiable, and yet more dire.

Faxon's look reverted to Mr. Lavington, as if to surprise in him a corresponding change. At first none was visible: his pinched smile was screwed to his blank face like a gas-light to a white-washed wall. Then the fixity of the smile became ominous: Faxon saw that its wearer was afraid to let it go. It was evident that Mr. Lavington was unutterably tired too, and the discovery sent a colder current through Faxon's veins. Looking down at his untouched plate, he caught the soliciting twinkle of the champagne glass; but the sight of the wine turned him sick.

"Well, we'll go into the details presently," he heard Mr. Lavington say, still on the question of his nephew's future. "Let's have a cigar first. No—not here, Peters." He turned his smile on Faxon. "When we've had coffee I want to show you my pictures."

"Oh, by the way, Uncle Jack—Mr. Faxon wants to know if you've got a double?"

"A double?" Mr. Lavington, still smiling, continued to address himself to his guest. "Not that I know of. Have you seen one, Mr. Faxon?"

Faxon thought: "My God, if I look up now they'll *both* be looking at me!" To avoid raising his eyes he made as though to lift the glass to his lips; but his hand sank inert, and he looked up. Mr. Lavington's glance was politely bent on him, but with a loosening of the strain about his heart he saw that the figure behind the chair still kept its gaze on Rainer.

"Do you think you've seen my double, Mr. Faxon?"

Would the other face turn if he said yes? Faxon felt a dryness in his throat. "No," he answered.

"Ah? It's possible I've a dozen. I believe I'm extremely usual-looking," Mr. Lavington went on conversationally; and still the other face watched Rainer.

"It was . . . a mistake . . . a confusion of memory. . ." Faxon heard himself stammer. Mr. Lavington pushed back his chair, and as he did so Mr. Grisben suddenly leaned forward.

"Lavington! What have we been thinking of? We haven't drunk Frank's health!"

Mr. Lavington reseated himself. "My dear boy! . . . Peters, another bottle. . ." He turned to his nephew. "After such a sin of omission I don't presume to propose the toast myself . . . but Frank knows. . . Go ahead, Grisben!"

The boy shone on his uncle. "No, no, Uncle Jack! Mr. Grisben won't mind. Nobody but *you*—today!"

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The butler was replenishing the glasses. He filled Mr. Lavington's last, and Mr. Lavington put out his small hand to raise it... As he did so, Faxon looked away.

"Well, then—All the good I've wished you in all the past years... I put it into the prayer that the coming ones may be healthy and happy and many... and *many*, dear boy!"

Faxon saw the hands about him reach out for their glasses. Automatically, he made the same gesture. His eyes were still on the table, and he repeated to himself with a trembling vehemence: "I won't look up! I won't... I won't..."

His fingers clasped the stem of the glass, and raised it to the level of his lips. He saw the other hands making the same motion. He heard Mr. Grisben's genial "Hear! Hear!" and Mr. Balch's hollow echo. He said to himself, as the rim of the glass touched his lips; "I won't look up! I swear I won't!—" and he looked.

The glass was so full that it required an extraordinary effort to hold it there, brimming and suspended, during the awful interval before he could trust his hand to lower it again, untouched, to the table. It was this merciful preoccupation which saved him, kept him from crying out, from losing his hold, from slipping down into the bottomless blackness that gaped for him. As long as the problem of the glass engaged him he felt able to keep his seat, manage his muscles, fit unnoticeably into the group; but as the glass touched the table his last link with safety snapped. He stood up and dashed out of the room.

IV

In the gallery, the instinct of self-preservation helped him to turn back and sign to young Rainer not to follow. He stammered out something about a touch of dizziness, and joining them presently; and the boy waved an unsuspecting hand and drew back.

At the foot of the stairs Faxon ran against a servant. "I should like to telephone to Weymore," he said with dry lips.

"Sorry, sir; wires all down. We've been trying the last hour to get New York again for Mr. Lavington."

Faxon shot on to his room, burst into it, and bolted the door. The mild lamplight lay on furniture, flowers, books; in the ashes a log still glimmered. He dropped down on the sofa and hid his face. The room was utterly silent, the whole house was still: nothing about him gave a hint of what was going on, darkly and dumbly, in the horrible room he had flown from, and with the covering of his eyes oblivion and reassurance seemed to fall on him. But they fell for a moment only; then his lids opened again to the monstrous vision. There it was, stamped on his pupils, a part of him forever, an indelible horror burnt into his body and brain. But why into his—just his? Why had he alone been chosen to see what he had seen? What business was it of *his*, in God's name? Any one of the others, thus enlightened, might have exposed the horror and defeated it; but *he*, the one weaponless and defenceless spectator, the one whom none of the others would believe or understand if he attempted to reveal what he knew—*he* alone had been singled out as the victim of this atrocious initiation!

Suddenly he sat up, listening: he had heard a step on the stairs. Some one, no doubt, was coming to see how he was—to urge him, if he felt better, to go down and join the smokers. Cautiously he opened his door; yes, it was young Rainer's step. Faxon looked down the passage, remembered the other stairway and darted to it. All he wanted was to get out of the house. Not another instant would he breathe its abominable air! What business was it of *his*, in God's name?

He reached the opposite end of the lower gallery, and beyond it saw the hall by which he had entered. It was empty, and on a long table he recognized his coat and cap among the furs of the other travellers. He got into his coat, unbolted the door, and plunged into the purifying night.

The darkness was deep, and the cold so intense that for an instant it stopped his breathing. Then he perceived that only a thin snow was falling, and resolutely set his face for flight. The trees along the avenue dimly marked his way as he hastened with long strides over the beaten snow. Gradually, while he walked, the tumult in his brain subsided. The impulse to fly still drove him forward, but he

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began to feel that he was flying from a terror of his own creating, and that the most urgent reason for escape was the need of hiding his state, of shunning other eyes' scrutiny till he should regain his balance.

He had spent the long hours in the train in fruitless broodings on a discouraging situation, and he remembered how his bitterness had turned to exasperation when he found that the Weymore sleigh was not awaiting him. It was absurd, of course; but, though he had joked with Rainer over Mrs. Culme's forgetfulness, to confess it had cost a pang. That was what his rootless life had brought him to: for lack of a personal stake in things his sensibility was at the mercy of such trivial accidents... Yes; that, and the cold and fatigue, the absence of hope and the haunting sense of starved aptitudes, all these had brought him to the perilous verge over which, once or twice before, his terrified brain had hung.

Why else, in the name of any imaginable logic, human or devilish, should he, a stranger, be singled out for this experience? What could it mean to him, how was he related to it, what bearing had it on his case? ... Unless, indeed, it was just because he was a stranger—a stranger everywhere—because he had no personal life, no warm strong screen of private egotisms to shield him from exposure, that he had developed this abnormal sensitiveness to the vicissitudes of others. The thought pulled him up with a shudder. No! Such a fate was too abominable; all that was strong and sound in him rejected it. A thousand times better regard himself as ill, disorganized, deluded, than as the predestined victim of such warnings!

He reached the gates and paused before the darkened lodge. The wind had risen and was sweeping the snow into his face in lacerating streamers. The cold had him in its grasp again, and he stood uncertain. Should he put his sanity to the test and go back? He turned and looked down the dark drive to the house. A single ray shone through the trees, evoking a picture of the lights, the flowers, the faces grouped about that fatal room. He turned and plunged out into the road...

He remembered that, about a mile from Overdale, the coachman had pointed out the road to Northridge; and he began to walk in that direction. Once in the road, he had the gale in his face, and the wet snow on his moustache and eye-lashes instantly hardened to metal. The same metal seemed to be driving a million blades into his throat and lungs, but he pushed on, desperately determined, the vision of the warm room pursuing him.

The snow in the road was deep and uneven. He stumbled across ruts and sank into drifts, and the wind rose before him like a granite cliff. Now and then he stopped, gasping, as if an invisible hand had tightened an iron band about his body; then he started again, stiffening himself against the stealthy penetration of the cold. The snow continued to descend out of a pall of inscrutable darkness, and once or twice he paused, fearing he had missed the road to Northridge; but, seeing no sign of a turn, he ploughed on doggedly.

At last, feeling sure that he had walked for more than a mile, he halted and looked back. The act of turning brought immediate relief, first because it put his back to the wind, and then because, far down the road, it showed him the advancing gleam of a lantern. A sleigh was coming—a sleigh that might perhaps give him a lift to the village! Fortified by the hope, he began to walk back toward the light. It seemed to come forward very slowly, with unaccountable zigzags and waverings; and even when he was within a few yards of it he could catch no sound of sleigh-bells. Then the light paused and became stationary by the roadside, as though carried by a pedestrian who had stopped, exhausted by the cold. The thought made Faxon hasten on, and a moment later he was stooping over a motionless figure huddled against the snow-bank. The lantern had dropped from its bearer's hand, and Faxon, fearfully raising it, threw its light into the face of Frank Rainer.

"Rainer! What on earth are you doing here?"

The boy smiled back through his pallour. "What are *you*, I'd like to know?" he retorted; and, scrambling to his feet with a clutch on Faxon's arm, he added gaily: "Well, I've run you down, anyhow!"

Faxon stood confounded, his heart sinking. The lad's face was grey.

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"What madness—" he began.

"Yes, it *is*. What on earth did you do it for?"

"I? Do what? . . . Why, I. . . I was just taking a walk. . . I often walk at night. . ."

Frank Rainer burst into a laugh. "On such nights? Then you hadn't bolted?"

"Bolted?"

"Because I'd done something to offend you? My uncle thought you had."

Faxon grasped his arm. "Did your uncle send you after me?"

"Well, he gave me an awful rowing for not going up to your room with you when you said you were ill. And when we found you'd gone we were frightened—and he was awfully upset—so I said I'd catch you. . . You're *not* ill, are you?"

"Ill? No. Never better." Faxon picked up the lantern. "Come; let's go back. It was awfully hot in that dining-room," he added.

"Yes; I hoped it was only that."

They trudged on in silence for a few minutes; then Faxon questioned: "You're not too done up?"

"Oh, no. It's a lot easier with the wind behind us."

"All right. Don't talk any more."

They pushed ahead, walking, in spite of the light that guided them, more slowly than Faxon had walked alone into the gale. The fact of his companion's stumbling against a drift gave him a pretext for saying: "Take hold of my arm," and Rainer obeying, gasped out: "I'm blown!"

"So am I. Who wouldn't be?"

"What a dance you led me! If it hadn't been for one of the servants' happening to see you——"

"Yes: all right. And now, won't you kindly shut up?"

Rainer laughed and hung on him. "Oh, the cold doesn't hurt me. . ."

For the first few minutes after Rainer had overtaken him, anxiety for the lad had been Faxon's only thought. But as each labouring step carried them nearer to the spot he had been fleeing, the reasons for his flight grew more ominous and more insistent. No, he was not ill, he was not distraught and deluded—he was the instrument singled out to warn and save; and here he was, irresistibly driven, dragging the victim back to his doom!

The intensity of the conviction had almost checked his steps. But what could he do or say? At all costs he must get Rainer out of the cold, into the house and into his bed. After that he would act.

The snow-fall was thickening, and as they reached a stretch of the road between open fields the wind took them at an angle, lashing their faces with barbed thongs. Rainer stopped to take breath, and Faxon felt the heavier pressure of his arm.

"When we get to the lodge, can't we telephone to the stable for a sleigh?"

"If they're not all asleep at the lodge."

"Oh, I'll manage. Don't talk!" Faxon ordered; and they plodded on. . .

At length the lantern ray showed ruts that curved away from the road under tree-darkness.

Faxon's spirits rose. "There's the gate! We'll be there in five minutes."

As he spoke he caught, above the boundary hedge, the gleam of a light at the farther end of the dark avenue. It was the same light that had shone on the scene of which every detail was burnt into his brain; and he felt again its overpowering reality. No—he couldn't let the boy go back!

They were at the lodge at last, and Faxon was hammering on the door. He said to himself: "I'll get him inside first, and make them give him a hot drink. Then I'll see—I'll find an argument. . ."

There was no answer to his knocking, and after an interval Rainer said: "Look here—we'd better go on."

"No!"

"I can, perfectly——"

"You sha'n't go to the house, I say!" Faxon furiously redoubled his blows, and at length steps sounded on the stairs. Rainer was leaning against the lintel, and as the door opened the light from the hall flashed on his pale face and fixed eyes. Faxon caught him by the arm and drew him in.

"It *was* cold out there," he sighed; and then, abruptly, as if invisible shears at a single stroke had cut every muscle in his body, he swerved, drooped on Faxon's arm, and seemed to sink into nothing at his feet.

The lodge-keeper and Faxon bent over him, and somehow, between them, lifted

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him into the kitchen and laid him on a sofa by the stove.

The lodge-keeper, stammering: "I'll ring up the house," dashed out of the room. But Faxon heard the words without heeding them: omens mattered nothing now, beside this woe fulfilled. He knelt down to undo the fur collar about Rainer's throat, and as he did so he felt a warm moisture on his hands. He held them up, and they were red. . .

V

THE palms threaded their endless line along the yellow river. The little steamer lay at the wharf, and George Faxon, sitting in the verandah of the wooden hotel, idly watched the coolies carrying the freight across the gang-plank.

He had been looking at such scenes for two months. Nearly five had elapsed since he had descended from the train at Northridge and strained his eyes for the sleigh that was to take him to Weymore: Weymore, which he was never to behold! . . . Part of the interval—the first part—was still a great grey blur. Even now he could not be quite sure how he had got back to Boston, reached the house of a cousin, and been thence transferred to a quiet room looking out on snow under bare trees. He looked out a long time at the same scene, and finally one day a man he had known at Harvard came to see him and invited him to go out on a business trip to the Malay Peninsula.

"You've had a bad shake-up, and it'll do you no end of good to get away from things."

When the doctor came the next day it turned out that he knew of the plan and approved it. "You ought to be quiet for a year. Just loaf and look at the landscape," he advised.

Faxon felt the first faint stirrings of curiosity.

"What's been the matter with me, anyhow?"

"Well, over-work, I suppose. You must have been bottling up for a bad breakdown before you started for New Hampshire last December. And the shock of that poor boy's death did the rest."

Ah, yes—Rainer had died. He remembered. . .

He started for the East, and gradually, by imperceptible degrees, life crept back into his weary bones and leaden brain. His friend was very considerate and forbearing, and they travelled slowly and talked little. At first Faxon had felt a great shrinking from whatever touched on familiar things. He seldom looked at a newspaper, he never opened a letter without a moment's contraction of the heart. It was not that he had any special cause for apprehension, but merely that a great trail of darkness lay on everything. He had looked too deep down into the abyss. . . But little by little health and energy returned to him, and with them the common promptings of curiosity. He was beginning to wonder how the world was going, and when, presently, the hotel-keeper told him there were no letters for him in the steamer's mail-bag, he felt a distinct sense of disappointment. His friend had gone into the jungle on a long excursion, and he was lonely, unoccupied and wholesomely bored. He got up and strolled into the stuffy reading-room.

There he found a game of dominoes, a mutilated picture-puzzle, some copies of *Zion's Herald* and a pile of New York and London newspapers.

He began to glance through the papers, and was disappointed to find that they were less recent than he had hoped. Evidently the last numbers had been carried off by luckier travellers. He continued to turn them over, picking out the American ones first. These, as it happened, were the oldest: they dated back to December and January. To Faxon, however, they had all the flavour of novelty, since they covered the precise period during which he had virtually ceased to exist. It had never before occurred to him to wonder what had happened in the world during that interval of obliteration; but now he felt a sudden desire to know.

To prolong the pleasure, he began by sorting the papers chronologically, and as he found and spread out the earliest number, the date at the top of the page entered into his consciousness like a key slipping into a lock. It was the seventeenth of December: the date of the day after his arrival at Northridge. He glanced at the first page and read in blazing characters: "Reported Failure of Opal Cement

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Company. Lavington's name involved. Gigantic Exposure of Corruption Shakes Wall Street to Its Foundations."

He read on, and when he had finished the first paper he turned to the next. There was a gap of three days, but the Opal Cement "Investigation" still held the centre of the stage. From its complex revelations of greed and ruin his eye wandered to the death notices, and he read: "Rainer. Suddenly, at Northridge, New Hampshire, Francis John, only son of the late . . ."

His eyes clouded, and he dropped the newspaper and sat for a long time with his face in his hands. When he looked up again he noticed that his gesture had pushed the other papers from the table and scattered them on the floor at his feet. The uppermost lay spread out before him, and heavily his eyes began their search again. "John Lavington comes forward with plan for reconstructing Company. Offers to put in ten millions of his own —The proposal under consideration by the District Attorney."

Ten millions . . . ten millions of his own. But if John Lavington was ruined? . . . Faxon stood up with a cry. That was it, then—that was what the warning meant! And if he had not fled from it, dashed wildly away from it into the night, he might have broken the spell of iniquity, the powers of darkness might not have prevailed! He caught up the pile of newspapers and began to glance through each in turn for the head-line: "Wills Admitted to Probate." In the last of all he found the paragraph he sought, and it stared up at him as if with Rainer's dying eyes.

That—*that* was what he had done! The powers of pity had singled him out to warn and save, and he had closed his ears to their call, had washed his hands of it, and fled. Washed his hands of it! That was the word. It caught him back to the dreadful moment in the lodge when, raising himself up from Rainer's side, he had looked at his hands and seen that they were red. . .

THE MOTHER

By Theodosia Garrison

So quietly I seem to sit apart;
I think she does not know nor guess at all
How dear this certain hour unto my heart,
When in our quiet street the shadows fall.

She leans and listens at the little gate.
I sit so still, not any eye might see
How watchfully before her there I wait
For that one step that brings my world to me.

She does not know that, long before they meet,
(So eagerly must go a love athirst)
My heart outstrips the flying of her feet,
And meets and greets him first—and greets him first.

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A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

[FIFTH ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THROUGH THE HIGHLAND WILDERNESS OF WESTERN BRAZIL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

WE were now in the land of the blood-sucking bats, the vampire bats that suck the blood of living creatures, clinging to or hovering against the shoulder of a horse or cow, or the hand or foot of a sleeping man, and making a wound from which the blood continues to flow long after the bat's thirst has been satiated. At Tapirapoan there were milch cattle; and one of the calves turned up one morning weak from loss of blood, which was still trickling from a wound, forward of the shoulder, made by a bat. But the bats do little damage in this neighborhood compared to what they do in some other places, where not only the mules and cattle but the chickens have to be housed behind bat-proof protection at night or their lives may pay the penalty. The chief and habitual offenders are various species of rather small bats; but it is said that other kinds of Brazilian bats seem to have become, at least sporadically and locally, affected by the evil example and occasionally vary their customary diet by draughts of living blood. One of the Brazilian members of our party, Hoehne, the botanist, was a zoologist also. He informed me that he had known even the big fruit-eating bats to take to blood-sucking. They did not, according to his observations, themselves make the original wound; but after it had been made by one of the true vampires they would lap the flowing blood, and enlarge the wound. South America makes up for its lack, relatively to Africa and India, of large man-eating carnivores by the extraordinary ferocity or bloodthirstiness of certain small creatures of which the kinsfolk elsewhere are harmless. It is only here that fish no bigger than trout kill swimmers, and bats the size of the ordinary "flittermice" of the northern hemisphere drain the life-blood of big beasts and of man himself.

There was not much large mammalian life in the neighborhood. Kermit hunted industriously and brought in an occasional armadillo, coati, or agouti for the naturalists. Miller trapped rats and a queer opossum new to the collection. Cherrie got many birds. Cherrie and Miller skinned their specimens in a little open hut or shed. Moses, the small pet owl, sat on a cross-bar overhead, an interested spectator, and chuckled whenever he was petted. Two wrens, who bred just outside the hut, were much excited by the presence of Moses, and paid him visits of noisy unfriendliness. The little white-throated sparrows came familiarly about the palm cabins and whitewashed houses and trilled on the rooftrees. It was a simple song, with just a hint of our northern whitethroat's sweet and plaintive melody, and of the opening bars of our song-sparrow's pleasant, homely lay. It brought back dear memories of glorious April mornings on Long Island, when through the singing of robin and song-sparrow comes the piercing cadence of the meadow-lark; and of the far northland woods in June, fragrant with the breath of pine and balsam fir, where sweetheart sparrows sing from wet spruce thickets and rapid brooks rush under the drenched and swaying alder-boughs.

From Tapirapoan our course lay north-

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ward up to and across the Plan Alto, the highland wilderness of Brazil. From the edges of this highland country, which is geologically very ancient, the affluents of the Amazon to the north, and of the Plate to the south, flow, with immense and devious loops and windings.

Two days before we ourselves started with our mule-train, a train of pack-oxen left, loaded with provisions, tools, and other things, which we would not need until, after a month or six weeks, we began our descent into the valley of the Amazon. There were about seventy oxen. Most of them were well broken, but there were about a score which were either not broken at all or else very badly broken. These were loaded with much difficulty, and bucked like wild broncos. Again and again they scattered their loads over the corral, and over the first part of the road. The pack-men, however—copper-colored, black, and dusky-white—were not only masters of their art, but possessed tempers that could not be ruffled; when they showed severity it was because severity was needed, and not because they were angry. They finally got all their longhorned beasts loaded and started on the trail with them.

On January 21 we ourselves started, with the mule-train. Of course, as always in such a journey, there was some confusion before the men and the animals of the train settled down to the routine performance of duty. In addition to the pack-animals we all had riding-mules. The first day we journeyed about twelve miles, then crossing the Sepotuba and camping beside it, below a series of falls, or rather rapids. The country was level. It was a great natural pasture, covered with a very open forest of low twisted trees, bearing a superficial likeness to the cross-timbers of Texas and Oklahoma. It is as well fitted for stock-raising as Oklahoma; and there is also much fine agricultural land, while the river will ultimately yield electric power. It is a fine country for settlement. The heat is great at noon; but the nights are not uncomfortable. We were supposed to be in the middle of the rainy season, but hitherto most of the days had been fine, varied with showers. The astonishing thing was the absence of mosquitoes. Insect pests that work by day can be stood, and especially by settlers, because they are far less serious foes in the clearings than in the woods. The mosquitoes and other night foes offer the really serious and unpleasant problem, because they break one's rest. Hitherto, during our travels up the Paraguay and its tributaries, in this level, marshy tropical region of western Brazil, we had practically not been bothered by mosquitoes at all, in our home camps. Out in the woods they were at times a serious nuisance, and Cherrie and Miller had been subjected to real torment by them during some of their special expeditions; but there were practically none on the ranches and in our camps in the open fields by the river, even when marshes were close by. I was puzzled—and delighted—by their absence. Settlers need not be deterred from coming to this region by the fear of insect foes.

This does not mean that there are not such foes. Outside of the clearings, and of the beaten tracks of travel, they teem. There are ticks, poisonous ants, wasps—of which some species are really serious menaces—biting flies and gnats. I merely mean that, unlike so many other tropical regions, this particular region is, from the standpoint of the settler and the ordinary traveller, relatively free from insect pests, and a pleasant place of residence. The original explorer, and to an only less degree the hardworking field naturalist or big-game hunter, have to face these pests, just as they have to face countless risks, hardships, and difficulties. This is inherent in their several professions or avocations. Many regions in the United States where life is now absolutely comfortable and easy-going offered most formidable problems to the first explorers a century or two ago. We must not fall into the foolish error of thinking that the first explorers need not suffer terrible hardships, merely because the ordinary travellers, and even the settlers who come after them, do not have to endure such danger, privation, and wearing fatigue—although the first among the genuine settlers also have to undergo exceedingly trying experiences. The early explorers and adventurers make fairly well-beaten trails at heavy cost to themselves. Ordinary travellers, with little discomfort and no danger, can then traverse

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these trails; but it is incumbent on them neither to boast of their own experiences nor to misjudge the efforts of the pioneers because, thanks to these very efforts, their own lines fall in pleasant places. The ordinary traveller, who never goes off the beaten route and who on this beaten route is carried by others, without himself doing anything or risking anything, does not need to show much more initiative and intelligence than an express package. He does nothing; others do all the work, show all the forethought, take all the risk—and are entitled to all the credit. He and his valise are carried in practically the same fashion; and for each the achievement stands about on the same plane. If this kind of traveller is a writer, he can of course do admirable work, work of the highest value; but the value comes because he is a writer and observer, not because of any particular credit that attaches to him as a traveller. We all recognize this truth as far as highly civilized regions are concerned: when Bryce writes of the American commonwealth, or Lowell of European legislative assemblies, our admiration is for the insight and thought of the observer, and we are not concerned with his travels. When a man travels across Arizona in a Pullman car, we do not think of him as having performed a feat bearing even the most remote resemblance to the feats of the first explorers of those waterless wastes; whatever admiration we feel in connection with his trip is reserved for the traffic-superintendent, engineer, fireman, and brakeman. But as regards the less-known continents, such as South America, we sometimes fail to remember these obvious truths. There yet remains plenty of exploring work to be done in South America, as hard, as dangerous, and almost as important as any that has already been done; work such as has recently been done, or is now being done, by men and women such as Haseman, Farrabee, and Miss Snethlage. The collecting naturalists who go into the wilds and do first-class work encounter every kind of risk and undergo every kind of hardship and exertion. Explorers and naturalists of the right type have open to them in South America a field of extraordinary attraction and difficulty. But to excavate ruins that have already long been known, to visit out-of-the-way towns that date from colonial days, to traverse old, even if uncomfortable, routes of travel, or to ascend or descend highway rivers like the Amazon, the Paraguay, and the lower Orinoco—all of these exploits are well worth performing, but they in no sense represent exploration or adventure, and they do not entitle the performer, no matter how well he

From a photograph by Miller.

A train of pack-oxen left, loaded with provisions, tools, and other things.—Page 164.

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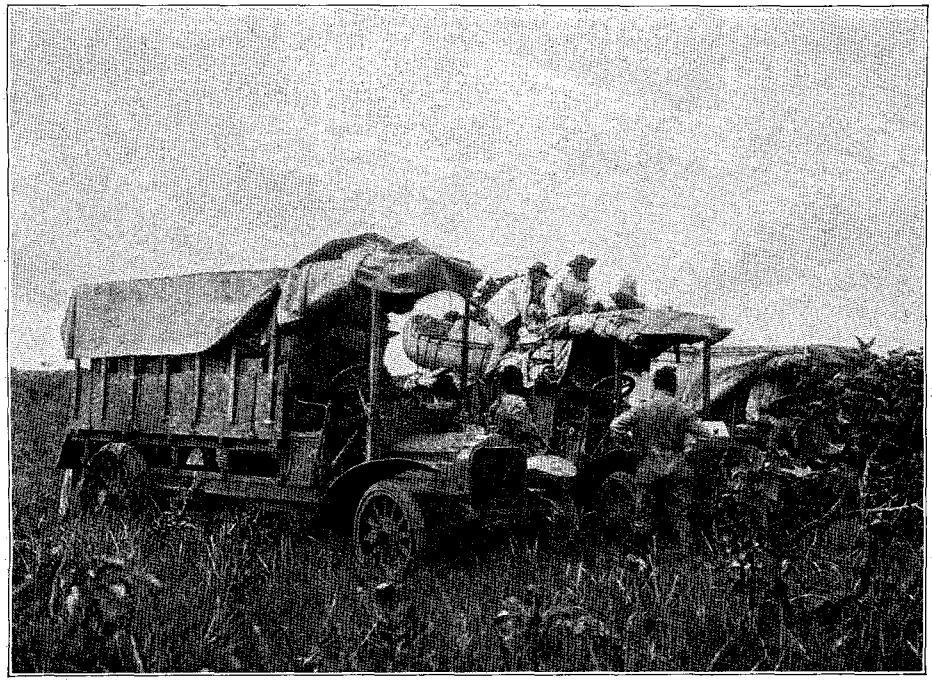
writes and no matter how much of real value he contributes to human knowledge, to compare himself in any way with the real wilderness wanderer, or to criticise the latter. Such a performance entails no hardship or difficulty worth heeding. Its value depends purely on observation, not on action. The man *does* nothing; he merely records what he sees. He is only the man of the beaten routes. The true wilderness wanderer, on the contrary, must be a man of action as well as of observation. He must have the heart and the body to do and to endure, no less than the eye to see and the brain to note and record.

From the Sepotuba rapids our course at the outset lay westward. The first day's march away from the river lay through dense tropical forest. Away from the broad beaten route every step of a man's progress represented slashing a trail with the machete through the tangle of bushes, low trees, thorny scrub, and interlaced creepers. There were palms of new kinds, very tall, slender, straight, and graceful, with rather short and few fronds. The wild plantains, or pacovas, thronged the spaces among the trunks of the tall trees; their boles were short, and their broad erect leaves gigantic; they bore brilliant red-and-orange flowers. There were trees whose trunks bellied into huge swellings. There were towering trees with buttressed trunks, whose leaves made a fretwork against the sky far overhead. Gorgeous red-and-green trogons, with long tails, perched motionless on the lower branches and uttered a loud thrice-repeated whistle. We heard the calling of the false bell-bird, which is gray, instead of white like the true bell-birds; it keeps among the very topmost branches. Heavy rain fell shortly after we reached our camping-place.

Next morning at sunrise we climbed a steep slope to the edge of the Parecís plateau, at a level of about two thousand feet above the sea. We were on the Plan Alto, the high central plain of Brazil, the healthy land of dry air, of cool nights, of clear running brooks. The sun was directly behind us when we topped the rise. Reining in, we looked back over the vast Paraguayan marshes, shimmering in the long morning lights. Then, turning again, we rode forward, casting shadows far be-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

It was strange to see these big motor-vans out in the wilderness where there was not a settler.—Page 168.

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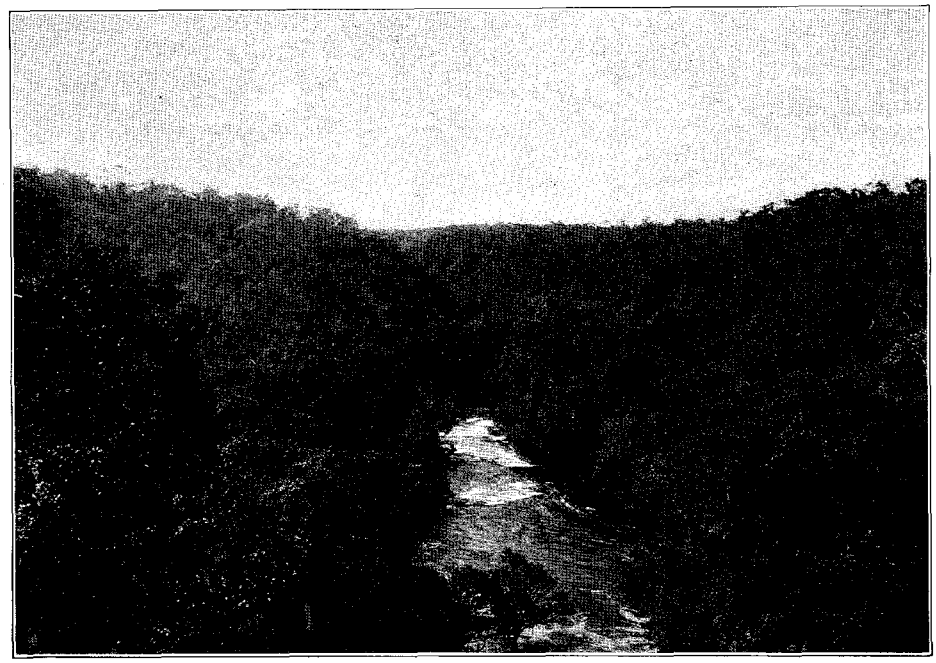
fore us. It was twenty miles to the next water, and in hot weather the journey across this waterless, shadeless, sandy stretch of country is hard on the mules and oxen. But on this day the sky speedily grew overcast and a cool wind blew in our faces as we travelled at a quick running walk over the immense rolling plain. The ground was sandy; it was covered with grass and with a sparse growth of stunted, twisted trees, never more than a few feet high. There were rheas—ostriches—and small pampas deer on this plain; the coloration of the rheas made it difficult to see them at a distance, whereas the bright red coats of the little deer, and their uplifted flags as they ran, advertised them afar off. We also saw the footprints of cougars and of the small-toothed big red wolf. Cougars are the most inveterate enemies of these small South American deer, both those of the open grassy plain and those of the forest.

It is not nearly as easy to get lost on these open plains as in the dense forest; and where there is a long, reasonably straight road or river to come back to, a man even without a compass is safe. But in these thick South American forests, especially on cloudy days, a compass is an absolute necessity. We were struck by the fact that the native hunters and ranchmen on such days continually lost themselves and, if permitted, travelled for miles through the forest either in circles or in exactly the wrong direction. They had no such sense of direction as the forest-dwelling 'Ndorobo hunters in Africa had, or as the true forest-dwelling Indians of South America are said to have. On certainly half a dozen occasions our guides went completely astray, and we had to take command, to disregard their assertions, and to lead the way aright by sole reliance on our compasses.

On this cool day we travelled well. The air was wonderful; the vast open spaces gave a sense of abounding vigor and freedom. Early in the afternoon we reached a station made by Colonel Rondon in the course of his first explorations. There were several houses with whitewashed walls, stone floors, and tiled or thatched roofs. They stood in a wide, gently sloping valley. Through it ran a rapid brook of cool water, in which we enjoyed delight-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Gorge of the Rio Sacre below Salto Bello Falls.—Page 178.

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ful baths. The heavy, intensely humid atmosphere of the low marshy plains had gone; the air was clear and fresh; the sky was brilliant; far and wide we looked over a landscape that seemed limitless; the breeze that blew in our faces might have come from our own northern plains. The midday sun was very hot; but it was hard to realize that we were in the torrid zone. There were no mosquitoes, so that we never put up our nets when we went to bed; but wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept soundly through the cool, pleasant nights. Surely in the future this region will be the home of a healthy, highly civilized population. It is good for cattle-raising, and the valleys are fitted for agriculture. From June to September the nights are often really cold. Any sound northern race could live here; and in such a land, with such a climate, there would be much joy of living.

On these plains the Telegraphic Commission uses motor-trucks; and these now served to relieve the mules and oxen; for some of them, especially among the oxen, already showed the effects of the strain. Travelling in a wild country with a pack-train is not easy on the pack-animals. It was strange to see these big motor-vans out in the wilderness where there was not a settler, not a civilized man except the employees of the Telegraphic Commission. They were handled by Lieutenant Lauriodor, who, with Lieutenant Mello, had taken special charge of our transport service; both were exceptionally good and competent men.

The following day we again rode on across the Plan Alto. In the early afternoon, in the midst of a downpour of rain, we crossed the divide between the basins of the Paraguay and the Amazon. That evening we camped on a brook whose waters ultimately ran into the Tapajos. The rain fell throughout the afternoon, now lightly, now heavily, and the mule-train did not get up until dark. But enough tents and flies were pitched to shelter all of us. Fires were lit, and—after a fourteen hours' fast—we feasted royally on beans and rice and pork and beef, seated around oxskins spread upon the ground. The sky cleared; the stars blazed down through the cool night; and wrapped in our blankets we slept soundly, warm and comfortable.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

An early start.

There was some confusion before the men and the animals settled down to the routine performance of duty.—Page 164.

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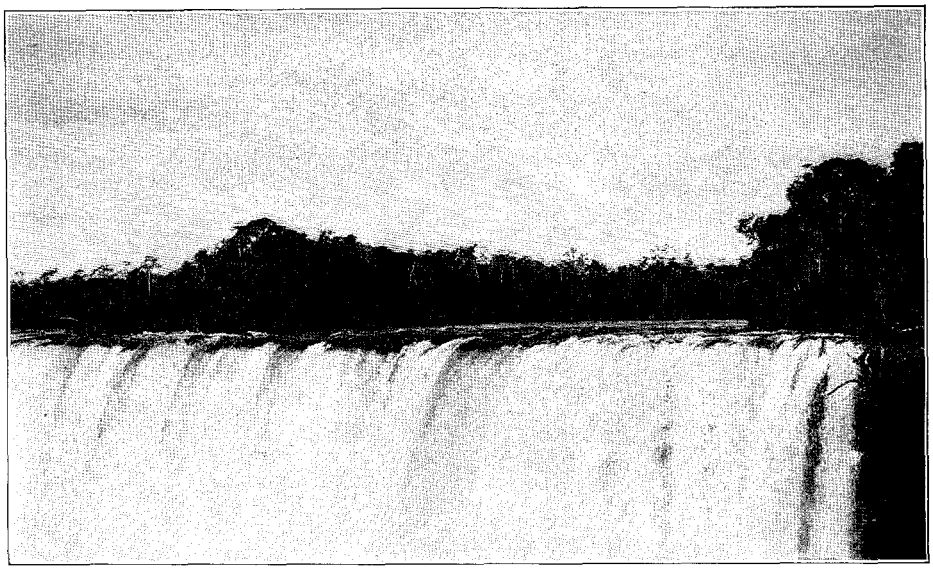

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The beautiful waterfall appropriately called the Salto Bello.—Page 177.

Next morning the trail had turned, and our course led northward and at times east of north. We traversed the same high, rolling plains of coarse grass and stunted trees. Kermit, riding a big, iron-mouthed, bull-headed white mule, rode off to one side on a hunt, and rejoined the line of march carrying two bucks of the little pampas deer, or field deer, behind his saddle. These deer are very pretty and graceful, with a tail like that of the Columbian blacktail. Standing motionless facing one, in the sparse scrub, they are hard to make out; if seen sideways the reddish of their coats, contrasted with the greens and grays of the landscape, betrays them; and when they bound off the upraised whitetail is very conspicuous. They carefully avoid the woods in which their cousins the little bush deer are found, and go singly or in couples. Their odor can be made out at quite a distance, but it is not rank. They still carried their antlers. Their venison was delicious.

We came across many queer insects. One red grasshopper when it flew seemed as big as a small sparrow; and we passed in some places such multitudes of active little green grasshoppers that they frightened the mules. At our camping-place we saw an extraordinary colony of spiders. It was among some dwarf trees, standing a few yards apart from one another by the water. When we reached the camping-place, early in the afternoon—the pack-train did not get in until nearly sunset, just ahead of the rain—no spiders were out. They were under the leaves of the trees. Their webs were tenantless, and indeed for the most part were broken down. But at dusk they came out from their hiding-places, two or three hundred of them in all, and at once began to repair the old and spin new webs. Each spun its own circular web, and sat in the middle; and each web was connected on several sides with other webs, while those nearest the trees were hung to them by spun ropes, so to speak. The result was a kind of sheet of web consisting of scores of wheels, in each of which the owner and proprietor sat; and there were half a dozen such sheets, each extending between two trees. The webs could hardly be seen, and the effect was of scores of big, formidable-looking spiders poised in mid-air, equidistant from one another, between each pair of trees. When darkness and rain fell they were still out, fixing their webs, and pouncing on the occasional insects that blundered into the webs. I have no question that they are nocturnal; they certainly hide in the daytime, and it seems impossible that they can come out only for a few minutes at dusk.

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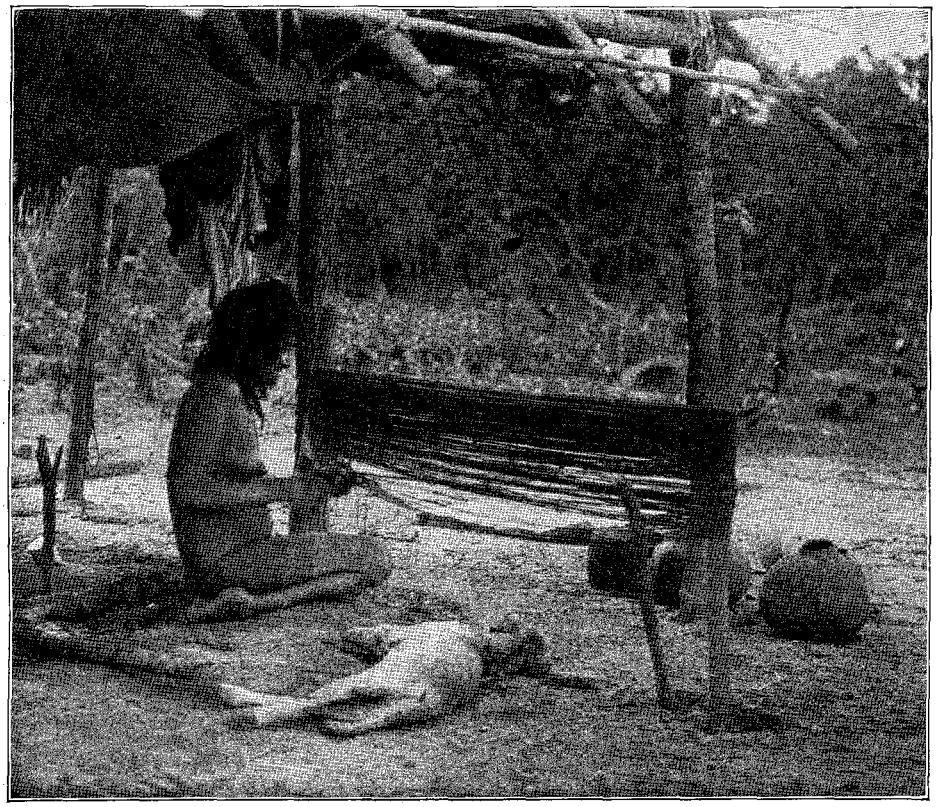
In the evenings, after supper or dinner —it is hard to tell by what title the exceedingly movable evening meal should be called—the members of the party sometimes told stories of incidents in their past lives. Most of them were men of varied experiences. Rondon and Lyra told of the hardship and suffering of the first trips through the wilderness across which we were going with such comfort. On this very plateau they had once lived for weeks on the fruits of the various fruit-bearing trees. Naturally they became emaciated and feeble. In the forests of the Amazonian basin they did better because they often shot birds and plundered the hives of the wild honey-bees. In cutting the trail for the telegraph-line through the Juruena basin they lost every single one of the hundred and sixty mules with which they had started. Those men pay dear who build the first foundations of empire! Fiala told of the long polar nights and of white bears that came round the snow huts of the explorers, greedy to eat them and themselves destined to be eaten by them. Of all the party Cherrie's experiences had covered the widest range. This was partly owing to the fact that the latter-day naturalist of the most vigorous type who goes into the untrodden wastes of the world must see and do many strange things; and still more owing to the character of the man himself. The things he had seen and done and undergone often enabled him to cast the light of his own past experience on unexpected subjects. Once we were talking about the proper weapons for cavalry, and some one mentioned the theory that the lance is especially formidable because of the moral effect it produces on the enemy. Cherrie nodded emphatically; and a little cross-examination elicited the fact that he was speaking from lively personal recollection of his own feelings when charged by lancers. It was while he was fighting with the Venezuelan insurgents in an unsuc-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

One woman was making a hammock.—Page 180.

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From photographs by Cherrie and Miller.

The mothers carried the child slung against their side or hip, seated in a cloth belt, or sling, which went over the opposite shoulder of the mother.—Page 180.

[A few wore print dresses—most of them wore nothing but a loin-cloth.]

cessful uprising against the tyranny of Castro. He was on foot, with five Venezuelans, all cool men and good shots. In an open plain they were charged by twenty of Castro's lancers, who galloped out from behind cover two or three hundred yards off. It was a war in which neither side gave quarter and in which the wounded and the prisoners were butchered—just as President Madero was butchered in Mexico. Cherrie knew that it meant death for him and his companions if the charge came home; and the sight of the horsemen running in at full speed, with their long lances in rest, and the blades glittering, left an indelible impression on his mind. But he and his companions shot deliberately and accurately; ten of the lancers were killed, the nearest falling within fifty yards; and the others rode off in headlong haste. A cool man with a rifle, if he has mastered his weapon, need fear no foe.

At this camp the auto-vans again joined us. They were to go direct to the first telegraph station, at the great falls of the Utiarity, on the Rio Papagaio. Of course they travelled faster than the mule-train. Father Zahm, attended by Sigg, started for the falls in them. Cherrie and Miller also went in them, because they had found that it was very difficult to collect birds, and especially mammals, when we were moving every day, packing up early each morning and the mule-train arriving late in the afternoon or not until nightfall. Moreover, there was much rain, which made it difficult to work except under the tents. Accordingly, the two naturalists desired to get to a place where they could spend several days and collect steadily, thereby doing more effective work. The rest of us continued with the mule-train, as was necessary.

It was always a picturesque sight when camp was broken, and again at nightfall when the laden mules came stringing in and their burdens were thrown down, while the tents were pitched and the fires lit. We breakfasted before leaving camp, the aluminum cups and plates being placed on oxhides, round which we sat, on the ground or on camp-stools. We fared

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well, on rice, beans, and crackers, with canned corned beef, and salmon or any game that had been shot, and coffee, tea, and matté. I then usually sat down somewhere to write, and when the mules were nearly ready I popped my writing-materials into my duffle-bag—war-sack, as we would have called it in the old days on the plains. I found that the mules usually arrived so late in the afternoon or evening that I could not depend upon being able to write at that time. Of course, if we made a very early start I could not write at all. At night there were no mosquitoes. In the daytime gnats and sand-flies and horseflies sometimes bothered us a little, but not much. Small stingless bees lit on us in numbers and crawled over the skin, making a slight tickling; but we did not mind them until they became very numerous. There was a good deal of rain, but not enough to cause any serious annoyance.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

One of the little girls who paraded about on stilts.
—Page 190.

Colonel Rondon and Lieutenant Lyra held many discussions as to whither the Rio Duvida flowed, and where its mouth might be. Its provisional name—"river of doubt"—was given it precisely because of this ignorance concerning it; an ignorance which it was one of the purposes of our trip to dispel. It might go into the Gy-Paraná, in which case its course must be very short; it might flow into the Madeira low down, in which case its course would be very long; or, which was unlikely, it might flow into the Tapajos. There was another river, of which Colonel Rondon had come across the headwaters, whose course was equally doubtful, although in its case there was rather more probability of its flowing into the Juruena, by which name the Tapajos is known for its upper half. To this unknown river Colonel Rondon had given the name Ananás, because when he came across it he found a deserted Indian field with pineapples, which the hungry explorers ate greedily. Among the things the colonel and I hoped to accomplish on the trip was to do a little work in clearing up one or the other of these two doubtful geographical points, and thereby to push a little forward the knowledge of this region. Originally, as described in the first chapter, my trip was undertaken primarily in the interest of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, to add to our knowledge of the birds and mammals of the far interior of the western Brazilian wilderness; and the labels of our baggage and scientific equipment, printed by the museum, were entitled "Colonel Roosevelt's South American Expedition for the American Museum of Natural History." But, as I have already mentioned, at Rio the Brazilian Government, through the secretary of foreign affairt, Doctor Lauro Muller, suggested that I should combine the expedition with one by Colonel Rondon, which they contemplated making, and thereby make both expeditions of broader scientific interest. I accepted the proposal with much pleasûre; and we found, when we joined Colonel Rondon and his associates, that their baggage and equipment had been labelled by the Brazilian

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

A Parecís burden-bearer.

Government "Expedicão Scientifica Roosevelt-Rondon." This thenceforth became the proper and official title of the expedition. Cherrie and Miller did the chief zoological work. The geological work was done by a Brazilian member of the expedition, Euzebio Oliveira. The astronomical work necessary for obtaining the exact geographical location of the rivers and points of note was to be done by Lieutenant Lyra, under the supervision of Colonel Rondon; and at the telegraph stations this astronomical work would be checked by wire communications with one of Colonel Rondon's assistants at Cuyubá, Lieutenant Caetano, thereby securing a minutely accurate comparison of time. The sketch-maps and surveying and cartographical work generally were to be made under the supervision of Colonel Rondon by Lyra, with assistance from Fiala and Kermit. Captain Amilcar handled the worst problem—of transportation; the medical member was Doctor Cajazeira.

At night around the camp-fire my Brazilian companions often spoke of the first explorers of this vast wilderness of western Brazil—men whose very names are now hardly known, but who did each his part in opening the country which will some day see such growth and development. Among the most notable of them was a Portuguese, Ricardo Franco, who spent forty years at the work, during the last quarter of the eighteenth and the opening years of the nineteenth centuries. He ascended for long distances the Xingu and the Tapajos, and went up the Madeira and Guaporé, crossing to the headwaters of the Paraguay and partially exploring there also. He worked among and with the Indians, much as Mungo Park worked with the na-

From a photograph by Miller.

A little Parecís girl.

From a photograph by Miller.

Returning from the mandioca fields.

Note the method of carrying the baskets.

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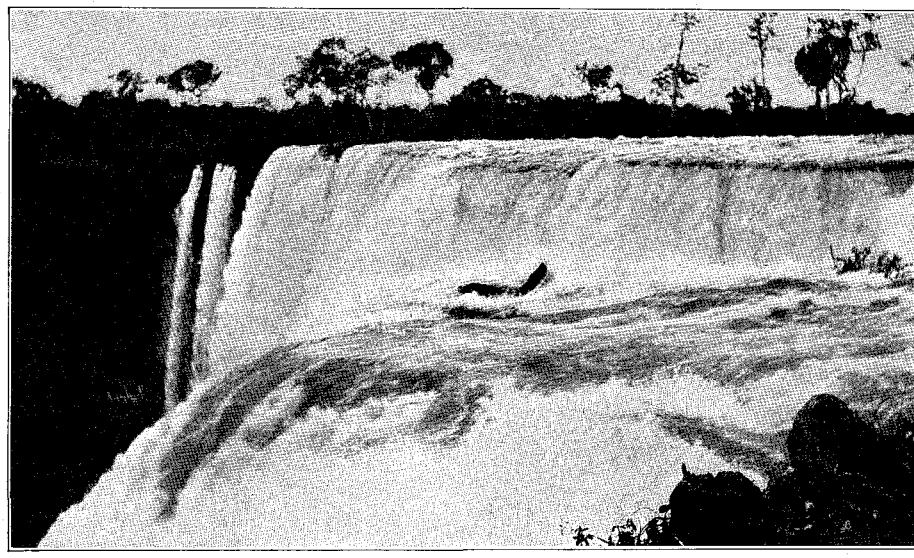

From a photograph by Cherrie.

The Falls of Utiarity.

Lovely though we had found Salto Bello, these falls were far superior in beauty and majesty.—Page 190.

tives of West Africa, having none of the aids, instruments, and comforts with which even the hardiest of modern explorers are provided. He was one of the men who established the beginnings of the province of Matto Grosso. For many years the sole method of communication between this remote interior province and civilization was by the long, difficult, and perilous route which led up the Amazon and Madeira; and its then capital, the town of Matto Grosso, the seat of the captain-general, with its palace, cathedral, and fortress, was accordingly placed far to the west, near the Guaporé. When less circuitous lines of communication were established farther eastward the old capital was abandoned, and the tropic wilderness surged over the lonely little town. The tomb of the old colonial explorer still stands in the ruined cathedral, where the forest has once more come to its own. But civilization is again advancing to reclaim the lost town, and to revive the memory of the wilderness wanderer who helped to found it. Colonel Rondon has named a river after Franco; a range of mountains has also been named after him; and the colonel, acting for the Brazilian Government, has established a telegraph station in what was once the palace of the captain-general.

Our northward trail led along the high ground a league or two to the east of the northward-flowing Rio Sacre. Each night we camped on one of the small tributary brooks that fed it. Fiala, Kermit, and I occupied one tent. In the daytime the "piun" flies, vicious little sand-flies, became bad enough to make us finally use gloves and head-nets. There were many heavy rains, which made the travelling hard for the mules. The soil was more often clay than sand, and it was slippery when wet. The weather was overcast, and there was usually no oppressive heat even at noon. At intervals along the trail we came on the staring skull and bleached skeleton of a mule or ox. Day after day we rode forward across endless flats of grass and of low open scrubby forest, the trees standing far apart and in most places being but little higher than the head of a horseman. Some of them carried blossoms, white, orange, yellow, pink; and there were many flowers, the most beautiful being the morning-glories. Among the trees were bastard-rubber trees, and dwarf palmetto; if the latter grew more than a few feet high their tops were torn and dishevelled by the wind. There was very little bird or mammal life; there were few long vistas, for in most places it was not possible to see far among

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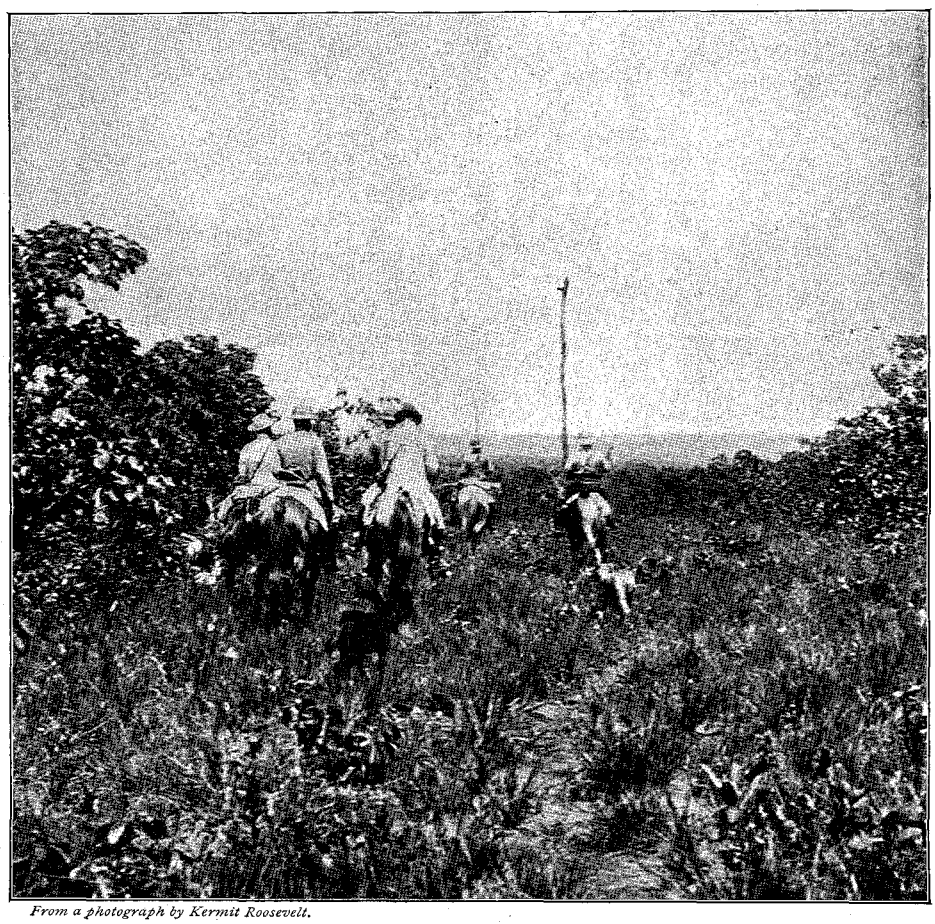
the gray, gnarled trunks of the wind-beaten little trees. Yet the desolate landscape had a certain charm of its own, although not a charm that would be felt by any man who does not take pleasure in mere space, and freedom and wildness, and in plains standing empty to the sun, the wind, and the rain. The country bore some resemblance to the country west of Redjaf on the White Nile, the home of the giant eland; only here there was no big game, no chance of seeing the towering form of the giraffe, the black bulk of elephant or buffalo, the herds of straw-colored hartebeests, or the ghostly shimmer of the sun glinting on the coats of roan and eland as they vanished silently in the gray sea of withered scrub.

One feature in common with the African landscape was the abundance of ant-hills, some as high as a man. They were red in the clay country, gray where it was sandy; and the dirt houses were also in trees, while their raised tunnels traversed trees and ground alike. At some of the camping-places we had to be on our watch against the swarms of leaf-carrying ants. These are so called in the books—the Brazilians call them "carregadores," or porters—because they are always carrying bits of leaves and blades of grass to their underground homes. They are inveterate burden-bearers, and they industriously cut into pieces and carry off any garment they can get at; and we had to guard our shoes and clothes from them, just as we had often had to guard all our belongings against the termites. These ants did not bite us; but we encountered huge black ants, an inch and a quarter long, which were very vicious, and their bite was not only painful but quite poisonous. Pray-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Along the telegraph-line.

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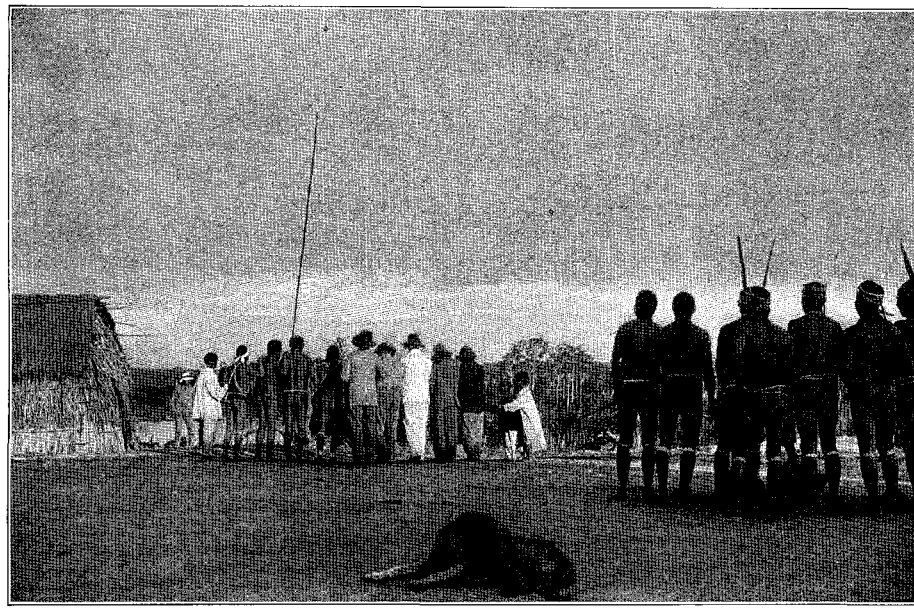

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The dance of the Parecís Indians.

For this occasion most, but not all, of them cast aside their civilized clothing.—Page 192.

ing-mantes were common, and one evening at supper one had a comical encounter with a young dog, a jovial near-puppy, of Colonel Rondon's, named Cartucho. He had been christened the jolly-cum-pup, from a character in one of Frank Stockton's stories, which I suppose are now remembered only by elderly people, and by them only if they are natives of the United States. Cartucho was lying with his head on the oxhide that served as table, waiting with poorly dissembled impatience for his share of the banquet. The mantis flew down on the oxhide and proceeded to crawl over it, taking little flights from one corner to another; and whenever it thought itself menaced it assumed an attitude of seeming devotion and real defiance. Soon it lit in front of Cartucho's nose. Cartucho cocked his big ears forward, stretched his neck, and cautiously sniffed at the new arrival, not with any hostile design, but merely to find out whether it would prove to be a playmate. The mantis promptly assumed an attitude of prayer. This struck Cartucho as both novel and interesting, and he thrust his sniffing black nose still nearer. The mantis dexterously thrust forward first one and then the other armed fore leg, touching the intrusive nose, which was instantly jerked back and again slowly and inquiringly brought forward. Then the mantis suddenly flew in Cartucho's face, whereupon Cartucho, with a smothered yelp of dismay, almost turned a back somersault; and the triumphant mantis flew back to the middle of the oxhide, among the plates, where it reared erect and defied the laughing and applauding company.

On the morning of the 29th we were rather late in starting, because the rain had continued through the night into the morning, drenching everything. After nightfall there had been some mosquitoes, and the piuns were a pest during daylight; where one bites it leaves a tiny black spot on the skin which lasts for several weeks. In the slippery mud one of the pack-mules fell and injured itself so that it had to be abandoned. Soon after starting we came on the telegraph-line, which runs from Cuyubá; this was the first time we had seen it. Two Parecís Indians joined us, leading a pack-bullock. They were dressed in hat, shirt, trousers, and sandals, precisely like the ordinary Brazilian "caboclos," as the poor backwoods peasants, usually with little white blood in them, are colloquially and half-derisively styled—

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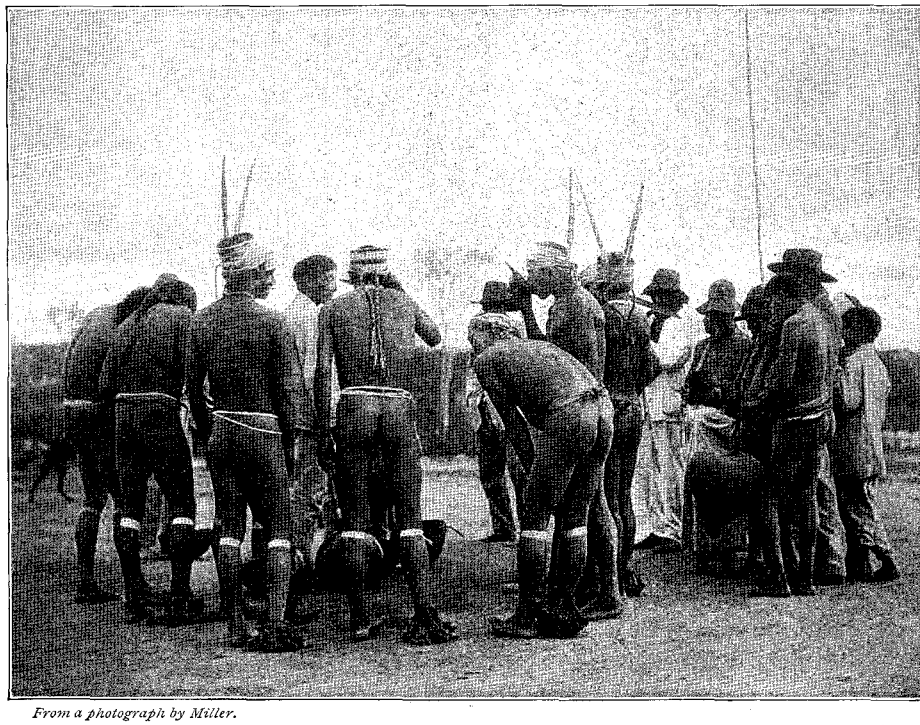
"caboclo" being originally a Guaraný word meaning "naked savage." These two Indians were in the employ of the Telegraphic Commission, and had been patrolling the telegraph-line. The bullock carried their personal belongings and the tools with which they could repair a break. The commission pays the ordinary Indian worker 66 cents a day; a very good worker gets $1, and the chief $1.66. No man gets anything unless he works. Colonel Rondon, by just, kindly, and understanding treatment of these Indians, who previously had often been exploited and maltreated by rubber-gatherers, had made them the loyal friends of the government. He has gathered them at the telegraph stations, where they cultivate fields of mandioc, beans, potatoes, maize, and other vegetables, and where he is introducing them to stock-raising; and the entire work of guarding and patrolling the line is theirs.

After six hours' march we came to the crossing of the Rio Sacre at the beautiful waterfall appropriately called the Salto Bello. This is the end of the automobile road. Here there is a small Parecís village. The men of the village work the ferry by which everything is taken across the deep and rapid river. The ferry-boat is made of planking placed on three dug-out canoes, and runs on a trolley. Before crossing we enjoyed a good swim in the swift, clear, cool water. The Indian village, where we camped, is placed on a jutting tongue of land round which the river sweeps just before it leaps from the overhanging precipice. The falls themselves are very lovely. Just above them is a wooded island, but the river joins again before it races forward for the final plunge. There is a sheer drop of forty or fifty yards, with a breadth two or three times as great; and the volume of water is large. On the left or hither bank a cliff extends for several hundred yards below the falls. Green vines have flung themselves down over its face, and they are met by other vines thrusting upward from the mass of vegetation at its foot, glistening in the perpetual mist from the cataract, and clothing even the rock surfaces in vivid green. The river, after throwing itself over



From a photograph by Miller.

The Parecís Dance.

Most of them wore on one leg anklets which rattled.—Page 192.

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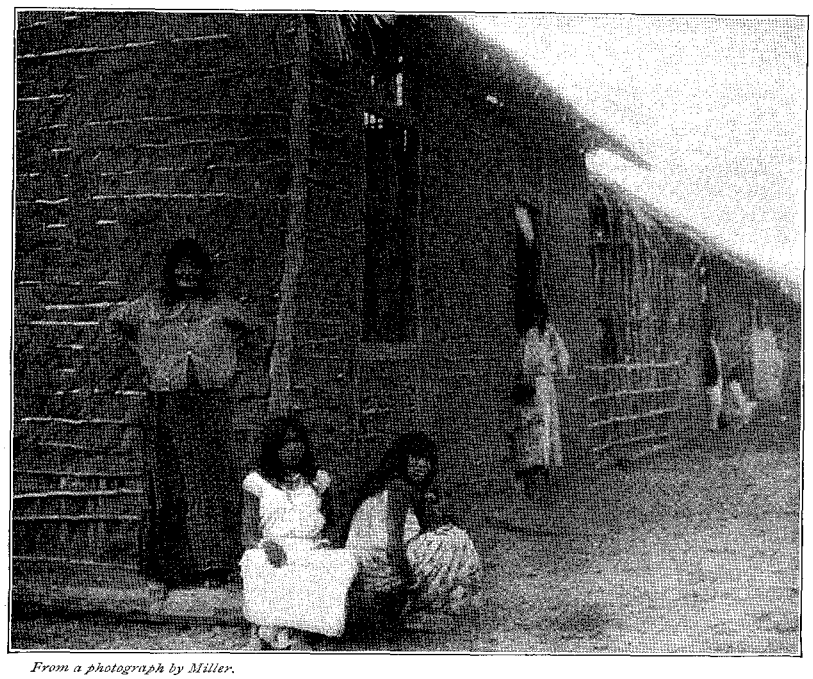
the rock wall, rushes off in long curves at the bottom of a thickly wooded ravine, the white water churning among the black bowlders. There is a perpetual rainbow



From a photograph by Miller.

Parecís women watching the dance.

During the first part of the dance the women remained in the houses, but during the second part all the women and girls came out and looked on.—Page 192.

at the foot of the falls. The masses of green water that are hurling themselves over the brink dissolve into shifting, foaming columns of snowy lace.

On the edge of the cliff below the falls Colonel Rondon had placed benches, giving a curious touch of rather conventional tourist-civilization to this cataract far out in the lonely wilderness. It is well worth visiting for its beauty. It is also of extreme interest because of the promise it holds for the future. Lieutenant Lyra informed me that they had calculated that this fall would furnish thirty-six thousand horse-power. Eight miles off we were to see another fall of much greater height and power. There are many rivers in this region which would furnish almost unlimited motive force to populous manufacturing communities. The country round about is singularly healthy. It is an upland region of good climate; we were visiting it in the rainy season, the season when the nights are far less cool than in the dry season, and yet we found it delightful. There is much fertile soil in the neighborhood of the streams, and the teeming lowlands of the Amazon and the Paraguay could readily—and with immense advantage to both sides—be made tributary to an industrial civilization seated on these highlands. A telegraph-line has been built to and across them. A railroad should follow. Such a line could be easily built, for there are no serious natural obstacles. In advance of its construction a trolley-line could be run from Cayubá to the falls, using the power furnished by the latter. Once this is done the land will offer extraordinary opportunities to settlers of the right kind: to home-makers, and to enterprising business men of foresight, coolness and sagacity who are willing to work with the settlers, the immigrants, the home-makers, for an advantage which shall be mutual.

The Parecís Indians, whom we met here, were exceedingly interesting. They were to all appearance an unusually cheerful, good-humored, pleasant-natured people.

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From a photograph by Fiala.

Colonel Roosevelt and Father Zahm consulting the map at Tapirapoan.

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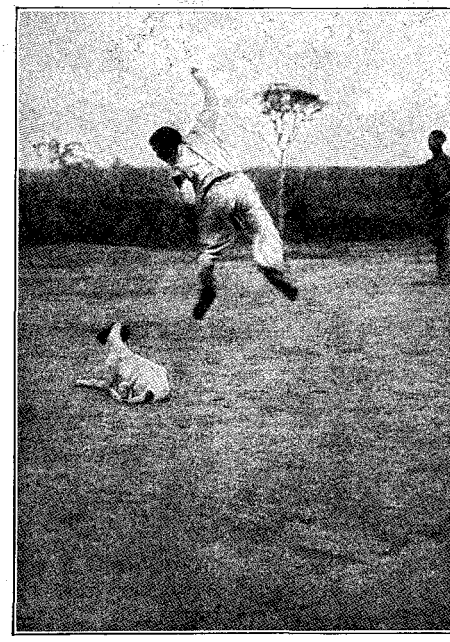
Their teeth were bad; otherwise they appeared strong and vigorous, and there were plenty of children. The colonel was received as a valued friend and as a leader who was to be followed and obeyed. He is raising them by degrees—the only way by which to make the rise permanent. In this village he has got them to substitute for the flimsy Indian cabins houses of the type usual among the poorer field laborers and back-country dwellers in Brazil. The houses have roofs of palm thatch, steeply pitched. They are usually open at the sides, consisting merely of a framework of timbers, with a wall at the back; but some have the ordinary four walls, of erect palm logs. The hammocks are slung in the houses, and the cooking is also done in them, with pots placed on small open fires, or occasionally in a kind of clay oven. The big gourds for water, and the wicker baskets, are placed on the ground, or hung on the poles. The men wore shirts and trousers, but the women had made little change in their clothing. A few wore print dresses, but obviously only for ornament. Most of them, especially the girls and young married women, wore nothing but a loin-cloth in addition to bead necklaces and bracelets. The nursing mothers —and almost all the mothers were nursing—sometimes carried the child slung against their side or hip, seated in a cloth belt, or sling, which went over the opposite shoulder of the mother. The women seemed to be well treated, although polygamy is practised. The children were loved by every one; they were petted by both men and women, and they behaved well to one another, the boys not seeming to bully the girls or the smaller boys. Most of the children were naked, but the girls early wore the loin-cloth; and some, both of the little boys and the little girls, wore colored print garments, to the evident pride of themselves and their parents. In each house there were several families, and life went on with no privacy but with good humor, consideration, and fundamentally good manners. The man or woman who had nothing to do lay in a hammock or squatted on the ground leaning against a post or wall. The children played together, or lay in little hammocks, or tagged round after their mothers; and when called they came trustfully up to us to be petted or given some small trinket; they were friendly little souls, and accustomed to good treatment. One woman was weaving a cloth, another was making a hammock; others made ready melons and other vegetables and cooked them over tiny fires. The men, who had come in from work at the ferry or along the telegraph-lines, did some work themselves, or played with the children; one cut a small boy's hair, and then had his own hair cut by a friend. But the absorbing amusement of the men was an extraordinary game of ball.



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Playing headball.—The ball returned.

See page 189.

In our family we have always relished Oliver Herford's nonsense rhymes, including the account of Willie's displeasure with his goat:

> "I do not like my billy goat,
> I wish that he was dead;
> Because he kicked me, so he did,
> He kicked me with his head."

Well, these Parecís Indians enthusiastically play football with their heads.

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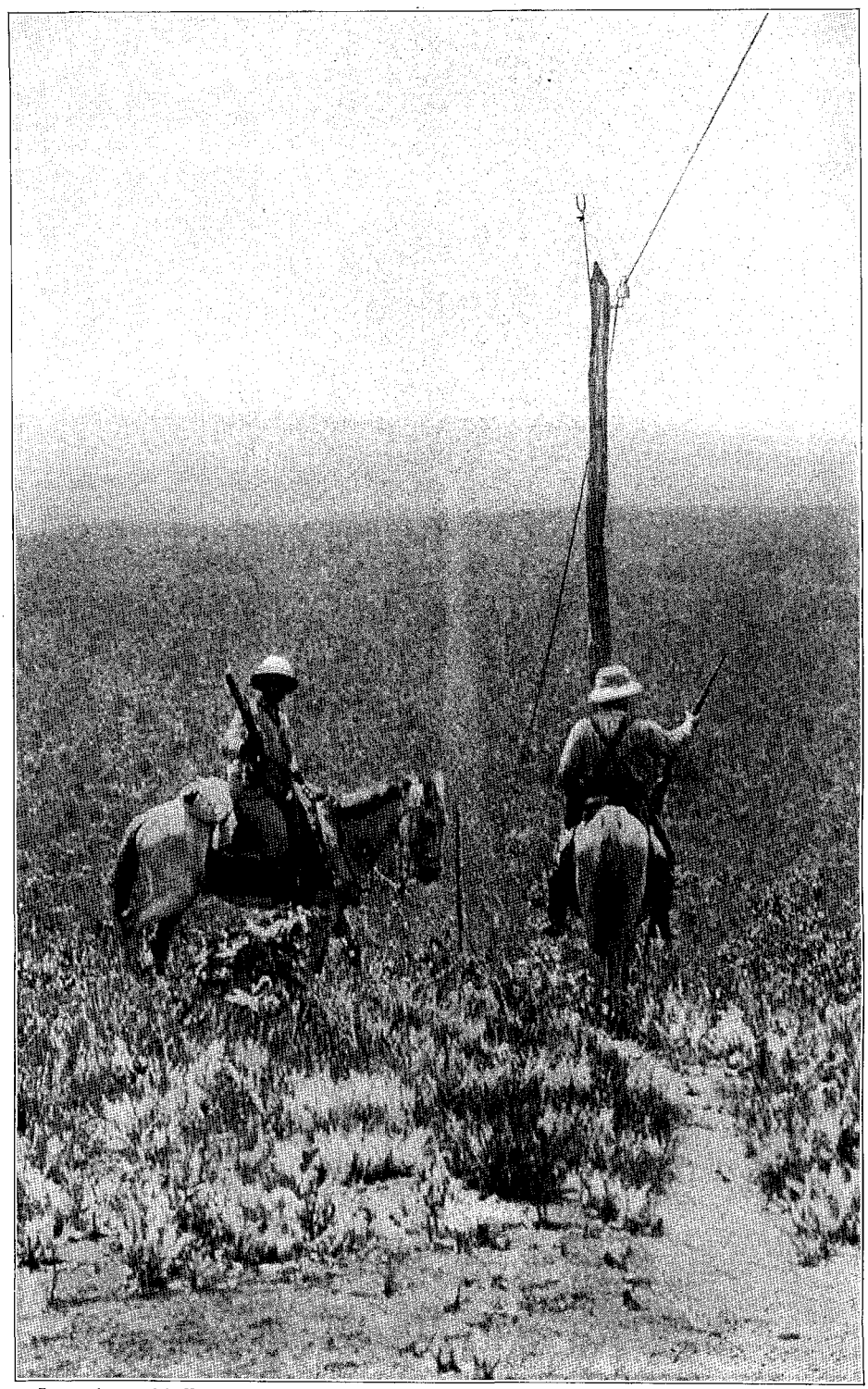

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Rondon looking over the vast landscape.

The ground was sandy, covered with grass and with a sparse growth of stunted, twisted trees, never more than a few feet high.—Page 167.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The game of headball played by Parecís Indians at Utiarity Falls.

The kick-off: The player runs forward, throws himself flat on the ground, and butts the ball toward the opposite side.—Page 189.

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From a photograph by Fiala.

Headball.—The ball in the air.

Often it will be sent to and fro a dozen times, from head to head until finally it rises.—Page 189.

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From a photograph by Miller.

The Salto Bello Falls.

There is a sheer drop of forty or fifty yards, and a breadth perhaps three times as great.—Page 177.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Breakfast beside the Salto Bello.

On the edge of the cliff Colonel Rondon had placed benches, giving a curious touch of rather conventional tourist-civilization.—Page 178.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Anthony Fiala making moving-picture films of the Parecís dance.

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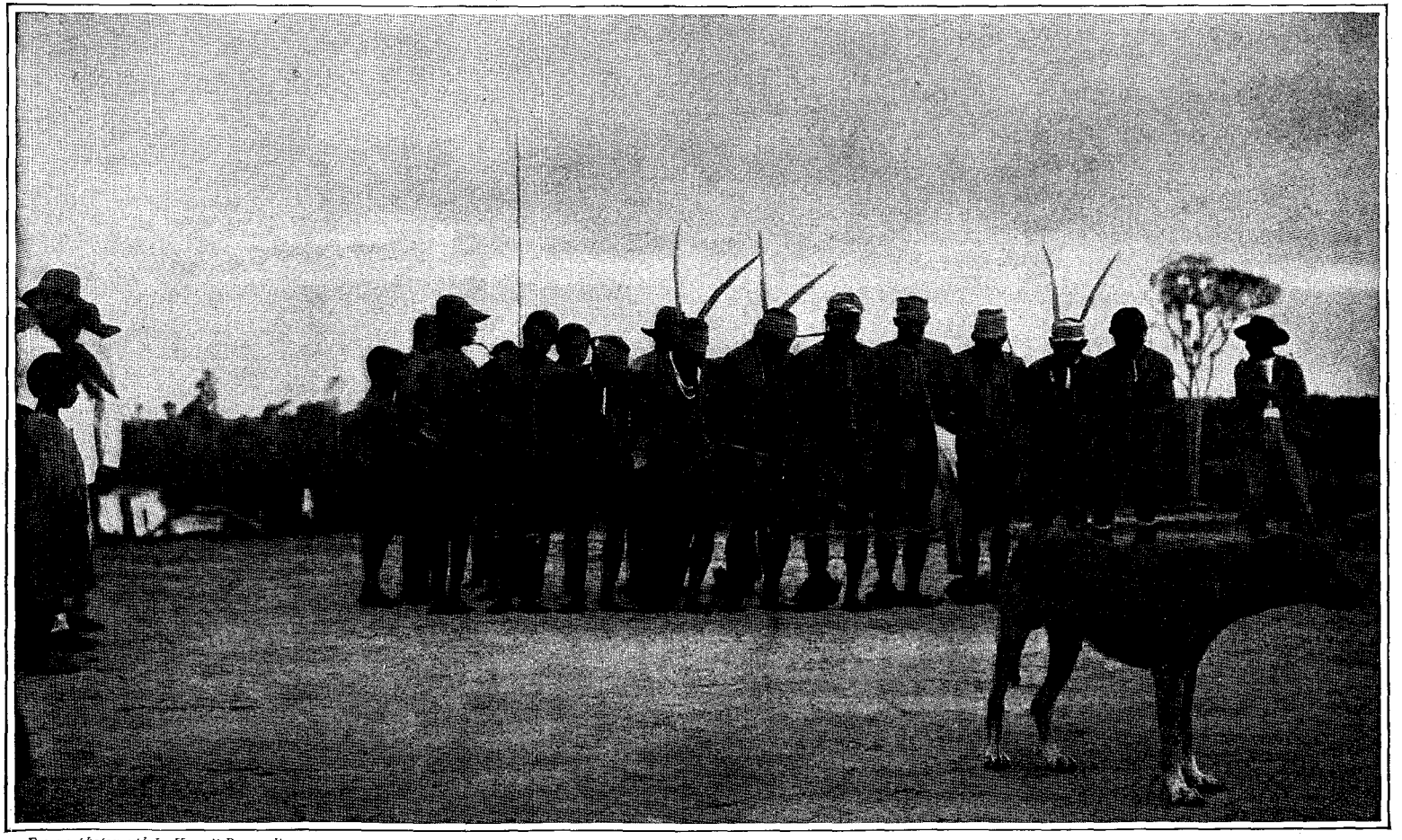

187

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The dance of the Parecís Indians.

A number carried pipes through which they blew a kind of deep stifled whistle in time to the dancing.—Page 192.

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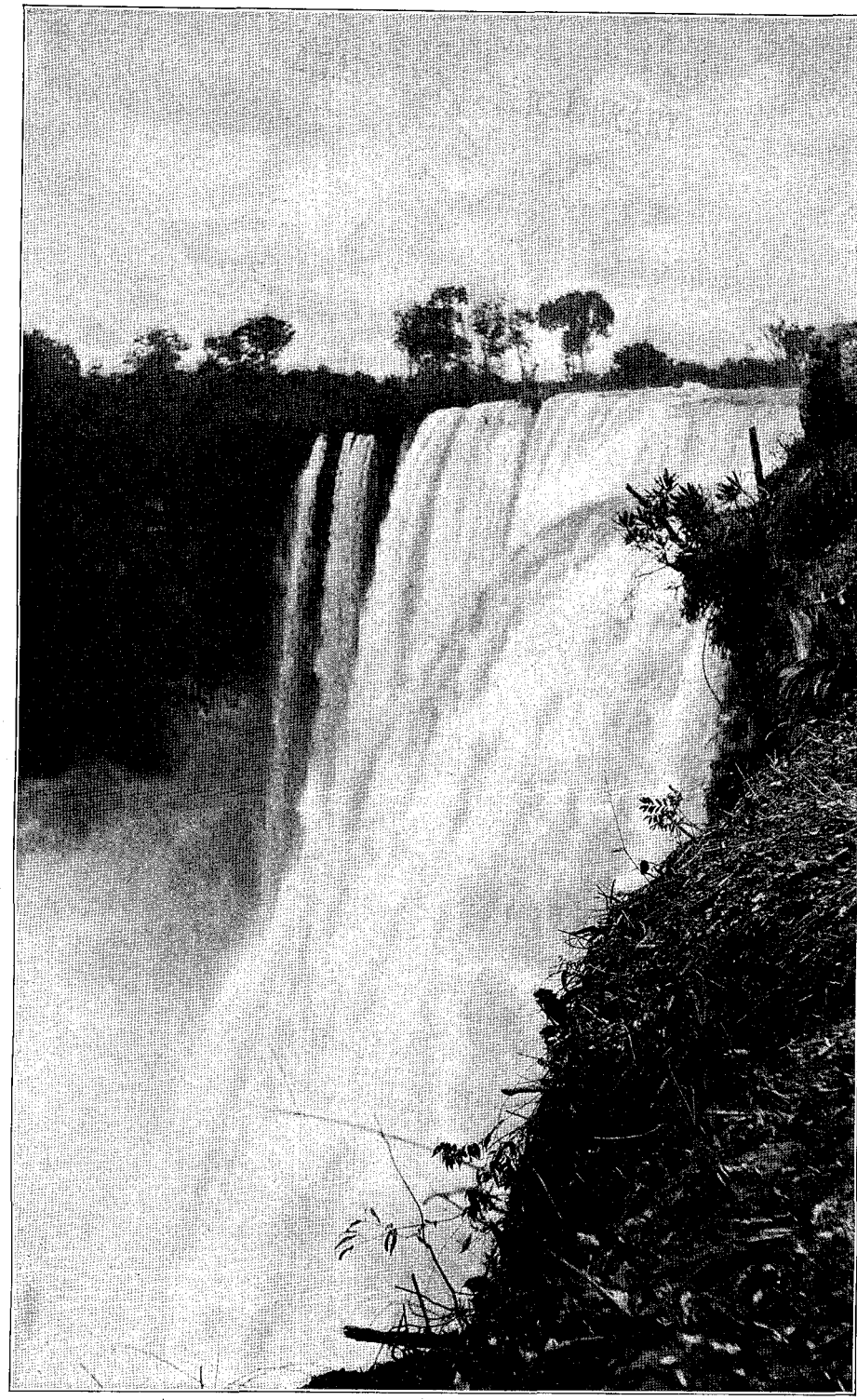

From a photograph by Cherrie.

The Falls of Utiarity.

I doubt whether, excepting, of course, Niagara, there is a waterfall in North America which outranks this if both volume and beauty are considered.—Page 190.

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The game is not only native to them, but I have never heard or read of its being played by any other tribe or people. They use a light hollow rubber ball, of their own manufacture. It is circular and about eight inches in diameter. The players are divided into two sides, and stationed much as in association football, and the ball is placed on the ground to be put in play as in football. Then a player runs forward, throws himself flat on the ground, and butts the ball toward the opposite side. This first butt, when the ball is on the ground, never lifts it much and it rolls and bounds toward the opponents. One or two of the latter run toward it; one throws himself flat on his face and butts the ball back. Usually this butt lifts it, and it flies back in a curve well up in the air; and an opposite player, rushing toward it, catches it on his head with such a swing of his brawny neck, and such precision and address that the ball bounds back through the air as a football soars after a drop kick. If the ball flies off to one side or the other it is brought back, and again put in play. Often it will be sent to and fro a dozen times, from head to head, until finally it rises with such a sweep that it passes far over the heads of the opposite players and descends behind them. Then shrill, rolling cries of good-humored triumph arise from the victors; and the game instantly begins again with fresh zest. There are, of course, no such rules as in a specialized ball-game of civilization; and I saw no disputes. There may be eight or ten, or many more, players on each side. The ball is never touched with the hands or feet, or with anything except the top of the head. It is hard to decide whether to wonder most at the dexterity and strength with which it is hit or butted with the head, as it comes down through the air, or at the reckless speed and skill with which the players throw themselves headlong on the ground to return the ball if it comes low down. Why they do not grind off their noses I cannot imagine. Some of the players hardly ever failed to catch and return the ball if it came in their neighborhood, and with such a vigorous toss of the head that it often flew in a great curve for a really astonishing distance.

That night a pack-ox got into the tent in which Kermit and I were sleeping, entering first at one end and then at the other. It is extraordinary that he did not waken us; but we slept undisturbed while the ox deliberately ate our shirts, socks, and underclothes! It chewed them into rags. One of my socks escaped, and my undershirt, although chewed full of holes, was still good for some weeks' wear; but the other things were in fragments.

In the morning Colonel Rondon arranged for us to have breakfast over on the benches under the trees by the waterfall, whose roar, lulled to a thunderous murmur, had been in our ears before we slept and when we waked. There could have been no more picturesque place for the breakfast of such a party as ours. All travellers who really care to see what is most beautiful and most characteristic of the far interior of South America should in their journey visit this region, and see the two great waterfalls. They are even now easy of access; and as soon as the traffic warrants it they will be made still more so; then, from São Luis de Cáceres, they will be speedily reached by light steamboat up the Sepotuba and by a day or two's automobile ride, with a couple of days on horseback in between.

The colonel held a very serious council with the Parecís Indians over an incident which caused him grave concern. One of the commission's employees, a negro, had killed a wild Nhambiquara Indian; but it appeared that he had really been urged on and aided by the Parecís, as the members of the tribe to which the dead Indian belonged were much given to carrying off the Parecís women and in other ways making themselves bad neighbors. The colonel tried hard to get at the truth of the matter; he went to the biggest Indian house, where he sat in a hammock—an Indian child cuddling solemnly up to him, by the way—while the Indians sat in other hammocks, and stood round about; but it was impossible to get an absolutely frank statement.

It appeared, however, that the Nhambiquaras had made a descent on the Parecís village in the momentary absence of the men of the village; but the latter, notified by the screaming of the women, had returned in time to rescue them. The negro was with them and, having a good rifle, he killed one of the aggressors.

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The Parecís were, of course, in the right, but the colonel could not afford to have his men take sides in a tribal quarrel.

It was only a two hours' march across to the Papagaio at the Falls of Utiarity, so named by their discoverer Colonel Rondon, after the sacred falcon of the Parecís. On the way we passed our Indian friends, themselves bound thither; both the men and the women bore burdens—the burdens of some of the women, poor things, were heavy—and even the small naked children carried the live hens. At Utiarity there is a big Parecís settlement, and a telegraph station, kept by one of the employees of the commission. His pretty brown wife is acting as schoolmistress to a group of little Parecís girls. The Parecís chief has been made a major, and wears a uniform accordingly. The commission has erected good buildings for its own employees, and has superintended the erection of good houses for the Indians. Most of the latter still prefer the simplicity of the loin-cloth, in their ordinary lives, but they proudly wore their civilized clothes in our honor. When in the late afternoon the men began to play a regular match-game of headball, with a scorer or umpire to keep count, they soon discarded most of their clothes, coming down to nothing but trousers or a loin-cloth. Two or three of them had their faces stained with red ochre. Among the women and children looking on were a couple of little girls who paraded about on stilts.

The great waterfall was half a mile below us. Lovely though we had found Salto Bello, these falls were far superior in beauty and majesty. They are twice as high and twice as broad; and the lay of the land is such that the various landscapes in which the waterfall is a feature are more striking. A few hundred yards above the falls the river turns at an angle and widens. The broad, rapid shallows are crested with whitecaps. Beyond this wide expanse of flecked and hurrying water rise the mist columns of the cataract; and as these columns are swayed and broken by the wind the forest appears through and between them. From below the view is one of singular grandeur. The fall is over a shelving ledge of rock which goes in a nearly straight line across the river's course. But at the left there is a salient in the cliff-line, and here accordingly a great cataract of foaming water comes down almost as a separate body, in advance of the line of the main fall. I doubt whether, excepting, of course, Niagara, there is a waterfall in North America which outranks this if both volume and beauty are considered. Above the fall the river flows through a wide valley with gently sloping sides. Below, it slips along, a torrent of whity-green water, at the bottom of a deep gorge; and the sides of the gorge are clothed with a towering growth of tropical forest.

Next morning the cacique of these Indians, in his major's uniform, came to breakfast, and bore himself with entire propriety. It was raining heavily—it rained most of the time—and a few minutes previously I had noticed the cacique's two wives, with three or four other young women, going out to the mandioca fields. It was a picturesque group. The women were all mothers, and each carried a nursing child. They wore loin-cloths or short skirts. Each carried on her back a wickerwork basket, supported by a headstrap which went around her forehead. Each carried a belt slung diagonally across her body, over her right shoulder; in this the child was carried, against and perhaps astride of her left hip. They were comely women, who did not look jaded or cowed; and they laughed cheerfully and nodded to us as they passed through the rain, on their way to the fields. But the contrast between them and the chief in his soldier's uniform seated at breakfast was rather too striking; and incidentally it etched in bold lines the folly of those who idealize the life of even exceptionally good and pleasant-natured savages.

Although it was the rainy season, the trip up to this point had not been difficult, and from May to October, when the climate is dry and at its best, there would be practically no hardship at all for travellers and visitors. This is a healthy plateau. But, of course, the men who do the first pioneering, even in country like this, encounter dangers and run risks; and they make payment with their bodies. At more than one halting-place we had come across the forlorn grave of some soldier or laborer of the commission. The grave-mound lay within a rude stockade; and an unin-

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scribed wooden cross, gray and weather-beaten, marked the last resting-place of the unknown and forgotten man beneath, the man who had paid with his humble life the cost of pushing the frontier of civilization into the wild savagery of the wilderness. Farther west the conditions become less healthy. At this station Colonel Rondon received news of sickness and of some deaths among the employees of the commission in the country to the westward, which we were soon to enter. Beriberi and malignant malarial fever were the diseases which claimed the major number of the victims.

Surely these are "the men who do the work for which they draw the wage." Kermit had with him the same copy of Kipling's poems which he had carried through Africa. At these falls there was one sunset of angry splendor; and we contrasted this going down of the sun, through broken rain-clouds and over leagues of wet tropical forest, with the desert sunsets we had seen in Arizona and Sonora, and along the Guaso Nyiro north and west of Mount Kenia; when the barren mountains were changed into flaming "ramparts of slaughter and peril" standing above "the wine-dark flats below."

It rained during most of the day after our arrival at Utiarity. Whenever there was any let-up the men promptly came forth from their houses and played head-ball with the utmost vigor; and we would listen to their shrill undulating cries of applause and triumph until we also grew interested and strolled over to look on. They are more infatuated with the game than an American boy is with baseball or football. It is an extraordinary thing that this strange and exciting game should be played by, and only by, one little tribe of Indians in what is almost the very centre of South America. If any traveller or ethnologist knows of a tribe elsewhere that plays a similar game, I wish he would let me know. To play it demands great activity, vigor, skill, and endurance. Looking at the strong, supple bodies of the players, and at the number of children round about, it seemed as if the tribe must be in vigorous health; yet the Parecís have decreased in numbers, for measles and smallpox have been fatal to them.

By the evening the rain was coming down more heavily than ever. It was not possible to keep the moisture out of our belongings; everything became mouldy except what became rusty. It rained all that night; and daylight saw the downpour continuing with no prospect of cessation. The pack-mules could not have gone on with the march; they were already rather done up by their previous ten days' labor through rain and mud, and it seemed advisable to wait until the weather became better before attempting to go forward. Moreover, there had been no chance to take the desired astronomical observations. There was very little grass for the mules; but there was abundance of a small-leaved plant eight or ten inches high—unfortunately, not very nourishing—on which they fed greedily. In such weather and over such muddy trails oxen travel better than mules.

In spite of the weather Cherrie and Miller, whom, together with Father Zahm and Sigg, we had found awaiting us, made good collections of birds and mammals. Among the latter were opossums and mice that were new to them. The birds included various forms so unlike our home birds that the enumeration of their names would mean nothing. One of the most interesting was a large black-and-white woodpecker, the white predominating in the plumage. Several of these woodpeckers were usually found together. They were showy, noisy, and restless, and perched on twigs, in ordinary bird fashion, at least as often as they clung to the trunks in orthodox woodpecker style. The prettiest bird was a tiny manakin, coal-black, with a red-and-orange head.

On February 2 the rain let up, altho the sky remained overcast and there were occasional showers. I walked off with my rifle for a couple of leagues; at that distance, from a slight hillock, the mist columns of the falls were conspicuous in the landscape. The only mammal I saw on the walk was a rather hairy armadillo, with a flexible tail, which I picked up and brought back to Miller—it showed none of the speed of the nine-banded armadillos we met on our jaguar-hunt. Judging by its actions, as it trotted about before it saw me, it must be diurnal in habits. It was new to the collection.

I spent much of the afternoon by the

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waterfall. Under the overcast sky the great cataract lost the deep green and fleecy-white of the sunlit falling waters. Instead it showed opaline hues and tints of topaz and amethyst. At all times, and under all lights, it was majestic and beautiful.

Colonel Rondon had given the Indians various presents, those for the women including calico prints, and, what they especially prized, bottles of scented oil, from Paris, for their hair. The men held a dance in the late afternoon. For this occasion most, but not all, of them cast aside their civilized clothing, and appeared as doubtless they would all have appeared had none but themselves been present. They were absolutely naked except for a beaded string round the waist. Most of them were spotted and dashed with red paint, and on one leg wore anklets which rattled. A number carried pipes through which they blew a kind of deep stifled whistle in time to the dancing. One of them had his pipe leading into a huge gourd, which gave out a hollow, moaning boom. Many wore two red or green or yellow macaw feathers in their hair, and one had a macaw feather struck transversely through the septum of his nose. They circled slowly round and round, chanting and stamping their feet, while the anklet rattles clattered and the pipes droned. They advanced to the wall of one of the houses, again and again chanting and bowing before it; I was told this was a demand for drink. They entered one house and danced in a ring around the cooking-fire in the middle of the earth floor; I was told that they were then reciting the deeds of mighty hunters and describing how they brought in the game. They drank freely from gourds and pannikins of a fermented drink made from mandioca which were brought out to them. During the first part of the dance the women remained in the houses, and all the doors and windows were shut and blankets hung to prevent the possibility of seeing out. But during the second part all the women and girls came out and looked on. They were themselves to have danced when the men had finished, but were overcome with shyness at the thought of dancing with so many strangers looking on. The children played about with unconcern throughout the ceremony, one of them throwing high in the air, and again catching in his hands, a loaded feather, a kind of shuttlecock.

In the evening the growing moon shone through the cloud-rack. Anything approaching fair weather always put our men in good spirits; and the muleteers squatted in a circle, by a fire near a pile of packs, and listened to a long monotonously and rather mournfully chanted song about a dance and a love-affair. We ourselves worked busily with our photographs and our writing. There was so much humidity in the air that everything grew damp and stayed damp, and mould gathered quickly. At this season it is a country in which writing, taking photographs, and preparing specimens are all works of difficulty, at least so far as concerns preserving and sending home the results of the labor; and a man's clothing is never really dry.

From here Father Zahm returned to Tapirapoan, accompanied by Sigg.

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UNA MARY:

MEMORIES OF THE MIND OF A CHILD

BY UNA A. HUNT

PREFACE

THIS is the true story of the inner life of my childhood. It is the story of the life of any imaginative child, differing from others only in details of the material which came my way and from which I built my life, my friendships, my world, and my beliefs—with the needs felt by every sensitive child, the same searching for an explanation of life and the universe and the same hunger for a religion through which to become part of what I saw and felt, to link me with the known and the unknown, the unseen mystery of which a child is so acutely conscious and which I felt pressing in upon me from every side.

The life of Una Mary ended when I was fourteen years old. She was in no sense a dual personality. I did not feel I was two people. She was the rest of me, the deep, inner, real part that no one else seemed to know was there; the part of me that felt, felt with an intensity that was almost pain, a dumb ache of emotion.

The outward surroundings and circumstances as I have used them are partly real, partly imaginary, and very often adapted to conceal the identity of other people who were part of my life but might not care to have me trespass on their personalities. I have changed all the names except my own and have taken liberties with many of the places and events, but in every case I have kept the essential truth of their relation to my life and their influence upon the mind of Una Mary. All that concerns her, everything that is descriptive of Una and the Imp, my kaleidoscopic ideas about religion, and my imaginary existence I have told with absolute literalness and have tried, in doing so, to give some vague idea of chronological development, though to avoid confusion it seemed simpler to arrange the book roughly according to subjects, and so many ideas and beliefs that were emerging at the same time are necessarily described in separate chapters.

My one object in writing has been the hope that some of my readers might say, "I remember I felt so, too," the hope that they might become vividly conscious of their own half-forgotten points of view as children, with their tragedies, bewilderments, and joys.

I

UNA MARY AND THE IMP

I WISH, as far as I am able, to write the inner imaginative and religious life of my childhood, beginning with my earliest memories. This was the part of my life of which I spoke to no one until after I was nine years old, but of which I was always conscious with an intensity that at times made my outer life seem a dream and this the only reality, in which I grouped and arranged all that was most precious to me, and from the combinations worked out successive theories of the meaning of life and beauty, of God, and the relation of these elusive feelings to the spirit within myself that I felt was the Real Me and named Una Mary to distinguish her from my outer self, named Una.

Like every child I was conscious of the special personality of all objects, making them terrible or lovable, and responsive to me, but more than that, I, Una Mary, was part of them; I understood them as themselves, and we were altogether parts of some vast, unseen whole, all symbols of an infinite greatness just beyond my grasp. I felt it in the ache of beauty, in the wild power of the wind and sea, in the brooding mystery of mountains, in a star-clear night, in the joy of running water,

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in the miracle of flowers, in the Presence-haunted forest, in the pulse of great cities, in the dauntlessness of ships, and, above all, in the radiance of certain human faces. I had been at the heart of them all, but our hearts were the heart of something greater, and we had known each other and this Something, and been interrelated from all time. Of course the full consciousness of this did not come to me as a small child, yet I never remember the time when it was not in some measure present.

As I look back I first find myself standing on the porch of the house we lived in until I was two and a half years old. I stood between the piazza posts facing mamma, some strange old lady dressed in black with a large lace cap, and Lizzie, the cook, all of them horrified because I had just swallowed an orange-seed. I felt it prick as it went down, and then, when I saw how frightened the others were, I had my face puckered up ready to howl with terror, the tears beginning to stream down my cheeks, when I was arrested by hearing Lizzie say, "I wonder if it will grow inside her?" and I winked back the tears at once, entranced at the thought of myself as a flower-pot. I have no idea what happened next; the picture is blurred out, for always my memories are pictures. I see the whole scene, the grouping and expressions of the people, and I even know how all of them are dressed. I wore a blue coat with white pearl buttons, the day the seed went down.

The next scene that comes to me must have been a few weeks later, when we were moving into our new house. I sat on a table in the pantry watching mamma and Lizzie arrange the china on the shelves. There was an iron mortar and pestle that I had never seen before, as they always lived on the top shelf, and it seemed to me very pathetic, after such an exclusive existence, that they should have to travel over in a moving-van, jumbled together with all the common kind of lower-shelf crockery. I felt very sorry for the mortar and pestle, and kept them beside me where I could pat and comfort them. Then when the whole pantry was in order, I watched Lizzie, who stood on the step-ladder, carefully put them in their proper place on the top shelf where I could no longer see them—a retreat worthy of their dignity. Afterward I insisted upon being present when they were taken down for the yearly pickling and preserving, that opulent week when the whole house and even out to the sidewalk smelled of aromatic deliciousness, all made possible by the pounding of the pestle in the mortar. They seemed to me the king and queen of the preserves, and much more to be thanked than Lizzie for the sticky joys of the large spoon I was allowed to "scrape" after the stirring of each kettle of jam.

One morning about six weeks later I was playing alone in the kitchen—it impressed me because I had almost never been alone before—when papa called me to come upstairs. As I toiled up the stairs, which were still quite a mountain for me to climb, stepping up, as I did, with one foot and hitching the other up after it, papa, who stood at the top, told me to come quickly and see my sister who had just been born. He seemed greatly pleased and excited, but I was quite calm, only so surprised that nothing seemed real. I stood still on the next to the top step, holding on to the banister, trying to believe it was true, until papa leaned over, took me in his arms, and kissed me as he carried me into mamma's room. I was sorry to find mamma sick in bed, but she looked very happy in spite of it, and after I had kissed her, "very careful," as papa told me to, he uncovered the basket in front of the open fire over which Lizzie and a strange woman were hovering, and in it I saw a queer little squirming red-faced creature that they said was the baby, my sister! was never so disappointed in my life, and went back to the kitchen to cry because she was so ugly.

As she grew older other people seemed to think she was a very pretty baby, but she was not my idea of beauty and my only consolation about her was that now everybody kissed her dimples instead of mine—the ones in a row along the back of her hand—I had hated it. On my hands, instead of the dimples, they now only noticed the mole on the little finger of my left hand, which they said was a pity, but I might outgrow it. I hoped not, for I was very fond of the mole. It looked to me like the stone in a ring, giving that finger an air of extreme elegance,

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and I used to hold my cup when I drank with the little finger crooked out as I had seen a much-beringed lady hold hers. And besides, without it, if the two looked exactly alike, how could I ever tell my right hand from my left?

With the next thing I remember came for the first time that over-feeling of a something beyond and more than the thing itself, the personality that was part of something greater. It was the first of those deep, vague feelings that made up the life of Una Mary, and it was on that day that my inner life began, although it was not until a year later that I gave the name of Una Mary to my Inner Self, the self who seemed so apart from the Una who was just a member of a family, so different from the me our friends saw and talked to, who played with toys, sat on people's laps, and "took walks," dragged about the streets by the nurse who wheeled my sister's carriage; and, above all, who wore the clothes I hated, of dark blue or brown, because they "did not show the soot like white." My clothes were so unlike me, so unlike the person I felt I was inside, and made me look so unlike myself, to myself, that I think they were one of the main reasons for my inventing Una Mary. I had to be some one unlike the child who wore them.

This next thing was in itself a curious object to impress a child of three. I can still feel the shiver of awe that went through me that summer afternoon, when I saw outlined against a hot blue sky, the intense dry blue that only the sky of the Middle West can produce, two large gas-tanks painted red. It was partly, I think, the sudden rousing of my color sense in response to the positive shout of the contrast of the red against the blue—strong color has always thrilled me—but more than that I felt a sense of silent strength and reserve power, a feeling of inevitableness that I have felt ever since in large simple masses of construction. I feel it always with tanks, often when I see great office-buildings, and sometimes it grips me when I see the girders of a bridge outlined black against the sky, or the slow-moving arm of an immense derrick swinging heavy-laden and serene above a hurrying swarm of workmen. They all seem the embodiment of something tremendous and relentless, and I feel the sort of fear many people feel during a thunder-storm, fear of a power beyond my understanding or control, and with the fear there is exultation in its very strength.

All this did not come to me, of course, that first afternoon. I often saw the tanks afterward, and the sensation they gave me gradually became clearer and more conscious, but I shall never forget my first sight of them, when a feeling of overwhelming loneliness swept over me, and the way in which, although I knew he could not understand, I tightened my grasp of my father's hand to assure myself that protection was near. I felt it as Una Mary, because it was something I could not explain, could not tell any one about, could only feel, and feel it, I was sure, as no one else could.

Whether I was told they were filled with something that might explode, or whether it was because of the similarity of shape and color, I cannot tell, but always after the next Fourth of July I associated them with cannon crackers, the largest and most awful form of the ordinary fire-cracker, and felt that the tanks might be a gigantic nightmare of the same shattering confusion, ready at any moment to burst their quiet red cylinders.

The following summer a tornado swept through the town where we were staying, and as I watched from the windows and saw the great elm-trees that surrounded the house bend like blown grass, their tortured branches snapped off like leaves, or whole trees uprooted and flung aside as lightly as if they had been weeds, I had again the feeling the gas-tanks had given me, except that this time there was less fear and more exultation. I clapped my hands and shouted with excitement, and then became more excited still, but silent, as I realized that I could not hear my own voice, the noise of the destruction outside was so terrific, the very soul of power seemed let loose—power, the tremendous, invisible something that all my life has fascinated and perplexed me, which I am always trying to confine in some embodiment to bring it within the control of my imagination, power that cannot even be described and so brought within the boundaries of fixed words. I felt less afraid of the tornado than I had

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of the tanks, because in the storm the power was more obvious. It seemed to be doing what must be its worst. I could see its full strength let loose. This same tumult of destruction I felt was bottled up inside the tanks, but in them with their deadly stillness and immobility, there might be much more beside. There seemed no limit to their possibilities for danger.

All the memories connected with the Una Mary side of me are either shot darkly with this unknown terror or lit by an unearthly glamour of beauty and suggestion of enchantment which I felt, for the first time, on the Christmas eve when I was three years old and saw my first Christmas tree. Whatever we discard in our theories about children, I hope we may always keep the Christmas tree, that every one may have the memory of this miracle of childlike beauty, this supreme creation of genius, in that it is the embodiment of all a child can feel, brimming over with wonder and bursting joy, of the very soul of toys and fairyland.

Mine was at the house of the German consul. He and his wife were young people recently married, and this tree celebrated their first Christmas in America, and so it was all a perfect German tree could be. We were the only people asked to it, my parents, Agnes, and I. I can see the room still, in a typical rented suburban house, new and tasteless, with stiff black-walnut furnishings, all throwing more strongly into relief the glory of the marvellous glittering tree towering to the ceiling, shining with threads of fine spun gold, wreathed with chains and festoons of red and silver, hung with iridescent balls of gleaming metallic colors, with long icicles and toys and silver stars, and at the very top a snowy angel blowing on a tiny trumpet. Then my father and the consul began to light the candles. Real living flames, one by one they quivered into being like stars that are born at twilight, until the whole tree shimmered and breathed with their beauty.

Of course children believe in fairies and radiant half-seen presences, and they always will as long as we give them Christmas trees. As I sat at the foot of this personification of all enchantment, all beauty, and all dreams, I felt as if a spirit had been called into being before my very eyes, as the children in the fairy tales must feel when the fairy with the magic wand appears, and I burst into tears, not because I was afraid, but because I could not bear the ache of all it meant to me.

To comfort me, My Wonder Lady, as I afterward called the consul's wife, took from the tree a gilded walnut, which she gave me, telling me to pull the loop of ribbon that made its stem. As I did so the two halves flew apart, and there inside, on beds of pale-blue cotton, lay two tiny dolls. Could any one have been dull to the charm of that—two real little dolls as the kernel of a magic nut! It was like the Wonder Lady to give it to me to quiet my fears. She always understood Una Mary. A real toy or an ordinary doll would have tumbled me to earth too suddenly, but the magic golden nut with its dolls of unmistakable china was the one perfect link between the tree and me, the one thing that could make the glamour real and tangible enough to belong to me, and yet no less marvellous and beautiful.

Afterward we went home through a snow-storm just as the street-lamps were being lit. I had never seen them before, and as I saw the lamplighter put up his little ladder, light the lamp, and almost with the click of its closing door run off to light the next, I felt as if the whole city was a Christmas tree with the lamps for its candles, and I longed to hang presents for everybody on the lamp-posts.

I loved the whirling snow, the orange lights cast on the whiteness, and above all the moving shadows, especially the one of papa with me in his arms, that crept long and thin ahead of us until something frightened it, when back it scuttled and squatted down at our very feet.

As mamma put me to bed that night she told me about Santa Claus and read me "The Night Before Christmas"—a poem sacred to many of my most precious memories. Then we all hung up our stockings around the fireplace in mamma's room, and sure enough, in the morning they were filled and overflowing in piles on the floor with presents for all of us, proving that the poem had been true and Santa Claus really had come down the chimney, and galloped away with a much-lightened sleigh. And when I went down-stairs to

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wish Lizzie a Merry Christmas, there, on the kitchen table, stood a statue of Santa Claus himself, the snow still sprinkled over him, and in his arms a small Christmas tree, so I knew that the marvellous tree of the day before had come from him, too. It had seemed too beautiful for the earth.

Christmas became the great day of the year, the day all the other days seemed merely shadows of, and Santa Claus was its spirit, the only person I associated with Christmas, for it was not until I was nine years old that I heard it was Christ's birthday.

I got Lizzie to write letters to Santa Claus for me, asking for everything I wanted from a brother to a toy broom, and the year my youngest sister was born I wrote to him at once to tell him of her arrival, and at Christmas the presents in and below her minute sock, all of them labelled correctly with her name, I looked upon as a personal achievement, for no one else had remembered to tell Santa Claus about her.

I always drew three large kisses at the bottom of the page and signed the letters Una Mary. I felt Santa Claus would understand letters from her better than he possibly could from Una, for it was Una Mary who loved his Christmas tree and who dreamed off in his sleigh. Each night before going to sleep, I used to say:

> "Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
> Send your sleigh
> And Una Mary whisk away."

Then I imagined myself sitting in it, the reindeer pulling faster and faster over the snow, until we rose up in the air over the housetops, flying up, up, and then I was asleep—always I was asleep before I got high enough to find out where Santa Claus lived, whether it was behind a cloud or up in the moon. Perhaps he was the Man in the Moon except on Christmas, smiling down on the world by night and busy making our presents by day.

Once when I said I hated a certain toy, Lizzie told me I ought to be very thankful for everything I had, as there were a great many children who had no toys at all. Instead of making me thankful it roused all my sense of injustice. I could not bear the thought of those other children, it seemed so unfair that they should have no toys. It must be because Santa Claus did not know about them, so each night afterward, as soon as I had called for his sleigh, I really prayed to him and implored him, between Christmases, to be sure and find the names and addresses of all the children there were, so that no one should ever be left out again.

Perhaps Santa Claus is as good a preparation as a child can have for God. I know they were real prayers I prayed to him.

The Wonder Lady played an important part in my life for the next five years; she was so at heart a child herself. In a cabinet in her parlor there were some china dogs and a little tub in which I was allowed to wash them with make-believe water—just the sort of things to put in a cabinet, it seemed to me—and I cared for them more than for any of my own toys, except a stick on which some one had carved for my mother the head of the Old Man of the Mountain. They appealed particularly to Una Mary, who did not care much for regular toys.

The Wonder Lady had several children of her own during those years, but she still kept a place for me, and each time she came back from Germany, where they spent the summers in a castle in the Black Forest—I was sure it was the castle where Grimm's Princesses used to live—she brought me a wonderful present. Once it was a sash from Algiers, striped in the softest living colors of raw silk. I was only allowed to wear it on rare occasions, but I used to love to open the drawer where it was kept, and stroke its clinging smoothness. I have it still, and am glad to know that I felt it was beautiful even then.

Another year she brought me a necklace of cloudy amber, fine, round, graduated beads, and in one of them a speck which, when I examined it, proved to be a tiny fly. Papa told me that amber had been the gum of a tree at the time when the fly was caught, and afterward such great changes had gone over the world that the trees had turned to stone and were now covered with water, so men dug for the gum in mines under the sea. It was my interest in the amber, my own am-

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ber, that first opened my mind to glimmerings of the stupendous shaping of the world, its vast changes and its curious continuity, for even in those far-off times when what was now sea had been dry land, the familiar fly had buzzed and blundered his way to the first sticky surface he found, exactly as he might do to-day.

The last time I saw the Wonder Lady was just before we moved to Washington. She had come to say good-by, and as I stood beside her she let me play with a pin she wore, made in the shape of a tiny box of crystal, set in gold, with a lid that opened, and inside a tiny crystal that moved around like a drop of water. It had always seemed to me the most entrancing jewel, and as she went away she gave it to me. Mamma used "to wear it for me until I grew up," but I found it on the pincushion occasionally, and then I would pin it onto my nightgown so Una Mary could wear it all night.

I wonder if she was just kind, or if the Wonder Lady realized a little what her presents meant to me, knew how much food she was giving to the imaginative, beauty-loving Una Mary side of me? I think she must have known. I remember her as always dressed in soft, lustrous materials that I loved to rest my cheek against, a harmony of dull browns and tans melting into the tones of her smooth dark hair. With her I always think of Agnes, who became, through me, a friend of hers, and my mother's most intimate friend, but she was my friend first.

I was born in a curious little gabled house, across the street from what I remember as the large and stately mansion where Agnes lived. Our house was on the side of the hill above the city, there so steep that the back yard went down in terraces to the roofs of the houses below, while on the street side there was a long flight of steps up to the sidewalk on a level with the second-story windows, so Agnes from her house always knew, by the commotion of getting my carriage up the steps, when "the baby was going out," and used often to come over and wheel me up and down. But as she was fourteen years old and I three months old when we first met and smiled, most of my memories of her come later and are connected with her growing up and becoming a young lady, a time of great excitement, with many confidences to my mother, interspersed with teasing from my father, at which she always giggled so delightfully I laughed, too, in sympathy.

I knew one other real young lady—it never occurred to me that married people could be young—Maud. I only remember the way she looked. Dressed always in black, her clothes seemed a long sheath for the gorgeous flower of her head with its flame of copper-red hair. I was sure she and my mother were the most beautiful people on earth. Maud had a hat with drooping ostrich feathers, and how I longed for one like it for mamma, who said she could not afford it. Later Agnes bought one, which was next best to mamma's having it, with a long green plume so drooping that it almost touched her shoulder. One day when she was lunching with us I went up-stairs and found the hat lying on the floor with only the rib of the feather left, and the fluff scattered all over the room. I rushed down-stairs crying, and told her the feather was dead and only its skeleton left. Just then we caught sight of Agnes's dog, a puppy, with telltale green fuzz sticking to the corners of his mouth. Only the week before he had chewed up Emerson's Essays. I begged for the scraps of the feather and carefully put all the bits I could find into a box, and next day gave it a most elaborate funeral in the back yard, with the puppy dragged at the end of a string as chief mourner.

My greatest friend was Harry. His mother and mine had gone to school together in Cambridge and, both marrying at about the same time and going to Cincinnati to live, had clung together, and taken houses on the same street.

At first they had felt out of place in what seemed, in contrast with Cambridge, the crude materialism of much of the Western life, but very soon they found friends in a circle of most charming and cultivated people, most of them, like ourselves, of the professional class, for Harry's father was a lawyer and mine a professor.

As Harry and I were the same age we were brought up together and were inseparable companions. We had all our toys in common and shared everything, except

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my inner life as Una Mary. That went on quite apart, with its imaginary people, places, and worships. Harry's mind was of the concrete order, and I realized even then that he could not possibly understand.

Among our toys there was a large black boy doll, with buttons sewed on for eyes, named Sam, to whom Harry was devoted. He used to take him to bed with him every night, and there was a rubber baby named Jemima, who belonged to me. They were our favorite toys, for they had as many lives as a cat and bobbed up serenely through everything.

We always played as Harry pleased, and he bullied and teased me a great deal, which I bore meekly, until one day when he bit a hole in Jemima I could stand it no longer. All the pent-up rage of Una Mary burst out at once and I flew at him like a wildcat. I was smaller than he, but I was ready to fight to the death for my rights, so I grabbed him by the shoulders ready to shake him with all my might, but before I even began, the expression of my face was so fierce that he burst at once into loud wails for help. I shall never forget my surprise and triumph as I realized that I had conquered, conquered in spite of being small, with a strength I could always command. I had only to set Una Mary free, to let her come outside, and she could do anything.

After that I had only to make myself feel like Una Mary and put on an expression of grim determination to have Harry wilt at once. I soon knew that particular expression by the way it made my face feel, and I used to do it by putting my hands in front of my face while I frowned and fixed my jaws. Then, when the muscles were all in place, the feeling that corresponded with the expression would come over me until I felt as fierce as I looked. It became so well recognized among the children we played with that I had only to say, "I'll fix my face," to get my own way at once.

One day I was told Harry could not come and play with me, as he had measles. I did not in the least know what measles was, but as I always had half of whatever he had, I at once trotted down to his house to share measles, too. Their front door being unlatched, I walked in and up to his room undiscovered, and when his mother came in presently to read to him, there I sat on the bed drawing pictures. I most certainly shared the measles later, greatly to the delight of Harry, who used to come and dance a war-dance under my window, shouting, "Una's got the measles, Una's caught the measles." But he always brought me a present, so I forgave him. Usually it was ice-cream or jelly. In fact, being ill when I was a small child, as I look back upon it, seems always to have been a prolonged orgy of delicacies; even medicine went down in jelly or lemonade. Agnes consoled the measles with a pair of toy scales on which I weighed the sugar for my oatmeal. They gave generous weight, those scales!

All the children we knew had the measles that spring. One after another it tumbled them down like a row of dominoes, and we used to trace its whole genealogy, singing it like a chant, until we got back to,

"John caught it from Una,
Una caught it from Harry,"

and then came the question of where Harry got his, until one child said: "God dropped his measles down from heaven, everything starts there," which seemed to all of us a satisfactory explanation, so we ended our chant with, "And Harry caught it from God."

We had two favorite games. One was to jump up and down in the centre of a large double bed, the springs sending us high in the air again at the end of each jump. It was blissful in itself, this effortless being shot straight up, like coming to the surface of the water after a dive, and then on coming down on the soft bouncing mattress, to keep one's balance was almost as skilful as the circus-rider's poise on the back of her horse. We played circus-rider at first, but later I had the theory that first jumping for its own sake made Christmas come sooner, that it made time go faster, so each day we always did "Twenty jumps nearer Christmas." The whole year to me was "going on Christmas" as soon as the first of January came with its change of date, just as I, the very night after my birthday, was always "going on five," or whatever my next age was to be.

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Our other game we only played when the family were all out. We felt it would not be approved. The servants certainly took that view of it, but as they never told on us, we kept on playing it with a feeling of wickedness that was half its excitement. This was indoor coasting. We did it sitting on brooms or a tin tea-tray, down the front staircase in Harry's house — his stairs were steeper than ours. The broom was the safe and conservative method, as the handle went in front and broke the fall at the bottom, also it went more slowly; but my soul was only satisfied by the perils and joys of the tea-tray. I started at the top, collecting my small self and superfluous skirts as near the centre of the tray as possible, holding fast to the carpet until I was ready. Then I gave a push with both hands, and down through bumping, clattering space I tore with such impetus that I only stopped when shot off the tray at the bottom step, by bumping into the front door at the opposite end of the hall. Mamma could never understand how children got so many black and blue spots.

I have since been down the "helter-skelter lighthouse" at Earl's Court. I was with two very dignified barristers in evening dress and high hats at the time, and as we all sat on our little mats and shot down the spiral track, I felt the inventor had a true, though dim ideal of real pleasure, and certainly the crowd that watched us shoot out at the bottom minus our hats were appreciative. I have also slid down a grassy mountainside in Hawaii, sitting on a palm-leaf as the old kings used to do, but it could not compare with tea-tray coasting.

The children I knew and played with during the eight years I lived in Cincinnati were nearly all boys. There were a few girls—I remember them in the background—but boys cared for the things I liked, that is, the things I liked as Una. Una Mary never played with any one. She walked alone, like the cat in Kipling's story. So I spent most of my time with Harry and his friends, and together we climbed every tree and shed in the neighborhood. I have always admired my mother's courage in allowing it, for I was often badly hurt, but after each fall, when vinegar and brown paper had been applied, her only comment was, "You must learn to climb better," and I did. Soon I could get to almost any roof by way of the waterspout and gutters. Then one fatal day I climbed to the top of the belfry of the church. I had climbed up safely and laboriously, but getting down the steep slate roof from the ridge-pole to the gutter, so high above the ground, was more than I could do. Panic seized me, and there I sat until rescued by ladders from the fire-engine house. After that, mamma drew the line at roofs, and the boys, who had none of them dared try it themselves, were unbearable on the subject, while the minister, whose church it was, called me his "sparrow on the housetop." I wondered if sparrows were trying to screw up their courage to fly when they sat so long on the ridge-pole.

It was really all the fault of My Imp. It would never have occurred to me to be afraid if it had not been for him. But it was just the sort of thing he was always doing, whispering in my ear as he did then, "You don't dare go down. You're scared."

The boys had said, "You dasn't do it," and that had sent me up at once, and then at the height of my triumph as I looked down at the awe-struck group below, while a frantic policeman shook his club and yelled, "Come down or I'll arrest you," suddenly the Imp had paralyzed me. He has been the curse of my life, that Imp, for he is always there, just behind my left ear, a little black demon watching and jeering at everything, and he has a hateful hunchbacked sort of mind. He actually seemed to giggle whenever I coughed during my prayers, and was delighted when I was unhappy. I knew he was not real, but that made him more awful. A real demon I could do something about, but one that was just in my own mind there seemed no way of controlling, until I had a brilliant idea of pretending to cry or to be naughty just to amuse him. As he always seemed to be taken in by it, I gradually grew to despise him, but he required a great deal of time and attention.

The other girls were all afraid to climb, and hated pet toads, or "pretending," and the other things I cared for; but besides our lack of tastes in common there was a deeper gulf that separated me from all

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the girls I knew, and that was clothes and everything that had to do with outward appearance.

My parents had been brought up in Boston among the most unworldly and transcendental set of people, so their point of view was wholly that of "plain living and high thinking," the "plain," whatever it was, being of the best and most wholesome materials, but lacking a lightness of touch I longed for. So my clothes were good, but very severe and usually dark in color.

At parties the other little girls wore fluffy muslins trimmed with lace ruffles and bows. I looked at pictures of them the other day in an old fashion book, and they must have been nightmares of fussiness, those children's dresses of the early eighties, but to me then they seemed the quintessence of loveliness, for at the parties when the other little girls wore them, I always had on plain stiff white piqué. How I have hated that material ever since! Then, too, the others all had long flowing hair with bangs or a single curl tied by a large bow on one side of the head, while my hair was cropped short like a boy's, so short I did not even know it was curly, of the true angel kind, and might have floated in ringlets down my back, if only it had been allowed to grow. As it was, I looked exactly like papa's nickname for me, "Little Lanky Towhead." It perfectly described Una, and how Una Mary abhorred her!

Parties were a deep misery to me, I felt so unlike the others, and the sort of discomfort the older boys seemed to feel in their overgrown hands and feet, I felt all through my whole body. How I wished I knew how to make myself invisible, for then I should have adored parties, they were so pretty and so gay! Once a little boy gave me the ring he had found in his slice of cake at a birthday party, and I almost cried with pride at being treated as if I were a real girl, and for a time forgot all about how Una looked and was in the full swing of feeling as if I were really Una Mary and having a magnificent time, when the Imp brought me to myself by whispering, "Look at your boots!" I looked and collapsed like a pricked bubble, for those boots were the worst trial of my outward life. The other girls all wore shiny kid buttoned ones, or thin little slippers with a strap over the instep, while I was condemned to perpetual lacing boots, the only ones in Cincinnati, of the best quality calf, though that mattered nothing to me then, ordered each year from Tuttle's, in Boston. Poor mamma, with her care and truest economy, little guessed the agony she caused me. I hated those shoes as I hated nothing else on earth, with a hatred of absolute despair, for it did no good to scuff out a pair as quickly as possible. I tried that once by kicking at a pile of stones for hours. Their exact duplicate, only a little larger, at once appeared.

All the other children wore kid gloves, while I had to wear mittens in winter until I was twelve years old, and then my sense of justice was utterly outraged because my sister was given kid gloves at the same time, and yet she was nearly three years younger than I!

It was all tragedy to me and gave me a feeling of fundamental difference from the others in a rich Western town where little girls of five wore jewelry and carried parasols. They even had their ears pierced for earrings. They wore thread run through at first, then straws, to keep the holes open, and after that ravishing little forget-me-nots of turquoise or pearls, while my ears just ended in lumps of skin; even a straw run through, I thought, gave a more finished appearance. But mamma was firm when I implored her to let Lizzie, who had done her nieces', stick a threaded needle through each of my ears.

I was once given a ring and a parasol by a kind and pitying person, but I was never allowed to use them. I tried on the ring and then they were put away until I got older, put away with the precious sash and amber necklace that I was only allowed to wear on my birthday and Christmas.

Of course I am glad of it all now and know that my mother was right, but it was iron in my soul at the time. I am especially glad because it tended to throw me so entirely with boys. They said I was not silly like the other girls; how could I be with such a handicap? But it was the outdoor life of adventure I lived with them that I peculiarly needed as a balance to my own inner imaginary life that

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went on quite apart and for which I saved a stated time each day, when I became wholly Una Mary and my imaginary clothes were simply an orgy of ribbons and lace.

Una Mary at this period was always dressed in white muslin that absolutely frothed ruffles all around her knees, with a red sash tied in a bow as large as a bustle behind, and a scarlet hair ribbon tying up the single curl that rose above the bang on her forehead—for while other children had either a bang or a tied-back curl, I decided to give Una Mary both—and she wore just as many rings and bracelets and necklaces as she pleased, and, of course, had earrings and slippers with heels. How I admired her, and how I felt her appearance did justice to what I really was! Sometimes after a party I wished I could die at once, because my celestial self, I was sure, would look like Una Mary, and then God and the angels, anyhow, would know what I was really like, and perhaps I could be a ghost and haunt the party people, and then it would scare them to see how lovely I was and they would cry to think they had never known it while I was still alive.

Even with the boys I felt different and something of an outsider because of my pronunciation. I was brought up with the accent of Boston, and all my being longed for the rolling Western R. But family influences proved too strong for me. Although I grew up entirely in the West and the South, so far as I know I have not picked up a trace of either accent.

All the other children called their parents popper and mommer while I had been taught to say papa and mamma, clipped off and meagre words in comparison. I remember once when I met a new child, referring casually to my mother as mommer, and the feeling of relief it gave me to have it taken for granted, instead of the sneers of "stuck up," followed by a mimic of my "mamma" that was the usual beginning of my friendships, and yet with the relief went such a sense of disloyalty that I never said it again.

The story of the Ugly Duckling seemed to me so pathetic I could hardly bear to have it read. I knew just how he felt, and yet the boys were nice to me in their way after they got over the first "queerness." The trouble was that I could not myself get over the feeling that it was true. I was queer. My Imp kept me reminded of it steadily.

Next door to us lived a boy of fourteen, Richard, who became one of my heroes, and besides being part of my outer life gave a real impetus to my inner life by teaching me to play with chessmen. Not chess, of course, but games of fairyland and battle on the carpet in his room when I went over, as I occasionally did, to have supper with him. I had sometimes played with a carved ivory set of chess mamma had at home, but it was Richard who taught me the names of the different pieces and explained in terms of the fairy-tale world what they meant—kings, queens, bishops, knights, and pawns. I was simply entranced by the vistas of romance they opened before the eyes of Una Mary, and at once made them a part of my imaginary world. The knights became the sworn enemies of My Imp, and jousted against him continually when he cut a preposterous figure, perched on a big gray horse, like a little black monkey dressed up in armor. Edward, my imaginary friend, the companion of my whole childhood, was the over-prince at the head of the chess world.

The first time I had supper with Richard is indelibly impressed upon my mind, because it was the first time I had ever gone anywhere alone, except to Harry's house, and in honor of the occasion I wore my best dress of dark-blue cashmere, with a lace collar, my handkerchief securely fastened with a safety-pin to the belt that defined my knees rather than my waist-line.

I must have been very small, for it was the first time I had sat in a real chair instead of a high chair—the fact that I had a hassock and a dictionary under me in no way detracted from the dignity—and I drank out of a glass tumbler instead of a silver mug. I was so impressed by the grownupness of the occasion that I decided to hold my fork and spoon as Lizzie had often told me "ladies always did," balanced lightly between my thumb and forefinger like a pen, instead of clutched securely with my whole fist as I had always held them before. I even struggled with my knife and fork at the same time

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but that was too much for me to engineer. It was like learning to skate. They seemed possessed to go off in opposite directions, until Richard advised me to concentrate my mind on the knife and let the fork take care of itself. Then I began to succeed. The fork was as meek as a lamb if I paid no attention to it, and after that day I always cut up my own food and held my fork the grown way, much to the disgust of Harry, who was months in learning to imitate me.

The next time I went into society alone was for lunch with some children I had met during my brief career at kindergarten. Before I went mamma impressed it upon me that I was to eat whatever was given to me whether I liked it or not, and not behave like a little girl who was at our house one day when we had bread pudding, which she refused to eat, and when mamma had urged her to try some and see how nice it was, had replied, "It looks familiar." I had sympathized with her deeply, but mamma said it was bad manners, and if I did such a thing people would all think my mother had brought me up badly. So I sat down at table, fairly solemn with good intentions.

I had never seen olives before, but when they were passed to me I took one and bit into it politely. Then after my first wild struggle with disgust at its taste, I wondered what I should do. I simply could not bite into the horrid thing again, and yet it must be eaten. Only one course seemed possible, so I took a huge drink of water, gulped hard, and swallowed the olive, stone and all. Though almost choked, I was supported by the feeling that the family was not to be disgraced through me. Even if we could not live in a house with a mansard roof, as all really grand people did, I had proved I was well brought up!

A little later one of the children asked for my olive-stone, and my calm statement that I had swallowed it created such a delightful excitement and made me such a heroine that soon after, at home, when Harry was lunching with us, in order to impress him I decided to swallow a whole prune, as we had no olives. But it proved too large to go down in spite of all my efforts, so I dropped the stone behind the side-table, and then announced that I had swallowed it. The immediate effect was all I could wish. Harry's eyes almost popped out of his head with excitement. The frightened household gathered around me, and everything was perfect until Lizzie rushed in from the kitchen with the suggestion of standing me on my head and shaking me by the legs, as "that was the way they got the penny out of her sister's Tommy." She seemed on the point of carrying it out, so I hastily remarked it was only a make-believe stone I had swallowed. From the grieved dignity with which I was treated for several days, it was forever impressed upon me that in the grown world make-believes are called lies.

My Imp was delighted with the whole affair. It was just the sort of thing that suited him, and he held it over me for years.

(To be followed in September by "Minerva and the Unknown Power.")

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THE WONDER-WORKER

By Helen Sterling Winslow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

"MIND you bring back every sou for the butter," madame muttered, as the farm-gate slammed on the girl's passing, and, being in a particularly evil humor, she added, "you daughter of nobody!"

Pierette bent her head a little. Daughter of nobody! Well, since it was true, what reply could one make? She had come from the foundling asylum, the old Louis Fourteenth building with the grassy court, just without the town. There the sisters had taught her to read and to say her catechism, and had set her to learn embroidery, but she had been clumsy and had tangled the silks; one day the Sister Saint Marie had lost patience, and so had come an end of the matter. Pierette had been put out to service. What else was there for her? She of course had no vocation, and she understood better than anything else the fact that her existence was an accident not desired by any one. One did what one was told and the mother superior had told her to go with the farmer of Lery, who would give her a bed and food and, when she was eighteen, six francs a month. She had also instructed Pierette to remember to say her prayers and not to forget that God was always with her. But as for the Bon Dieu, what had he to do with cleaning out the courtyard or feeding the fowls?

Now, at twelve, she was still servant at Lery, small for her age and undeveloped, with a flat chest and narrow hips. Twice in the week she put on her black woollen dress, took her umbrella and a basket on her arm, and, starting two hours before dawn, carried the butter to market. On Saturdays she had permission on her way home to go into the cathedral, and once in the month to stay to confess. This day she had said her prayers to the little saint in the first chapel, and, after selling the butter, she went up the rue Vivier, occasionally slipping her hand under the cover of her basket to make sure that the money was safe. Coming back with more than usual, she had some hope that madame would be moved to give her an extra plate of soup, and beyond that her thoughts didn't go. When she came into the square she found it full of people and, being too small to look over the crowd, she wedged herself in between the waiter from the inn and Monsieur Poupin, the green-grocer, and though she could see nothing she heard a voice issuing from the centre of the group.

"Messieurs and mesdames, that which you are about to witness has been performed before emperors and kings; behold me, the unique living sword-swallower, fire-eater, and contortionist!"

There was the rap of a drum, the crowd was breathless an instant, then came a hoarse laugh, and Monsieur Poupin cried, "*Très bien, mon vieux!*" Pierette swayed and tiptoed and pressed nearer, but could see nothing but the checked trousers of the green-grocer, so she bent over and tried with all her small strength to get nearer. There was a crack of an opening; she pushed into it, wriggled forward, some one behind gave her a shove, and, overbalancing, she shot out, landing in a crumpled heap on the very carpet of the performer.

"Mam'zelle has arrived just in time!"

Pierette, still clinging to her basket, gathered herself together and sat up open-mouthed with her legs straight before her, and saw an incredible being, all in spangles and pink tights, make a bow.

"Messieurs, mesdames, see what mam'zelle has brought!"

Strong, dexterous fingers stole under the cover of her basket and drew out a rabbit, live and squirming. She gave a little cry.

"But how did it get there?"

She had for answer a mysterious smile from the performer, and saw him toss the

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"Mind you bring back every sou for the butter."—Page 204.

rabbit into the air where somewhere against the blue it vanished. The juggler turned on his heel, pushed back his cuffs, played lightly with the sword at his side, and finally swallowed it. Pierette gasped. Could this be, yet hadn't she seen? Rubbing her eyes she bent nearer. Now, yes, golden louis were actually being found in impossible places, in the rim of Monsieur Poupin's hat and in that old woman's umbrella. Within the circle of the gaping crowd ended for Pierette all things earthly; there, under the radiance of enchantment, she saw a being uncontrolled by any law, touched with a softer air, and with a pure and more golden light. Ah, but he was beautiful as well as wonderful as, with a certain rhythm, he tossed little gilt balls into the air, never missing one, but always catching them and sending them up again,

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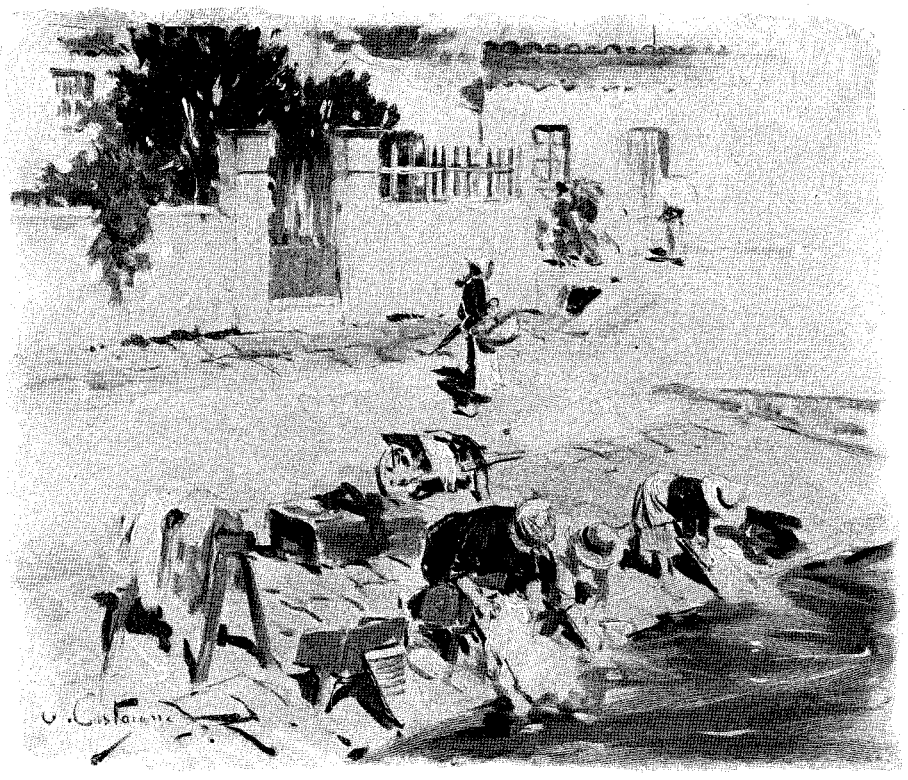

Twice in the week she carried the butter to market.—Page 204.

while the sun reddened his blond hair and beard. With hands clasped Pierette drew her breath sharply, feeling with the joy of that moment the stir of vague emotions. Until then there had been only the farm, madame to be served, the chickens to be picked, the kitchen to be cleaned, market twice in the week, and sleep, dog-tired, under the rafters; yet here in this same world was one whose magic fingers took gold pieces from the air, who had come from God knew where, who belonged to God knew what, but was as far from life, as she knew it, as the saints in heaven. Her rapt gaze caught the juggler's attention and he paused and bent his smiling, impudent face down toward the small figure.

"Well, mam'zelle, are you pleased, eh?"

Drawn into the attention of the crowd, she was overcome with self-consciousness and hung her head. When she lifted it again the performance was over and the mountebank was passing a cap that little befitted his costume—just the soiled old berret of any workman. What could one who found gold in the air want with sous? Slightly dazed, Pierette rose and, as the people scattered, she faced toward home, but after she had gone a little way, she turned and glancing back saw the juggler rolling up his carpet and packing away his little gilt balls. Alone now in the empty square beneath a darkening sky, the figure seemed to have grown small and insignificant. Still looking back she went on, then turned the corner and took the way for Lery. She was late and must get back to the farm and give an account of herself; so, with her habitual gesture, she slipped her hand under the cover of her basket to feel for the money. Her heart gave a thump. Swiftly her fingers went into all the corners. The money was gone. Before her loomed the awful prospect of reaching Lery without it, of facing madame, who would call her a thief, and from this horror she turned and ran straight back toward the village. The Place Saint Louis had relapsed to its old, grassy solitude, but on the worn pavement there was no

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sign of lost gold. She got down on her knees and inch by inch went over the stones; the clock in the tower struck, and the light from the corner shop streaked out toward her, and still she found nothing. She sat there alone and rocked to and fro in her woe, small and dark and wretched, and Monsieur Poupin, crossing the place on his way to his café, almost stepped on her.

"What's this, my girl?"

She leaped up tense with her idea. "That man this afternoon, who ate the sword, you saw him; where is he?"

"How do I know?"

"But which way did he go?"

"Oh, who can tell with fellows like that? Perhaps on to Pont de l'Arche!"

She slipped, as he began to question her, out of his grasp and off into the night. Before the fear of going back to Lery without her money all other fears vanished. She ran through the town, passed the straggling cottages, and came to the open country where the sky was wide and high and looked all the emptier for its few, far-scattered stars. At the corner by the mill, where the water gurgled under the bridge, tall poplars above her rustled their leaves, speaking mysteriously to one another, and on the other side of the river the great plain, without light or break, stretched into velvet darkness. She knew it was there without actually being able to see it, and beyond was Pont de l'Arche, heaven knew how far, where holiday-makers went to the fair. She dropped to a walk, hoping the darkness would open and give her a sight of the mountebank. Faint in the distance she heard the bell of the clock

"Messieurs, mesdames, see what mam'zelle has brought!"—Page 204.

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on the convent strike with a long, slow note some late hour, and after it died she felt the more alone, finding in that familiar note something which held her to things she knew. What had they said at the farm when she had not come? Had any one remembered to feed her friend the old dog, who lay beside the step? Tired and hungry, her large ill-fitting shoes seemed heavy as she walked, and she longed to turn, but held to her way; yet after a while paused to rest against a haystack near the road, and there fell almost instantly asleep. When she roused it was with a start that brought the sharper, for the respite of unconsciousness, all the sense of her loss. Only the magician could save her; she must find him. Then, as though to help her, the moon began to climb over the hill beyond the great plain. It came, softly flushed with color that faded as it rose until, white and clear, it lit the highway and the fields on either hand. Gradually Pierette came to see the outlines of the distance, the leaves on the trees, and close beside her little flowers in the grass seemed to open in the pale light. She crawled a little farther around the haystack, and saw, vague and dark in the shadows, a figure sleeping beside her. She examined, with more comfort than fright, this person so near, and saw that his fingers, relaxed now in sleep, seemed to have been closed on a great stick. He was tired, perhaps she ought not to disturb him, but how long it would be until morning, and if he could direct her! She twitched his coat, but he did not stir.

"Please, monsieur, I am looking for the juggler."

When he roused with an unintelligible word and seized his stick, Pierette retreated, then paused, arrested by a curious resemblance in the thin face and blond beard to the conjurer, but this tattered coat and bundle, this likeness to any wayfarer! Where was the worker of wonders?

"I am looking," she faltered—"oh, monsieur!" she wailed, struck to silence by the horrid likeness in the draggled heap on the ground to that glorious figure of the village square.

"Diable!" he breathed; "the same little girl." Then growled out at her: "Why do you come here? I want nothing of you."

For a moment they remained just gazing at one another; then Pierette, feeling it her part to explain, began: "I ask pardon, monsieur, but I came this way looking for one who eats swords and gets gold out of the air!"

He considered her, glancing round sharply, and seemed satisfied in finding her alone. "No fear," she heard him mutter, but didn't know why. Timidly she went nearer, still nearer, and bending looked into his eyes. Raised on his elbow now, his cap had slipped off and the moonlight struck his face and full throat where the collar of his shirt was torn away.

"It was you," she whispered, feeling all must be right now, and smiled at him, then heard him remark, to her joy, as though it were the most simple and natural thing in the world:

"Eat swords, do you say! Well, that's my business."

"Then you can help me!" She dropped down on the grass beside him, and kneeling, her small, worn hands supplicating, lost sight of his old coat, his soiled boots, his surly expression; something within herself gave back that youthful figure, sun-colored in the crowded square.

"I am called Pierette, monsieur; I have lost, in some way, the money for the butter; I don't dare go to Lery without it; they might think, you know, that I had taken it; of course that's impossible, and I am so afraid they won't feed old Pierre—I give him all the bones, and a little of my soup. . . ."

"What's all this to me?"

Dumb and inexpressive, she groped blindly to find words. "I thought, monsieur, I fancied . . . oh, monsieur, I was there and saw you this afternoon. I know you can work wonders; then, when I found I no longer had the money for the butter, I thought of you. I don't see how I could have lost it, and surely no one would take it." He shifted his position a little uneasily. "And since I must have it for madame and since money is nothing to you, and you just pick it from out of the air, couldn't you get some now for me?" She waited anxiously for his assent. "I am afraid it was a good deal, a little more than usual to-day, for I was lucky—ten francs and two sous—one big five-franc piece and the rest all sous. It would only take you a few moments; I should be so

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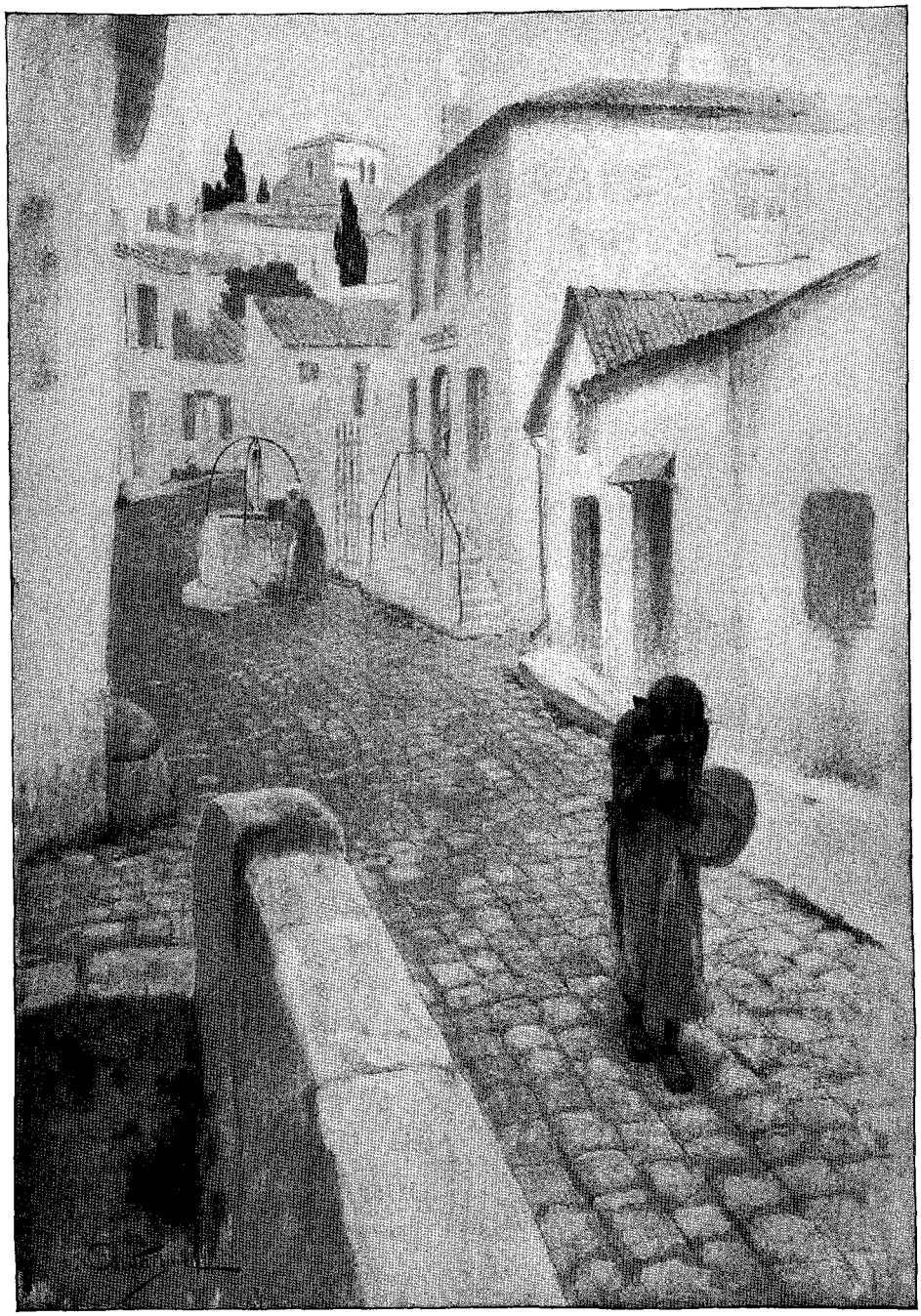

Drawn by André Castaigne.

The money was gone. Before her loomed the awful prospect of reaching Lery without it.—Page 206.

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grateful, monsieur—I would ask the saints to bless you—I would do for you—oh, but what could I do for you, when you can do miracles?"

"This," he cried gruffly, as something of her meaning dawned on him, "is idiotic; but you must be stupid, my girl."

"Oh, I am; the sisters couldn't teach me anything, although they tried, and at Lery I always do things wrong; but you are good and brave—I am sure you are as good as the mother superior, and you will get me the ten francs and the two sous, please, monsieur."

"What, give you ten francs!"

"Ten francs and two sous, monsieur."

"Money out of the air! That's good!" he growled. "You think it's for fun that I walk all day on the muddy roads, sleep in the fields, and play tricks in the markets for next to nothing! You suppose I am not tired and hungry like anybody else, with nothing but a crust here or a sip of wine there! Oh, you imagine it a simple matter to feed one's belly and to keep out of sight of the gendarmes, that you come whining to me!"

"But the beautiful golden louis," Pierette questioned earnestly, "you can take them from the air when you wish, can't you?"

"Imbecile!"

"But can't you, monsieur?"

"Mon Dieu, no!"

"So you are only like the rest of us!" And with a cry she threw herself on the grass and buried her face in her hands.

He waited scowling down at the back of her head—where the hair was twisted into a little hard knot—at the worn soles of her shoes, and at her whole small, rather dwarfed frame, shaken with sobs.

"Come, get up, don't lie there like that; why should you come begging of me?" A little at a loss, he twisted the ends of his blond beard. "I don't care what you thought," he muttered, "is it my fault that you supposed what is impossible?" Then after a moment he added, "Never mind about your ten francs."

"Oh, it is not only that," said Pierette; "I thought that you were different; oh, it was beautiful, like fairy-land—I never dreamed of such things, the pink suit, the spangles, you eating the fire and snatching the louis out of the air. . . ."

"Eh, you liked my performance?" he broke in. "It *is* good; if I had my deserts I would be in Paris."

"But now," cried Pierette, "you can't turn things to gold at all, you are just like anybody, you are no better than the boy who drives the pigs at Lery and who is always scowling, or I who feed the fowls."

He sprang up at that. "No, I am not like anybody; I am, mam'zelle, something apart from others; I am an artist, there you are!" He made her a bow.

The words conveyed nothing, and with one more glance at this dark figure, that was for her only like a blot on the whiteness of the moonlit field, she turned her face away.

He considered her for a moment, shifting from one foot to the other, then put his hand in his pocket and drew out some money, looking for a second at it in his palm; then, with a shrug, thrust it back, and, as though to try something else, came toward her, touching her with a certain gentleness with the toe of his boot.

"Listen, mam'zelle, I have something to propose. Now, what if you should go along with me as assistant? How about that? We might manage a dress of tarlatan, trimmed with spangles, just to the knees; you are not so bad-looking; you could hand me the gilt balls; perhaps I could teach you to dance if you are not too slow. Then you could pass the cap, a woman's best for that; you should do it with that little shy air of yours, just as you have it—oh, no teaching there; we would jog along together, not a bad life, eh? We would be our own masters, no one to drive us, work when we must, and sometimes sleep all day in the fields; the towns for fairs; winter—yes, the cold and rain when one must find a hole to crawl into, but then there's summer, when the warm days come with hay to lie on and the larks above, late evenings—people are more generous then. All this is better, don't you see, than your farm with pigs to feed and some sharp tongue to drive you? Well, what do you say, will you come?"

She sat up, looking into his face. "Me, monsieur, go with you?" And she touched her breast.

"Why not?"

She shook her head.

"Are you a young lady," he cried, "to

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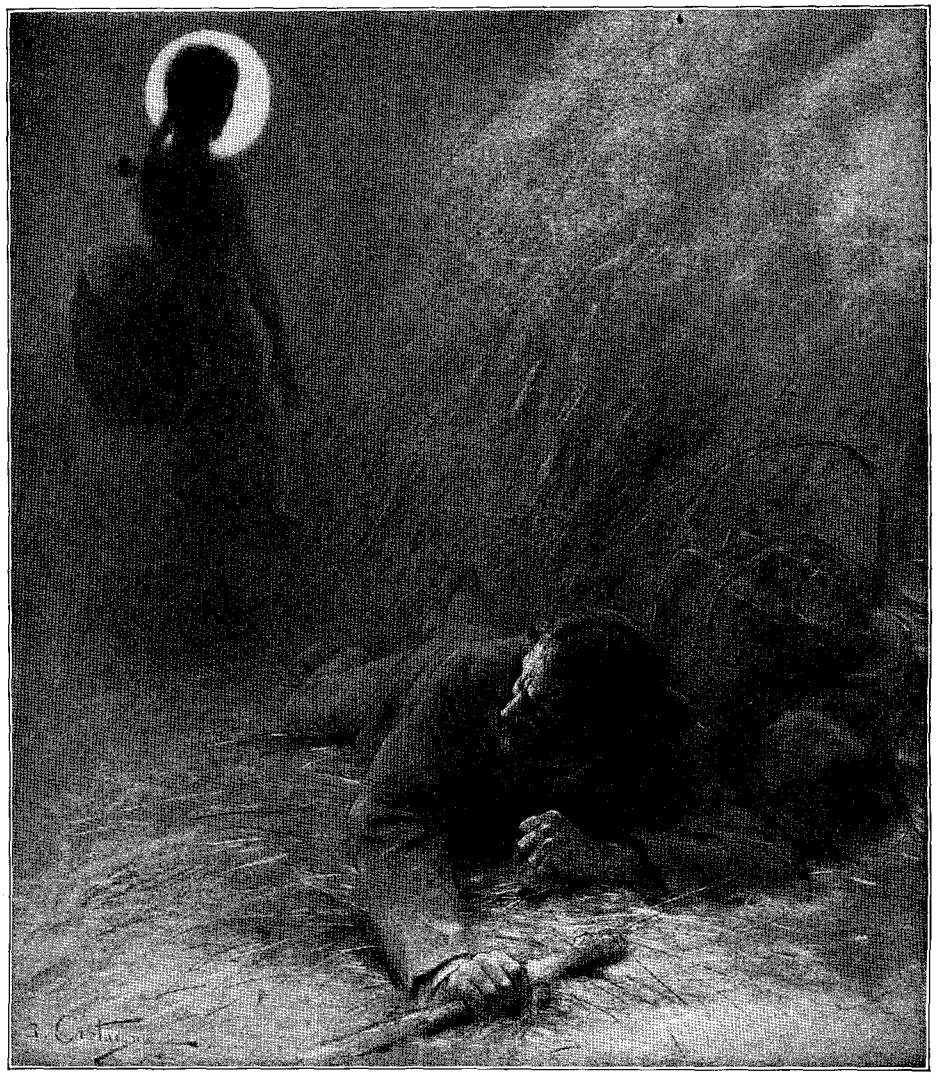
pick and choose? Do you suppose that an artist like me concerns himself with every ragged girl he meets?"

"But why should I go with you?" exclaimed Pierette. "You say you do no miracles, although I seemed to see them; besides, there's Lery where I belong, where the mother superior sent me, each one in his own place; you wander, but I'm meant to stay, and since you can't give me the money that I owe, all's no use. You an artist! I don't understand; it all seems to me like some cheat. I'll go now, monsieur."

She stood before him, her small, plain face swollen with tears, her hands clasped;



Pierette retreated, then paused.—Page 208.

then she turned. "Bon soir, monsieur; I wish you a pleasant journey."

She had gone across the wet, glistening grass only a little way toward the road when, at the sound of a low whistle, she turned. From a bundle of old clothes at his feet, like some moth from its shell, emerged a figure that seemed to have cast

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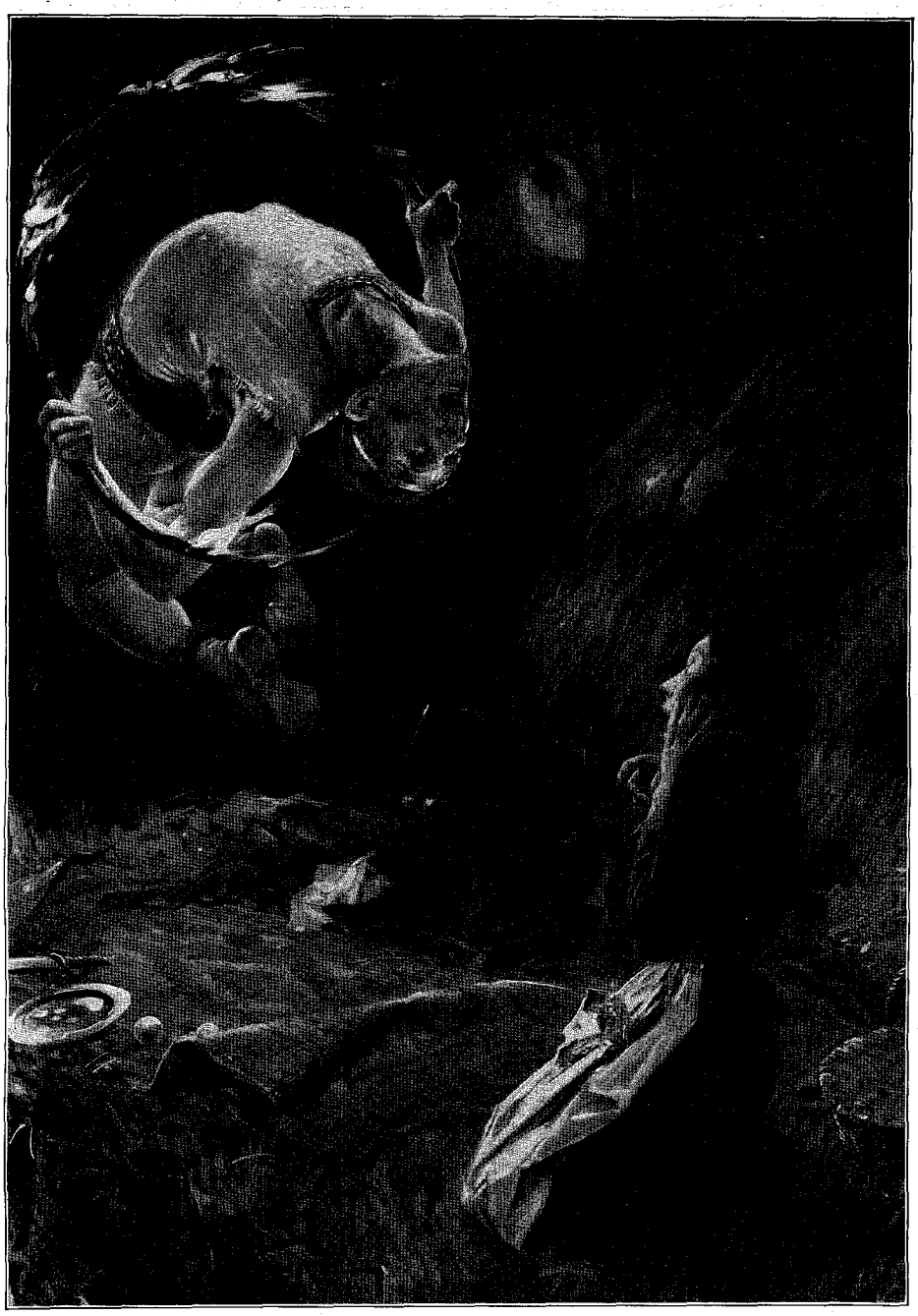

Drawn by André Castaigne.

"Oh, monsieur, I will never doubt you again!"—Page 213.

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off all that was ugly or mortal and now, young and triumphant, poised here but a second before winging straight upward to clasp the stars. To see her dream thus return, Pierette gave a rapturous cry and sank, almost in worship, on the corner of that old carpet that, for her, circumscribed a world of magic. He made her a bow and paused while, as though for accompaniment, somewhere away in the night a bird waked and sang. Then clapping just once his palms together, he tumbled, sprang up and nimbly tumbled again, leaped into the air as though winged, passed and repassed, seemed to vanish, and reappeared from the shadows. Iridescent in the moonlight, his figure swayed to the breath of the wind, and the spangles on his costume quivered as they caught the light, as if the dew had changed them to drops of water. He played with the petals of the field-flowers, blew them into the air until they flew like birds around his head, and never one fell to earth; he held a burning hoop, passed through it, wore it around his neck, and fed himself with fire, smiling, and Pierette cried out and clapped her hands.

"Oh, monsieur, I will never doubt you again! I understand now; you said it couldn't be, only to make sure that I believed. I know now—you are the worker of miracles."

Then he came toward her, making mysterious passes, and she closed her eyes. She kept them closed a long while, a singular heaviness came upon her, and all around it grew silent and she felt alone. Far away in the distance now the bird sang again. "Shall I open now, monsieur?" she whispered, and no one answered. Then she opened her eyes. Beside her was the haystack, the hedge, the same long shadows on the moonlit road, only the wonder-worker was gone. She sprang up and there at her feet was her basket and in one corner the money; she picked it up, counting, and found it just as it had been, the big five-franc piece and all the little sous. Where was the magician? Would he ever come again? Then she pulled up her stockings, took her basket on her arm, and set out on the road, smiling to herself in the darkness at the thought of unforgetable things. Far in the other direction a bent figure with a pack on his back was trudging on to Pont de l'Arche.

"A few francs more or less! Well, what matter?" He gave a shrug. "She was droll, *la petite*—I would have been content had she come. But what was it she said? 'Each in his own place.' Perhaps she was not without reason. After all, first and last, one must always be an artist, *voilà tout*."

THE REGENTS' EXAMINATION

By Jessie Wallace Hughan

MUFFLED sounds of the city climbing to me at the window,
Here in the summer noon-tide students busily writing,
Children of quaint-clad immigrants, fresh from the hut and the Ghetto,
Writing of pious Æneas and funeral rites of Anchises.
Old-World credo and custom, alien accents and features,
Plunged in the free-school hopper, grist for the Anglo-Saxons—
Old-World sweetness and light, and fiery struggle of heroes,
Flashed on the blinking peasants, dull with the grime of their bondage!
Race that are infant in knowledge, ancient in grief and traditions—
Lore that is tranquil with age and starry with gleams of the future—
What is the thing that will come from the might of the elements blending?
Neuter and safe shall it be? Or a flame to burst us asunder?

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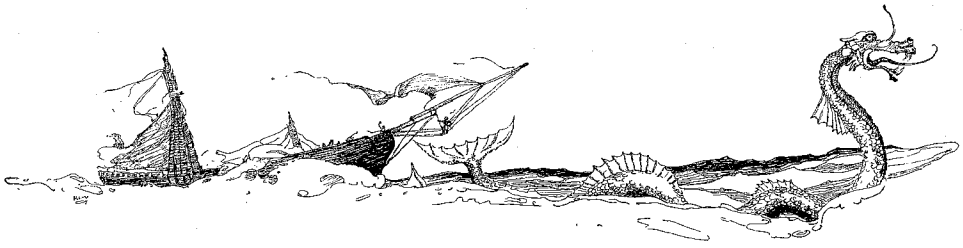

THE RAKISH BRIGANTINE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

"Who wouldn't be a pirate bold
And rove the bounding seas?
And rove the seas in search of gold,
In search of gold, in search of gold?"

THAT was Wallie Whelan singin' t' himself on the steps 'f his father's store on South Street when I got along. This was the store where all the spy-glasses 'n' binnacles 'n' compasses was.

He sees me, 'n' "Look!" he says—"look, Hiker!" 'n' I looks. It was the jib-boom of an old brigantine stickin' up over South Street.

An' Wallie's father he comes out on the steps 'n' listens to Wallie. He was a fine man, Wallie's father—used to give me quarters 'n' half-dollars many a time. "When I was your age, Wallie," says Wallie's father, "'n' you, too, Hiker, I could walk along the East River 'most any day 'n' count a dozen ships from every sea there was. In those days it was like havin' a roof over yer head to walk along the river, so many ships flyin' jib-booms was pointin' in over South Street."

"Ah-h!" says Wallie, "those were the days, warn't they, papa?" 'n' I had to go with him 'n' stand under the jib-boom 'f this old packet so he could feel how it felt.

"A flyin' jib-boom," says Wallie—"'n' there she lays, a rakish brigantine!"

"Where's she rakish?" I says.

"Why, all brigantines is rakish, Hiker—low, long 'n' rakish. And *black*," he says.

Well, she was black all right, though another couple o' coats of tar 'n' she'd been blacker 'n' no harm done. And's for the rest of her, she was wall-sided as a ferry-boat, 'n' modelled off the kind the old fellows who sun themselves on the benches of the Battery used sometimes to tell about—the kind that used to be built in mile-lengths in those Down East ship-yards, 'n' when an owner wanted a new ship he'd come along 'n' lay down two or three or five or six len'ths of his fifty-foot tape, 'n' he'd say, "I'll take to here," 'n' the carpenters 'd get busy 'n' saw out what he'd measured off, 'n' they'd round off the corners for bow 'n' stern, 'n' he'd have 'bout as good a sea-goin' old coaster as any man 'd want.

A gang of darkies was hoistin' cocoanuts in baskets outer the brigantine. "Cocoanuts!" says Wallie, beginnin' to breathe hard. "Cocoanuts! Let's board her, Hiker."

An' we boards her. An' Wallie stands on her deck awhile 'n' watches the darkies hoist the cocoanuts out the hold 'n' swing 'em onter the dock. "Cocoanuts!" says Wallie. "Cocoanuts from Brazil!"

There was a tired-lookin' fuhler sittin' on two soap-boxes atop o' one another 'n' keepin' tally o' the cocoanuts in a little book, at the same time not forgettin' ter tell the darkies to get onter their jobs 'n' remember they was hired by the hour 'n' not by no basket. I'd seen him before many a time. He was the mate. Wallie steps over to him. "She has sailed the Spanish main, hasn't she?" says Wallie.

It was a hot kind 'f a mawnin', 'n' the tally clerk was sweating. He slews around

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like he'd like to slam somebody, but when he sees it was Wallie he only said, "Oh-h, hulloh, kid!" 'n' then he sees me 'n' says, "Hulloh, Hiker!" Then he sets one mark cornerwise acrost four other up-and-down marks,'n' "Forty-five," he calls out, 'n' then ter Wallie, "What jew ask, kid?"

"She has sailed the Spanish main, hasn't she?"

"Sailed the Spanish main?" The mate's forehead knots up. "Spanish main? Jew mean the West Injees?"

Wallie knots his forehead, too. "Well, the West Injees is included, I think, sir."

"Then, yes, we sail the Spanish main, but not any more 'n we can help. No money in it."

"There used to be one time—Spanish doubloons 'n' galleons," says Wallie.

"One time—maybe," says the mate, smilin' at Wallie. "But nowadays, if we puts into a port in the West Injees—some free port, Sin Tommiss or the like on the way up—it's mostly to get a few bottles o' good rum fer our friends. You ask your father next time you go up the street if he'd like ter get hold of a few cases 'f Bolles gin, will yer—fer himself? But don't ask him when anybody's 'round. But it's h— the devil 'n' all collectin' the crew again, they've so many acquaintances ashore. They're more relations, them Barbadors niggers, than— But what yer lookin' at?"

"Ah-h!" says Wallie. "Look! The whiskers, 'n' the roll to his walk, 'n' the short black cutty 'tween his teeth—he's a real old salt, isn't he?"

It was Old Tom Hickey, who'd come up out the fo'c's'le, 'n' wi' the stem of a' old T. D. pipe was makin' signs at Wallie.

"'Skuse me, sir," says Wallie, 'n' hurries to shake hands with Old Tom.

The mate puts down another catty-cornered mark acrost four up-and-down ones. "Fifty," he says, 'n' turns ter see what's doin', 'n' when he does, "Y' old fraud!" he says, but winks just the same at Old Tom.

Old Tom points the end o' the short pipe-stem at Wallie. "Lemme see now. Ain't you the young man what my old friend——"

"Old Bill, the cook o' the *Antoinette?*"

"Ay, that's her. An' him. An' I'm the cook o' this brigantine."

"And a rakish brigantine she is," says Wallie, 'n' cocks a wise eye alow 'n' aloft at her.

"One o' the rakishest ever I sailed on. But I was goin' ter say—ain't you the young man my old friend Bill used ter tell stories ter?"

"Oh, fine stories! Pirates sometimes, though others sounded like—you know—''rabian Nights'—Sindbad the Sailor goin' down to the bottom o' the sea."

"But they wasn't." Old Tom puts his pipe back between his teeth 'n' solemn-like lets his lips flop 'round the stem 'f it. "No, sir—Bible. The *Mardy Graw* I was in this time—a French brigantine."

"Ah-h!" says Wallie, 'n' looks at me. "A brigantine, Hiker! 'n' long 'n' low was she, sir?"

"She was that long yer'd need a bi-cercle to be runnin' fore 'n' aft on her deck. An' that low!—why, when we was off the Gallipagos Islands one time off the west coast 'f Africa, one cam day with a load o' lumber, 'n' a little swell on, the turtles asleep on the top o' the water just nachally floated onter our mid-deck over the rail."

"My! And rakish, was she?"

"Was she? Why, her masts laid back like this—I wisht I had a longer-stemmed pipe ter show you. Next time you think of it when yer up t' yer father's store, you might bring me a good long-stemmed pipe. A French brier 'd be all right. A good French brier while yer pickin' one out. An' a little Navy smoke if yer happen to have time. But 'bout the *Mardy Graw*"—Old Tom lays the inch 'n' a half o' pipe-stem at 'bout half-way 'tween the flat o' the deck 'n' the foremast—"there's how rakish the *Mardy Graw* was."

"My, but she *was* rakish, wasn't she?" says Wallie.

"I sh'd say! The rakishest ever I sailed on, 'n' I been shipmates with some pretty rakish ones in my day. Well, we was carr'in' sail on the *Mardy Graw*, 'n' we had a skipper out o' Nantucket called Roarin' Bill Higgins, 'cause every time anything happened he didn't like, which was frequent, he'd let a roar outer him. An' when it blowed!—nothin' made Bill roar like a good fresh gale o' wind. He'd stand lashed ter the wheel, lashed tight's wax, with his stummick jam ag'in' the wheel-spokes——"

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"Oo-h-h!" says Wallie.

"Yes, 'n' he'd let a roar outer him, an' mebbe he'd sing, 'Hail Columbia, Happy Land!' 'tween the roars. With all sail to her, for Roarin' Bill was out to make a rekkid passage 'tween the China Sea 'n' the Bay o' Biscay—with lower courses, to'gallants, r'yals, skys'l, moons'l, stars'ls——"

"Stars'ls?" says Wallie. "I never heard o' stars'ls afore."

"Nor nobody else, excep' in the *Mardy Graw*, with Roarin' Bill Higgins ter the wheel. Well, there was Roarin' Bill, 'n' it ablowin' 'n' ablowin' 'n' ablowin', a reg'lar what-d'-yer-call them blows in the Yeast?"

"Monsoons, is it?"

"That's them—monsoons. Well, there we was four days out o' Hong Kong, with a cargo o' sooperfine silks 'n' Oolong tea, 'n' there was Roarin' Bill 'n' the *Mardy Graw* goin' ter make a rekkid 'tween China 'n' France, 'n' there she was with her fo'c's'le head under water, she was that low, when crack! goes her fo'm'st, 'n' crack! goes her mainm'st."

"Oo-h-h—!" says Wallie.

"Yes, boy, 'n' well you might ooh! for there we was in the middle o' Thinjun Ocean a wreck, wi' waves awashin' high over us, 'n' the masts 'n' yards poundin' ag'in' our bullarks, 'n' a cargo o' silks wuth three or four or five dollars a yard, 'n' tea, Oolong tea, wuth ten dollars a pound, for the King o' France's private kitchen. An' a lot o' other things—a million francs' wuth alone 'f black ebinny toy yeller-phints f'r the buthday o' the King o' France's oldest son—the air to the throne. An' there we was wi' that cargo with twelve or fifteen million francs, when off in the offing we spies a pirate junk."

"Ah-h!" says Wallie.

"Ah-h, yes, boy. An' she ranges up abreast 'f us 'n' fires a broadside o' stink-pots aboard. Ever heard o' them, boy?"

"O yes—in stories. But they never say what they smell like."

"How could they? No man could smell the smell 'f 'em long ernough ter describe 'n' live—not 'n' live. But forty times wuss than rubber boots 'n' old wigs burnin' tergether over a fire o' melted lard they was. An' we was tryin' ter clear away the wreckage 'n' doin' pretty well, too, till them thirty or forty stink-pots comes bouncin' aboard. We has to hold our heads over the side in the boilin' seas so's not to smother, 'n' the pirates, seein' how it was, puts off in boats."

"But the gale——"

"Oh-h, it's moderated by this time. Them monsoons they comes 'n' goes"—Old Tom waves his hand—"quick as that. An' the pirates comes on, fourteen 'r fifteen loads 'f 'em, wi' ev-very pirate his snicker-snee 'n' his bow-knot hangin' ter his waist, an' tosselled coats like the bath-robes fust-class passinjers wears aboard the ocean liners on 'em. An' they was all wearin' red shoes, the surest mark yer know 'f a pirate in Chinese waters, wi' blue pongpongs ter the toes of 'em."

"An' cues, o' course?" says Wallie.

"O' course. Yer couldn't buy, let alone work yer passage aboard a sure-enough Chinese pirate junk 'thout yer had a cue ter the back o' yer waist, 'n' mostly done up in green 'n' yeller ribbons. An' on they come, fourteen 'r fifteen boat-loads 'f 'em, 'n' eighteen oars to ev-very boat, 'n' singin' like it was a church hymn—

"'O chin chan choo yoo chipper chow yah—!'

the Chinese pirates' war-song—that is, the fust line, 'n' means—

"'O hated forrin devils, pre-pare yusselves to die!'

A fine song ter read mebbe, but not ter hear in the middle o' the Indian Ocean. No, sir. An' we says t' ourselves, 'We're doomed!' Even Roarin' Bill 'd quit roarin', when upon deck, cam 'n' tranq'ill from the cabin, comes the Rajjer."

"Ah-h, a Rajjer! An' how come it they was a Rajjer aboard?"

"I meant to told yer 'bout the Rajjer afore, an' the gold casket set wi' di'monds he kep' below in his private cabin. Four 'f his Injin servants used ter stand over that casket, watch 'n' watch, night 'n' day, outside the door 'f his cabin, steady as stachoos in a musee. We used t' eat many a meal for'ard wonderin' what he kep' in that caskit. O' course, 'count o' the di'monds on the outside, we knew it must 'a' been somethin' gorjus 'n' beyond price. On deck he comes now—the Rajjer—wi' the caskit, 'n' raises his eyes to Heaven 'n' says somethin', 'n' turns ter

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"'N' the pirates, seein' how it was, puts off in boats."—Page 216.

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the north 'n' ter the yeast 'n' ter the south 'n' ter the west, bowin' ter the deck 'n' sayin' somethin' each time. An' then he says a word in his own langwidge to his own special valley—a monstrous black fuhler 'bout seven foot high 'n' three foot beam, 'n' muscles acrost his back like the coils o' that hawser there, 'n' a battle-axe ter his waist—'n' the big servant he draws his battle-axe 'n' he looks to the sun 'n' says somethin', 'n' he turns ter the north 'n' the yeast 'n' the south 'n' the west, bowin' ter the deck each time, 'n' he salutes the Rajjer solemn, 'n' takes one swing 'f his battle-axe 'n' chops off the lock o' the gold 'n' jewelled caskit, 'n' up flies the cover 'n' there's a dragon black as ink wi' one eye. But that one eye, lemme tell you, boy, was big as twenty ord'nary eyes, 'n' a hundred blue lights comin' outer it. An' then we knew what he meant, 'cause o' course ev-verybody sailin' the China seas in them days 'd heard o' the Sacred Black Dragon o' the kingdom o' Kingsing Kooma."

"Woo-hoo!" says Wallie.

"Woo-hoo, yes. 'Twas the Sacred Black Dragon which the Rajjer, when he told it ter go overboard, would go down ter the bottom o' the sea 'n' bring up outer his cave the great sea-serpent Lamma Looka, but the dragon, arter he told the serpent to go up, would never come back, 'n' if the Rajjer didn't have the Sacred Black Dragon ter bring in the gold 'n' jewelled caskit once ev-very year ter the great hall o' the Twelve Kings when the Seven High Lords set in judgmint, why the Rajjer he'd ha' ter give up his right ter the throne o' the kingdom o' Kingsing Kooma, when his father died, 'n' at this time his father wasn't expected ter live very long.

"But now we see why he was ready to lose his kingdom. Yer see, he was takin' passage wi' us ter visit the King o' France, for we bein' a fast packet, he knew he'd get there in a hurry with us. But we had aboard the *Mardy* likewise for passinjers a great general o' French dragoons, Napoleon Buonaparte Roshambo, 'n' his daughter, the most beyoocheyus young female ever I laid eyes on. 'Twas plain from the beginnin' the Rajjer 'd fell in love wi' the French general's daughter—Marie Antoinette was her first name. 'Twas 'count o' her, some said, he come aboard in the fust place, 'n' not because the *Mardy Graw* was so fast, 'n' Roarin' Bill such a driver. But there's always them as can go back 'n' 'count for anything. I say he fell in love with her arter he come aboard us at Hong Kong.

"Howsomever, now he was so deep in love with the beyoocheyus Marie Antoinette he wouldn't a-cared if he lost forty kingdoms 'f Kingsing Kooma. He steps over to where she is clingin' ter her noble sire, wi' tears in her eyes for the fate which is about to befall them, 'n' salutes her, 'n' bends one knee 'n' kisses her hand, 'n' then he says somethin' in his own langwidge again, 'n' taps the dragon's tail wi' his own jewelled sword, 'n' over the stabbid quarter goes the dragon wi' the one big eye, 'n' all the blue lights sparkin' outer it, 'n' the Rajjer shanties a hymn, beginnin'—

"'O weeber wow!
O weeber wow!'

as the dragon dives inter the sea.

"Down inter the sea the Sacred Black Dragon dives, 'n' one minute ex-actly arter he'd wagged his tail 'n' gone outer sight, outer the boilin' seas rises the greatest sea-serpent of all, Lamma Looka. We'd all heard o' him, o' course, but never till then 'd seen him. Three times as long as the *Mardy Graw*, 'n' twice as beamy, he was, 'n' fat 'round the belly as could be, wi' a three-pronged tail on him that was mebbe forty foot across the prongs. Green-scaled on the chest he was, but navy-blue down his back—bright navy-blue wi' a red topknot back 'f his ears like yer see on a young rooster somethin'. An' three eyes in his head, one in the middle o' the other two. An' he rears up, an' down he comes wi' his three-pronged tail bam! acrost three or four pirates' boats to onct. An' he rears up ag'in 'n' down he comes, bam! acrost three or four more pirate boats to onct. Bam! he comes, 'n' bam! 'n' bam! till all we could see was pirates' heads 'n' pieces o' boats 'n' oars bobbin' up 'n' down in the spoutin' sea 'n' cryin' out funny chop-words for us to save 'em. An' some of us begins ter feel soft-hearted 'n' is wishin' to save 'em, but Roarin' Bill lets a roar outer him, 'n' 'Not a ding-bitted one!' says Roarin' Bill—like that."

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"Woo-h-h!" says Wallie. "An' the sea-serpent Lamma Looka then?"

"He swims 'round 'n' 'round the brigantine, wi' his stabbid eye cocked up to the Rajjer, 'n' the Rajjer makes a sign ter me, who'd always been his fav'rite o' the crew, 'n' I understand 'n' tells Roarin' Bill, 'n' Bill says 'Fine!' 'n' has the crew loosen up the yanchor which was hangin' over the port bow, 'n' bimeby, when the great serpent is under our flyin' jib-boom wi' his three-pronged tail flat out on the water, I makes a noose same as the cowboys do wi' their lahyats in the circus, but I does it wi' the hawser, 'n' lassoos Lamma Looka by the middle prong 'f his tail, 'n' whoosh-sh! away goes Lamma Looka sou'west b' west, just the course we want him.

"An' never a breath do he fetch till he has put us past the Cape o' Good Hope, 'n' he's in a fair way to keep on goin' 'n' take us clean ter the South Pole, still headed sou'west b' west, on'y the Rajjer comes up on deck with his own special valley, the monstrous big fuhler, 'n' the big lad goes out on the flyin' jib-boom 'n' reaches down 'n' taps Lamma a poke with the handle o' the battle-axe he cut open the jewelled caskit with—taps him three times on the port side o' the stabbid prong, 'n' at that Lamma Looka makes a turn 'n' heads more northerly, 'n' the fust thing we know—a couple o' days or so—we're off the nor'east coast o' Brazil 'n' headed for the C'ribbean Sea."

"C'ribbean Sea," says Wallie—"ain't that the Spanish main?"

"Sure. But Roarin' Bill says he don't want ter go up no C'ribbean Sea, so he ups 'n' with an axe 'n' a roar he cuts the hawser off short, 'n' the serpent he 'most leaps out the water when he finds we ain't hangin' onter him no longer 'n' goes faster 'n ever ter the nor'ard, 'n' in no time he was hull-down. But long arter he was hull-down we could trail him by the smokin' white wake 'f him ter the nor'ard."

"And what did Roarin' Bill do then?"

"Claps all sail ter the *Mardy Graw*, 'n' away we goes for the coast o' France, 'n' was goin' ter make the fastest passage ever, on'y we puts inter the Sargossa Sea in the mid-watch one night 'n' lay there eleven weeks 'n' two days."

"Is that where the sea-weed goes 'round 'n' 'round?"

"'Round 'n' 'round, yes—sea-weed 'n' ships 'n' men a thousand years dead. But we gets out at last—on'y we was one day behind the rekkid ter the Bay o' Biscay, 'n' Roarin' Bill was so mad he wouldn't sit inter his meals. We was all sorry for Bill not makin' the rekkid. But, anyway, we lands the Rajjer 'n' General Roshambo 'n' his beyoocheyus daughter all right in Paris. He gives us all a twelve-carat di'mond goin', the Rajjer did, 'n'——"

The mate o' the brigantine just then revolves 'round on his soap-boxes, 'n' he puts another little mark acrost four up-and-down ones—"A hundred 'n' thirty-five," he calls, 'n' "What jew do with yer diamond, Tom?" he asks.

An' Wallie waits, int'rested-like, to hear what became o' the Rajjer's diamond.

"Don't mind him," says Old Tom.

"An' did the French general's daughter marry the Rajjer?" asks Wallie.

"O' course. Could she do anything else arter he give up his kingdom o' Kingsing Kooma ter save her 'n' her father fr'm them pirates?"

"An' they never went back to his kingdom in China?"

"He couldn't—not arter he lost the Sacred Black Dragon wi' the one eye. But he didn't care none 'bout that. He had billions o' francs, 'n' that chest was likewise full ter re-ple-tion o' jewels 'n' jems big as—oh, big as cocoanuts in that baskit, some of 'em. He bought four or five shattos—them's castles in France—for her. An' their oldest son married the King o' France's oldest daughter, 'n' I dunno but he's King o' France now. I often thought as how I oughter write over there 'n' find out how the Rajjer is."

"S-st, Tom!" says the mate from atop 'f his two soap-boxes, 'n' holds up his watch fer Old Tom to have a look at. "The old man 'll be here at twelve."

"Ten ter twelve!—hellen blazes!" says Old Tom, "'n' I ain't even got the table set!" 'n' down the fo'c's'le ladder 'n' outer sight he goes.

Wallie gazes sorrerful-like after him, 'n' then he comes over to the mate. "I'll bet he's a great cook, Old Tom," says Wallie.

"His cookin'," says the mate, "is like his stories—full o' surprises," 'n' was

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"One swing 'f his battle-axe chops off the lock, 'n' there's a dragon black as ink wi' one eye."—Page 219.

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goin' to tell us more, when a man comes down the dock 'n' scowls at him, 'n' scowls at us, 'n' don't even look pleasant at Wallie, so I know he must be the skipper 'n' I says, "I guess we'd better be goin' back, Wallie."

An' when we get back to the store Wallie tells his father 'bout the pirates 'n' the dragon 'n' the Rajjer 'n' the sea-serpent 'n' the French general's daughter, 'n' Wallie's father has one o' the clerks get down some charts, so Wallie could stretch out atop o' the counter 'n' look up some o' the places Old Tom spoke about. An' he finds all the places Old Tom spoke about 'cept the Gallipagos Islands off the west coast 'f Africa.

"Well, Old Tom is gettin' old," says Wallie's father, "'n' he's misplaced them in his memory."

"That must be it—he's gettin' old," says Wallie, "but he's a great old sea-dog just the same, isn't he, papa? An' don't you think I oughter bring him down a French brier pipe like he hinted at—from th' other store?"

An' Wallie's father says all right, on'y all the pipes in th' other store was English, so Wallie 'n' me picked out the best one there was, 'n' brought it down to Old Tom that afternoon, 'n' I tells him what Wallie's father 'd told me ter tell him—that a better pipe than it never come out o' France.

An' Old Tom takes a look at the trade-mark, 'n' then at Wallie 'n' me, 'n' says, "An' you c'n tell Mr. Whelan that I said that a better Rajjer than the one I told you boys about never come out the kingdom o' Kingsing Kooma, so that's all square."

An' the mate o' the brigantine, he swivels around fr'm atop o' his two soap-boxes, but he don't say annything, on'y, "An' me tryin' t' impress my gang with the dignity o' labor!" 'n' he turns to his darkies hoistin' cocoanuts out the hold, 'n' puts down another catty-cornered mark acrost four up-'n'-down ones, 'n' says, "Two hundred 'n' forty-five, 'n' remember, you loafers, you ain't no rajjers on no rakish brigantine. You're bein' paid by the hour."

By that time Old Tom had his new pipe goin', 'n' was sayin' that nex' to the gold-mounted Chinese brier the Rajjer give him along wi' the big diamond, 'twas the best pipe he ever drawed smoke through.

CONVALESCENCE

By Amy Lowell

FROM out the dragging vastness of the sea,
Wave-fettered, bound in sinuous seaweed strands,
He toils toward the rounding beach, and stands
One moment, white and dripping, silently,
Cut like a cameo in lazuli,
Then falls, betrayed by shifting shells, and lands
Prone in the jeering water, and his hands
Clutch for support where no support can be.
So up, and down, and forward, inch by inch,
He gains upon the shore, where poppies glow
And sandflies dance their little lives away.
The sucking waves retard, and tighter clinch
The weeds about him, but the land-winds blow,
And in the sky there blooms the sun of May.

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THE STRAIGHT TIP

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

TROWER hesitated an instant before ringing, then put his hand firmly on the knob and pulled. Shottel, the detective, looked appraisingly at the drawing-room curtains as they stood waiting. "Slick stuff," he grinned, jerking his thumb toward the windows. Trower assented, wondering vaguely why detectives were usually thick-set and jovial. He had always fancied them—with the immortal exception of William J. Burns—livid and long-nosed, like keen unhealthy ferrets. What a lot of rot you *didn't* unlearn at college! The old swelling polysyllables about law and order took a deal of solid and sordid propping. So much, he had discovered in Lawton's office. Somehow, he had fancied that you could punish criminals from above, disdainfully, never coming in contact with them. And here he was, on Duberly's front steps, with that hopelessly vulgar Shottel beside him. Inconceivable!

"A minute and a half. Guess you'd better try it again. They've got their nerve with them."

Trower started. Shottel was quite right. He pulled the bell again, with a long authoritative ring.

"You don't want to lie down on this, you know," came a whisper in his ear. Shottel's face was creased with laughter, but his little eyes looked sharp out of the surrounding pudginess. "He'll do any old damned thing he can, of course. Always slippery, embezzlers."

Before Trower could reply, the door was opened by a well-groomed, sharp-featured maid—who was too well-trained to let her eyebrows hint what she thought of Shottel. Mr. Duberly was not at home, but they could see Mrs. Duberly, if they would wait. They were not admitted to the drawing-room, but from the little room opposite they could look at the drawn velvet curtains that protected it.

"He's got wind of it," murmured Shottel. His eyes, as he spoke, darted about the room, from bookcase to telephone desk, appraising rugs, photographs, furniture, impartially. "You have to do this kind of thing mighty carefully," he said; "and then they always get away with something. No telling how much of it belongs to—her." He stopped and sank his voice to a whisper as the rustle of skirts came along the hall. At the same time he spread himself a little more comfortably in the chair. But his eyes were keener than ever under the fat eyelids. Trower meanwhile sat up nervously, ready to rise, which he did when Mrs. Duberly paused in the door.

Trower made no attempt at preface. It was not a social errand, and he did not want to pretend, even for the fraction of an instant, that it was.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Duberly is?"

The gaunt, well-dressed woman in front of him—she was rather like an *édition de luxe* of the maid who had let them in—looked at him for a moment without speaking.

"It depends on what you want. He is not well and is out of town for a few days."

Trower, as far as a sensitive young cub could—a sensitive young cub out of Lawton's office, that is—measured her hostility and her intelligence. Shottel was thinking that the wives of respectable crooks were always a nuisance. You couldn't treat them like the accomplices they usually were. Shottel was not sentimental about women—had no reason to be.

Mrs. Duberly still did not sit down, and Trower did not wonder. He had picked up something on the quiet little elm-shaded campus that gave him a sense of differences—a sense which this big Middle Western metropolis had not yet wholly blunted. He felt just then the difference

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between himself and Mrs. Duberly—felt it as nearly equal to the difference between her and Shottel. She couldn't ask them to sit down; they smelt all over of their dirty errand. And he, at least, didn't want to be seated. True, they were empowered by law to pursue Duberly anywhere—to wait for him in his own drawing-room. Trower suddenly saw himself standing there for many hours, half enveloped in the silken curtains as in a sentry-box.

"It is absolutely necessary for me to see him. Our business is very urgent. Will you tell me where he is?"

"Certainly not." Her answer was very crisp, but she took one step nearer him as she spoke.

Trower narrowed his eyes. "I am sorry, Mrs. Duberly, but I am afraid you will have to—or else keep us here until he comes back. You will be wise to give us any help you can. There are plenty of clues. We shall find him in any case and probably with more publicity." Lawton had told him you often had to bluff a good deal before you could serve a warrant—one of this kind, at least. He didn't particularly like the taste of the lie, though. Trower knew perfectly that their great hope had been to catch Duberly before he had wind of anything.

Slowly Mrs. Duberly looked from him to Shottel, then quickly back, as if no circumstances, however strange, could make it necessary for her to look at Shottel. Shottel did not mind; he had summed up Mrs. Duberly and was thinking how poorly she probably compared with Mavis Charle. He believed Mrs. Duberly didn't go in for the social game. Well, he didn't wonder. He guessed he had some sympathy with old Duberly—though that would not make him less keen on the scent. Business was business. In his humble way, however, Shottel kept an eye open for character. He couldn't quite decide whether or not Mrs. Duberly knew about Mavis Charle. She would know very soon—it was certain that Mavis Charle had absorbed more of Duberly's loot than his wife. Then it would be either divorce or the martyr's pose. Mrs. Duberly wasn't the kind to shoot. He pulled himself up, gagging his shrewdness. Mrs. Duberly was addressing Trower.

"Will you kindly tell me who you are, and what you want?"

Trower pulled out a card and handed it to her. He just mentioned Shottel's name.

"This may tell me who you are, but not what you want."

"I want to see Mr. Duberly on very important business."

The intelligence in her eyes grew. Suddenly she stepped forward, putting out her hand so that it almost touched him. Her attitude was that of a woman on guard, yet approaching the enemy. She scrutinized him closely. To watch her face was like seeing from a cliff at sunrise the slow inevitable irradiation of the world. There were several stages between suspicion and knowledge, but no change of expression, no emotional play, no recomposition of the features—mere intensifying of the intelligence in the eyes. When she spoke, it was in the tone of conviction, the intonation of query being a mere form.

"Something has happened? Whom do you represent?"

The warrant in his pocket felt bulky. It seemed to Trower that it must show from the outside.

"I represent the law."

"Then you have come here to arrest him." There was not even the pretence of query now. Mrs. Duberly sat down. Shottel strained his ears warily so that no furtive sound outside there, in the recesses of the hall, should escape him. He rather thought Trower was messing it, and his imagination was already covering exits and sketching in the plan of the upper floors.

"You had better tell me all about it. Perhaps it is something I can attend to without troubling Mr. Duberly just now. I shall have to know sooner or later."

Trower smiled nervously. "But you see, Mrs. Duberly, it isn't my business to do that. Not until I have managed to see Mr. Duberly. There is nothing whatever that you can do. It is really important for his own sake that I should find him as soon as possible. If things can be cleared up, the easier we get hold of him the better—the less scandal."

Damn the bluff! thought Trower. As if Duberly's systematic robbing of the

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Prairie Trust could ever be cleared up! The whole point was that a man who had kept it dark so long would get away at the first inkling of pursuit. Trust him to know the extradition laws! He would probably have cleared out before if it had not been for Mavis Charle. Funny, how criminals always wanted to finish their little bit—almost never got away on time. A week ago Duberly could have flitted with no trouble. Yet he must have been preparing for the moment of discovery for months.

"Perhaps Mrs. Duberly can give us some other information," Shottel's barbaric accent cut in. Trower suddenly wondered if Shottel were going to mention Mrs. Charle, and felt he should knock the man down if he did. In point of fact, Shottel had had the idea and dismissed it. Mrs. Duberly did not look to him like a wife who could be angered to hysterics by the discovery of another woman. He rather fancied things had been over between her and Duberly for too long. Shottel was no psychologist, but perhaps he felt through his thick skin the aroma of neglect this hard-featured woman diffused. Perhaps his eyes merely told him that she naturally *would* be neglected by an amateur like Duberly. It is hard to read the subconsciousness of Shottel.

"You will certainly get nothing whatever from me unless you are perfectly frank with me," was what she replied to Trower after a moment. She ignored the detective.

It shot through Trower's mind that even if it hadn't been such a beastly thing to do, springing Mrs. Charle on her would not induce disclosures. That relieved him. His conviction was based on instinct simply, whereas Shottel's at least had been reached by the murky light of experience—so many years of searching the mud for types. Some electric communication of results, in any case, passed between the two men. The slim blonde figure of Mrs. Charle passed off the scene into the non-committal wings.

"I should say, Mrs. Duberly, that if there weren't something wrong, you would tell me his address at once."

"My husband is not well, and is out of town resting for a few days," she returned quietly. "Naturally, unless I can be made to understand that it is really important, I am not going to have him annoyed."

"If you think I have come to arrest him, you must think it's pretty important."

Mrs. Duberly did not seem to think she had walked into a trap. She sat, her hands folded on her lap, looking grimly ahead of her, trying apparently to understand. There was no hint of feeling in her face.

"There is some trouble," she said. "I think I had better know all about it."

From the utter absence of protestation, from her readiness to face possibilities, Trower inferred that she had had her own suspicions. She could not be an accomplice. He wondered if the wives often were—they were such credulous fools. Besides, when a man like Duberly went wrong, he so little justified his conduct to himself that he never expounded it to any one else. But certainly if she had suspected nothing, she would have handed out Duberly's address—for that Duberly was really ill no one but an infant would believe.

Trower, at last, sat down. He felt utterly unequal to the occasion, but he remembered that Lawton had sent him because he looked like a gentleman. Even Lawton hadn't pretended he *was* one. Yet, ironically enough, in the looser sense of the word, he was. "At least I've got in," he reflected. That comforted him, though he perceived dimly that Shottel's mind was already planning, behind his fat facial exterior, how they could retrieve their failure. Recklessly he decided.

"There has been a shortage in accounts at the Prairie Trust, and they want Mr. Duberly to help straighten it out."

How clumsily he was doing it! Shottel would have lied more unscrupulously but more effectively—would probably have got at one of the servants.

"You mean that Mr. Duberly is considered responsible?"

Trower grew desperate. Then a sudden inspiration came: perhaps she hated her husband. Perhaps she didn't give a damn—would be glad of a chance of divorce, would be glad of Mavis Charle.

"Yes, Mrs. Duberly."

She looked at him—for only a moment, yet with such an intensity of mute interro-

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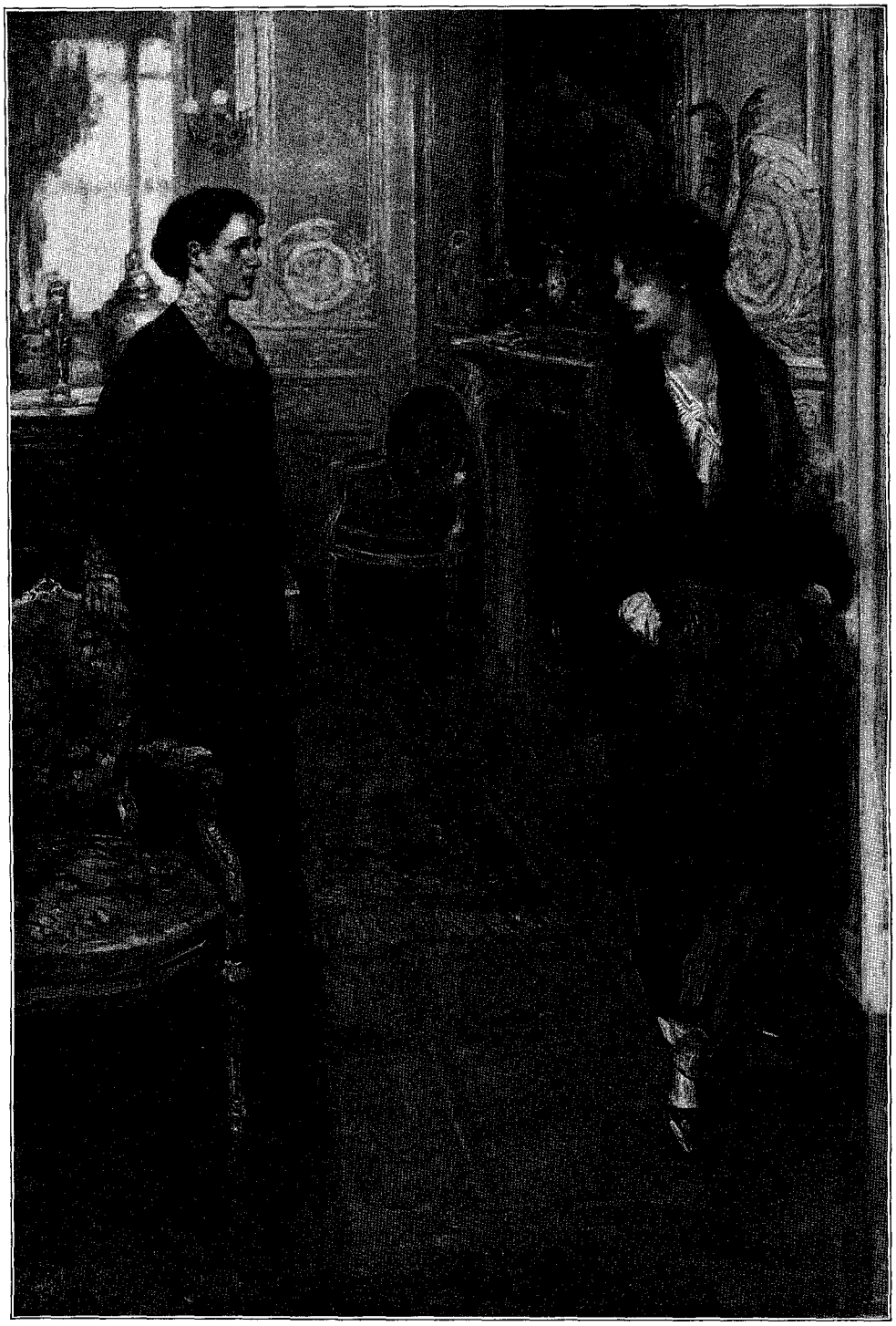

Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

Ellen Duberly started to speak, but her throat seemed constricted. She had to swallow hard.—Page 232.

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gation that it seemed like an age while her eyes were sucking at his for the truth. Then she shook her head, with its clumsy masses of straight black hair. Her lifted chin showed a vein in her thin throat.

"That is absurd, of course. Quite impossible."

Trower shrugged his shoulders. "That is not my business."

"No, but it is mine."

He grew suddenly impudent—to Lawton, to life, to everything that had dragged him into the mess. He couldn't, in decency, but do his best to get rid of the warrant in the appointed way. He wouldn't, as he so wanted to do, turn and run down the stone steps of that ominous house, leaving the field to Shottel; but he would chuck it all after he got out of this. Never again——!

"I am afraid there isn't much doubt. But of course if any explanation can be made, Mr. Duberly is the man who can make it. They are certainly not going to be satisfied with explanations from any one else."

"How much is the shortage?"

"I really couldn't tell you, Mrs. Duberly. And that isn't my business, either. It is very considerable."

He would not look at Shottel, afraid that even Shottel's face would not be able to conceal his contempt.

Mrs. Duberly rose hastily and ungracefully. "May I speak to you for a moment in the next room, Mr. Trower?"

Even as he got up in his turn, Trower's mind had time to catch at and reject the suspicion of a trick. Shottel would be left there—Shottel, who was worth ten of him in an emergency. She led him across to the drawing-room, and there, in the midst of the dreary gayety—a desperate blitheness of intention with a pathetic result of gloom—she faced him. "Mr. Trower, I believe you are doing your duty. I don't believe you like it. Will you tell me, quite honestly, if any one has reason to believe that Mr. Duberly has been at fault?"

The young man looked from her to the Louis Seize furniture. He did not know it was Louis Seize, but he felt the contrast between its slim elaboration and her stern ugliness—each seeming consciously to insult the other. Trower was no psychologist, but he recognized the presence of an unusual personality: a creature in no sense practical, yet grim, not gracious, more moral than mannerly. She was very like his hazy notion of a Puritan—some one, at all events, hopelessly unaware, his sex told him, of the *métier de femme*. He thought of Mavis Charle; he was sure that the old-rose and gilt of the room would have suited her much better. He wondered if Duberly had thought of her when he paid the decorator. So, foolishly enough, he used up the slight pause permitted him before his answer. He had a sense of detaching Duberly's wife utterly from her surroundings as he replied.

"Mrs. Duberly, I'm afraid there isn't any doubt."

For a long moment she searched his face, finding there little but honest discomfort.

"Would any one do such things for *this?*" Her eyes passed heavily over the gilded objects, as she murmured it to herself.

"Thank you, Mr. Trower," she went on. "I quite see why you have to find my husband. Very likely there is nothing he can't set straight; but he must have a chance to do it."

She led the way back into the smaller room across the hall. As they entered, Shottel's alert attitude collapsed, but not quite in time. Trower saw that the detective had been putting in some immensely intent moments.

Mrs. Duberly rang, and the hard-featured maid reappeared. "Frances, go to the telephone in my sitting-room and call up Mr. Duberly. I wish to speak with him. I will hold the receiver here."

However much Shottel may have wanted to follow the servant, he did not do it, perhaps because he knew that there would be a free fight with Trower at the door if he did. He intended, however, to give Lawton, as soon as possible, his detailed opinion of Trower. He only hoped his vocabulary would run to it.

Mrs. Duberly, at the telephone desk, took up the receiver. They could watch her face: her colorless features, her profile both sharp and heavy, over which an utter immobility prevailed. Many moments passed before the connection was established—moments during which there was not a flutter of her eyelash, not a

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quiver of her constricted mouth. Even Shottel watched her with an impersonal interest, even he feeling that this was something new. As for Trower, he watched her face as intently and unswervingly as she watched the selected pin-point on the panel opposite. He jumped when at last she spoke.

"Is that you, Henry? Yes, it is Ellen. How are you? . . . If you are really better, I wish you would come home to-night. . . . Yes, there *is* a reason. I'll tell you when you come. . . . Nonsense, I know you can get off. I particularly want to see you. . . . Quarrel with you? Certainly not. . . . Yes, it *is* important. *Please!* By the way, it is my birthday. It would be rather nice if we could dine together. Can't you get here early? . . . Good. I'll expect you. Good-by."

She hung up the receiver, then turned to them. "Gentlemen" (she looked only at Trower), "I have done everything in my power. I see no reason to doubt that my husband will be here to dinner this evening. He even thinks he could get here by five. I am sure you will not grudge me a little time for talk with him before you see him. Therefore, as I have no doubt that you will have the house watched, I ask you please not to molest him as he comes in. You can take my word for it that he will be anxious to give the Prairie Trust Company any assistance in his power."

She waited for them to go. To Trower it seemed that there was nothing for them to do but take their leave at once; but he half expected a protest, a sudden flank move of some sort from Shottel. To his surprise none came. Shottel even preceded him to the front door. Mrs. Duberly rose in silence; but as Trower passed out of the room and turned to bow to her, he saw her stand, with clasped, straining hands, to stare past him. "I have never told a lie—never. And I never will." Was she saying it to him or to herself? To herself, he decided. No lady would deliberately address such an intimate exclamation to a stranger and an enemy. And she was staring past him, not at him. His revolt against her superseded his revolt against Lawton and Shottel and the slippery crook, her husband. It also ignored her obvious misery.

"What a horror she is!" he muttered to himself as he slammed the door behind him and Shottel. Once again his sex had weighed her and found her wanting. He pulled himself up. "That was a straight tip, eh?" he asked Shottel, pausing on the steps.

"Yes, that was a straight tip," answered Shottel slowly, jamming his hat on his head. "Tcha!" He gave an indescribable snort of disgust. "Women!"

"Well, didn't we want just what we got?"

"Yep." Shottel was stolid again. "But all I say is: give *me* Mavis Charle!"

They went about their business.

Ellen Duberly sat in her bedroom after luncheon, bathing her temples with cologne. She performed the action without grace, without faith, without energy. She had heard people say it was good for a headache; her headache was very bad; and she had an objection to even the mildest drugs, as well as to physicians who prescribed drugs lightly. You took what came; and it was of the essence of life that you should take, first and last, a great deal of discomfort. It was solely in the hope of getting into form for her husband that she dabbed the stuff awkwardly on her forehead.

She had been deeply shocked by the event of the morning; but she was of the type that meets a definite calamity with more zest than vague terrors of any kind. She had so long since grown accustomed to brief and formal dealings with her husband that anything—even a disaster—which seemed likely to place them shoulder to shoulder once more, won from her a kind of gratitude. She had not been wholly surprised by Trower's revelation. She had long since lost the clue to her husband's perplexities, his nerves, and his tempers. Usually, she recognized, she had as little to do with his troubles as with his pleasures. This thing, however, she really could not now be kept out of; she was in it, with him, against the world. Ellen Duberly thought it extremely likely that Trower had been right. She had certainly lost faith in Duberly's strength against temptation. Too many things, hitherto unexplained, had suddenly, as Trower spoke, leaped out of their disguise

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at her. He had been, she remembered, desperately unwilling that she should economize; had thrust luxuries on her in a way that seemed half an insult—as if a neglected wife had been a mistress. What did she give him, she had asked silently, that he considered he must pay for with furs and precious stones? Certainly not the commodity that such things are traditionally supposed to buy. She had wondered for a year where the money came from; and now she was quite sure it had come from the Prairie Trust.

Poor Henry! Stealing, for this woman who could not lie, was as incomprehensible as passion, or blasphemy, or painting yourself bright blue. But it never occurred to her that the Henry Duberly she had married would not pay for dishonesty with a desperate remorse. She fancied he had left religion behind him long since; but every decent person, according to her, held the laws of the land sacred. It was only in madness that one broke them. She saw him coming back, quite simply, to place himself under arrest. The accusation could not but be a touchstone to discover the fineness she had never given up believing was there. The lingering Puritan strain in Ellen Duberly held confession even more vital to the soul than virtue; atonement took her imagination more than innocence. . . . The last dignity left to her husband, she felt, was the unfaltering plea of "Guilty." In spite of her aching nerves, she did not doubt for a moment that, his time of weakness past, he would feel that with her. He would be shocked back into honor.

She turned her mind resolutely from any consideration of their personal problems. Often, indeed, she had wondered why he had married her. Now she clutched at a subtle agreement that she was sure was theirs in the face of adversity. It had been hard to summon him into the very jaws of his fate; but even as she never doubted that it was her duty, she never doubted that he would feel relief at stepping out of the ugly masquerade. He was good, not bad; and never could they have been so at one as on a stern moral issue. That was her barbed comfort. Now she must make ready to greet him and to help him. This was perhaps the first time that Ellen Duberly had ever permitted herself to wish that she had more loveliness to bestow upon him. It was certainly the first time she had ever been glad that they were childless. A child, at such a pass, would have been mere torture. She had always felt, with an almost patriarchal austerity, that only children justified marriage; there was something in her that, since she had accepted her sterility, had been grateful for their unexplained estrangement—she had pressed the sharp thing to her side and been comforted. But now she saw the image of their personal love rising wan and imperious from the wreckage, a pale survivor on a rocky coast. Whatever it was he had married her for, he would find now as he had never found it before.

She went to the window. Would they watch the house—not trusting her and him? Probably. Her shame, however, was swallowed up in the fervor of vicarious repentance. Her atavistic sense found nobility in strange poses—in the average man crying out in the market-place that he was the chief of sinners. Let them watch the house! They would find within it a belated honesty that could not be put to shame. But she shivered involuntarily as the bell rang, and she was weakly holding the cologne-bottle again when the maid entered and announced a visitor—a lady. It did not occur to her to excuse herself, so long as her headache was not literally blinding. If Ellen Duberly was in, people could see her. She had never learned—had never had to learn—to elude callers. She kept, like an intact inheritance, the simple manners of Massachusetts Bay. A probable beggar for charities was her guess, as she went into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Duberly's first glance showed her that her visitor was not a beggar for charities. The woman who stood before her was exceedingly pretty, and she had the light of an immediate trouble in her eye. Ellen Duberly, without seeing further into the personality presented to her, recognized that this woman was not of her kind. So few people were, however, that she only braced herself wearily, and wondered a little—but not complainingly—at the callous irrelevance of life. Her caller was not a person to whom one said, "What can I do for you?" and no name had been

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given. She could only wait for the other to speak.

"I'm Mrs. Charle," said the woman, and stopped.

The name meant nothing. "Yes," said Mrs. Duberly; "won't you sit down?" She waited again.

"Oh!" That was all; but the monosyllable rang, somehow ominously, through the gamut of surprise. She had evidently expected her name to be recognized. Then Mrs. Charle sat down—her back to the light. "If you ask me," she said, with a shrug. She proceeded to open her heavy fur coat and lift her veil. For a moment she stared at Mrs. Duberly, then turned coolly and stared at the drawing-room—appraisingly, like Shottel, almost with his keenness. Suddenly, however, Mrs. Charle pulled herself together with a little shake, like a furry animal, and spoke hurriedly.

"Where is Mr. Duberly?"

"He is out of town."

"Yes, but you know what I mean. I'm not here to talk nonsense, you can believe. There isn't much time. I've got a straight tip. They're after him. If he doesn't manage to lose himself at once, they'll have him. Lawton's on the trail. I suppose you know what *that* means. I only heard last night. I've tried to get him by telephone and couldn't. That's why I came." She paused and looked at Mrs. Duberly for an instant. "Apparently you don't know who I am. Well, that's all right. I guess you don't need to know, to do what you can to save your husband."

Ellen Duberly faced her visitor. She was less skilled in dubious types than are most of her sex; she knew that she would have taken this woman for a lady anywhere, yet she knew in the same instant that according to her definition the woman was probably not a lady. Mrs. Charle's boldness and shyness, her clever make-up, her sweet uncultivated voice, her costume that from head to foot brought out her points as shamelessly as if she were posing for an unscrupulous artist: the combination that all these things made bred in Ellen Duberly a swift illuminating distrust. The woman was like a shop that puts everything into the shop-window—so she looked to the secular reticence of Henry Duberly's wife. You put things in a shop-window only if you had them to sell. The revelation came to her sealed in that one metaphor. A hundred things in the past focussed light upon Mrs. Charle; and in that one short moment the case was complete for Ellen Duberly.

Yet the long effacements of the years helped her to keep her own factitious relation to the woman in the background; helped her to assume heavily that the woman did not (and, after all, did she?) in any way concern her. She elbowed her way through the ugly rout of new facts, pushed them aside, and turned her back on them. There was no time for them now. Hours enough later, in all conscience, for that! What was clear was that this extraordinary Mrs. Charle had come in good faith. Yet she permitted herself to dissimulate a little.

"What have you reason to suppose is the trouble?"

"Trouble!" Mrs. Charle laughed shortly. "He's been dipping into the Prairie Trust funds. I didn't know—but I supposed you did. I guess you didn't." She looked Mrs. Duberly over curiously. "No, I can see you didn't, either. I expect we've both been pretty unreasonable." She smiled sarcastically and nodded almost imperceptibly at a painting that hung over the marble fireplace.

A belated flush swept suddenly over Ellen Duberly's grim and sallow features.

"What information have you?"

"All I could get—it isn't much. But you needn't think I liked my job of pumping out the little I did get. Ugh! But they're after him, and if you can reach him you'd better. I'm leaving town to-night—sha'n't be back for a year or two." She gave her hostess a straight glance. "You can afford to be dragged into this if you want to. I can't."

"You must have been making your preparations for some time." She could not keep that bit of irony from her lips, though after she had said it she shut them close. This new situation seemed to her already as old as time—as if Mrs. Charle had been an hereditary foe.

The younger woman—younger by so many degrees of beauty—did not flinch. "Well, I have. I've been expecting things would go to pieces—felt it in all my

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bones." She waved her hands with a little nervous gesture. "And I'm dead sorry. Anyhow, I thought it was the square thing to come and give you a chance to get him away if you could. Of course, I knew he wasn't here. But I'd never have forgiven myself if I hadn't done what I could. I have an idea they're watching my place—much good it'll do them!"

A sudden gleam of hostility sharpened her features for an instant, showing all the lines with which life had overlaid their innocence. She thrust her head slightly forward, and her soft blue eyes hardened. "It won't do you the least good to follow me up. I've got a taxi at the door, and I'm not going home again. I'm out of this—do you see?"

"I am very thankful that you are." Ellen Duberly said it simply, and without audible rancor.

"You can tell Harry I'm beastly sorry. . . . I guess"—Mrs. Charle looked up with a candor suddenly grown almost infantile—"I guess he's lucky to have you to back him. You might have made it pretty unpleasant for me, and you haven't. I hate anything unladylike. But you probably realize it *was* decent of me to come. It's pretty risky, as it is." She crossed the room, as if to go, but turned at the door.

"Look here," she said suddenly, "you're not the kind to take this out on Harry Duberly by squealing on him, are you? If I thought you were—" her brows knotted.

Ellen Duberly started to speak, but her throat seemed constricted. She had to swallow hard. "I shall do my best to get him away before they reach him." Being obliged to say it to Mavis Charle seemed to her the last and most gratuitous of insults. Decisions usually grew old in her keeping before she divulged them; and to let this woman see the immediate workings of her mind was terrible. Her voice was very harsh and low.

Mavis Charle, pausing in the door, surveyed her once again. "I take it back. I believe you're white, too." Then, with an indescribable glance around the room she was leaving, "It looks to me as if he had divvied pretty fair. . . . But it's all over now. Good-by."

She let herself out, and Mrs. Duberly heard the taxi go away at full speed.

As Mrs. Duberly went up-stairs, she was saying to herself that her chief immediate duty was not to think; simply to let her instincts work for her, as in moments of danger, and make her body do the necessary things as quickly as it could. She felt as she had once felt when the house was on fire, and she was met at the head of the stairs by an acrid curl of smoke. Probably disaster was always as dismaying and unexpected as that stifling gray spiral had been—coming out of nowhere to work havoc, yet with its logical cause behind it, which there was no time to investigate until you had saved what you could. She had now the same uncanny lucidity of vision, the same lagging feet and hands, that she had noticed then. She recognized the old psychic and physical effect of sudden fear. But you shook it off—you *acted*. Otherwise you went under.

All this had passed through her mind as she went up to her own room. "I must keep moving," she said to herself, with odd reasonableness. To sit down would be to invite paralysis. This new terror was not like the one that she had been facing through the hours of the late morning; something she could make it out with calmly—disaster with a jewel in its forehead. This was tigerish and sudden; it reeked of the jungle and appealed to nothing in you save instinct. This called for warfare of blood and sinews. . . . It was terribly isolating, as jungle-facts are. It put Henry Duberly, who had suddenly drawn so close, immeasurably far from her.

Ellen Duberly did not linger to contemplate the irony of her morning deliberations. "Thank God the creature came early," she murmured, as she looked at the little clock on her mantel-shelf. Rancor, at the moment, went no farther than the spontaneous choice of that opprobrious noun. The springs of jealousy had grown sluggish in Ellen Duberly, with the long slow waning of any sense of possession. The one thing clear to her—as clear as a pain in one ailing member of a healthy body—was that her husband had a range of desires and beliefs that she did not dream of, a psychology to which she had no clue. His crime had not brought them together; it pushed them further

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apart. His problem was too complicated and unfamiliar for her rigid and simple ideals to deal with. He would want, she now felt sure, to escape; he would want to evade the law; he would loathe her unswerving truthfulness. He would hate her if he knew the details of her encounter with Trower. She did not mind being hated for being herself—at least, there was not time to mind that, now—but every honest impulse in her bled at the notion of acting, on a misconception of him, to what he would consider his detriment. She was going to give her conscience a bad time; as she conceived it, she was going to sin against society; but at least there should be one human being against whom she would not have sinned, to whom she would have sacrificed a supreme and stainless thing. She did not know precisely whether she loved him or not—she had long refused to put the question to herself except perfunctorily—but she felt herself more exclusively than ever before to be Henry Duberly's wife. There was always in Ellen Duberly a readiness to be convinced by pain. If wifehood made you do what she was going to do, there must be something in it. So ran her twisted logic.

Mrs. Duberly listened in the hall, and locked the doors of both her bedroom and her sitting-room before she took up the telephone receiver. Up to that instant, though her mind had reviewed such an array of disquieting facts, she had been calm. Now, her hand shook, and the blood surged to her face in great irregular waves, making the pulses in her throat ache, reviving the dizzy pain that she had forgotten in the last half-hour. She had stood firm under the shock of Mavis Charle; but at the thought that this hurried word of warning must be her sole farewell to her husband her lip quivered. It was unthinkable that she shouldn't see him, that no real talk could pass between them; that she must be left to fight out a battle she knew nothing of, in such a welter of sordidness. But she schooled her petulance—withered it, as she always had done, with her own scorn. . . . And at last she heard her husband's voice—miraculously authentic across the miles.

For a few moments she heard herself speaking; heard herself breaking it to him clumsily and briefly—Lawton's pursuit, the accusation, Trower's visit, the warning of Mrs. Charle. She gave none save the grim details of his danger; she did not describe her interviews; she spoke of her visitors as if they had been matters of common reference. So much she was sure of, as she heard her words uttered into the receiver. She held herself to the task as if she were some brute of a slave-driver assuring himself that his bidding was done. "It's a straight tip, I know" (she even talked their language). . . . "Is there anything I can do? Have you money enough? No, there's no time to advise me. Better not talk over the telephone" (she had a sudden vision of tapped wires, of hostile creatures at every outlet). "I'll do everything I can here. . . . No—I don't *want* to know—it's safer. Then nothing can make me tell. Oh, why *did* you?" (The word had been too quick for her to stop it.) "But they sha'n't get it out of me. I'll lie! Write me when you can." All this came out with a rush, slave forgetting master. She heard the door-bell ring. "Hurry, hurry! Oh, Hal, good-by!" She listened, for an instant. There was silence at the other end, as if he too had been interrupted. Then she dashed to unlock the door and fling herself on the same couch whence she had been summoned by Mrs. Charle.

The bell—which had actually meant nothing—had terrified her. It had come to this—that she crouched in fear at any hint of a summons from the outside world! Yet there were other matters afoot in that world than Henry Duberly's dishonesty. Thank God for that! There would be distressing hours that she could not elude—she did not even know at what moment those wretched men who had come in the morning would return. They must be faced, as Mrs. Charle had been; and they must be faced with unflinching lies. Oh, she was clad like a mime in the traditional costume of her part—the archaic folds swaddled and choked her. What a thing it was to be so bound! For if there was such a thing as helplessness in the world, it was having to do violence to your conscience because another person had done violence to his—being corrupted to the heart of you by the corruption to which you were wedded.

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Ellen Duberly lay on her sofa waiting for the representatives of the law to return. Still, with the necessity for action before her, she refused to enter the Dædalian paths of introspection. She put the figure of Mavis Charle from her; she closed her eyes against the tall form of her husband; she turned all mirrors to the wall that she might not reflect upon her own image. She would have prayed, if she could have; but she had always seen her God in the very form of Jehovah, and to Him she had nothing to say. She was grateful that by a mere accidental impulse to decent privacy she had failed to disclose Duberly's address. There was a good chance, she thought, that they would not, during the day, have traced him to the secluded farm-house where he had gone for a week's quiet fishing. A mere accident; she caught her breath and was very thankful. Had the young man who looked so uncomfortable over his unpleasant errand believed and trusted her? It was almost inconceivable to Ellen Duberly that he should not have. Surely it was visible to the naked eye that she had the long unbroken habit of truth. Oh, yes, he must have; and Henry Duberly would have the start of them in that horrid race. But as she turned her face to the wall, away from the afternoon sunlight, she hoped weakly that she should not have to lie too much, in the hours close upon her. She was sure she should do it so badly that it would be useless.

Shottel had postponed giving Lawton his opinion of young Trower until he should see how the problem of Duberly was finally dealt with. He was convinced that Mrs. Duberly was a queer bird herself; and he knew from experience that sometimes the best thing you could do was to set one queer bird to catch another. Perhaps it was smart of Trower to know that Mrs. Duberly was the kind that would squeal. Certainly experience with the wives of embezzlers had not taught him to expect so straight a tip from her. Jealousy turned some women into hyenas; but in that case they were all over the place, regardless of anybody, and she had been perfectly quiet. Shottel was inclined to think he had struck a kind of highbrow idiot, and a damned bad lot, too—or else a very deep game. Shottel never allowed himself to forget that what looked like the foolest move *might* always be a very deep game. He had chuckled to himself over Mrs. Duberly's haughty recognition of the fact that they might be stooping so low as to watch the house. The house had been watched for two days before their bluff attempt that morning. Did she think they had to wait for warrants to *watch* people?

They would have to wait and see whether young Trower's "call" had worked. If it hadn't, there would have to be some tall hustling. And as Shottel, during the day, chewed an intermittent cigar, he reviewed all the means that could be tried—the post-office, the central telephone, the banks where Duberly kept accounts, the railway ticket-offices, the Duberly servants. It looked bad, Duberly's having got away for a rest, no one knew where, before the whole business had come out; though it had been so damn sudden and unexpected that no one was to be blamed. Certainly the old president of the Prairie Trust had fluttered down to them as soon as the bolt had fallen on him—cackling like a nervous hen, and absolutely no good. But Shottel fretted in his inactivity.

The plain-clothes man at the corner had reported nothing except the regular calls of the postman, and a brief visit from a small woman in a fur coat and a heavy veil. No one had gone out. Shottel, on reflection, thought it probable that after they had gone Mrs. Duberly had telephoned everything to her husband—he was all on the side of the deep game. Yet certainly, that morning he had inclined to the highbrow-idiot-and-damned-bad-lot-too theory; and so long as they knew that Duberly, if he had actually been in the house, was there still, there was nothing to do until they could see Mrs. Duberly again and force her hand. She didn't look like a woman who could chuck a bluff—that was really the one straw he clung to. But he was very impatient; and at five o'clock he rushed Trower back to the house.

Mrs. Duberly tried to remember her set speech. She had elaborated one as she lay on her sofa, with shut eyes; she had

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practised it in a whisper; and now it was gone. Her instinct for verbal truth had been allowed to preside over its making; there had not been one formal lie in it. Now it had escaped her; and her chief fear was that her instinct would push her into a dangerous riot of facts. She didn't know how to lie, she told herself piteously, any more than she knew how to blow glass or play the lute. It would have been vain to tell Ellen Duberly that lying was a way of speech; it had nothing to do with speech as she conceived it—it was something quite different, though you did it with your vocal organs. Henry Duberly had always said she had no imagination, and it was true; she had never even had enough to say that she was not at home when she was. And these two strange men were before her with the power to necessitate her lying: they were unreal as Eastern potentates she might have been summoned to dance for in a dream. As she faced them, she felt her first pang of jealousy of Mavis Charle. If she had only had looks like that to put them off with, deluding them silently with mere beauty! It was only such a necessity that could make one jealous of that sort of woman. . . .

"No, he is not here," she replied to Trower's formal question. And then, her set speech lost forever, she went on, harshly, brokenly.

"I don't know where he is. I meant what I said this morning. I *did* telephone to him. You heard me. But something made me change my mind, and I told him." ("By heck, Mavis Charle!" Thus in Shottel's mind it clicked on to the plain-clothes man's report of the visitor.) "And he's gone. I particularly asked him not to tell me where, so that I shouldn't be able to tell any one else. I suppose you would like to know where my husband was this morning, but that I shall not tell you. So I don't see what else there is to say."

Shottel bent forward. "Mrs. Duberly, do you know a lady named Mrs. Charle?"

Trower's hand shot up. "Shottel, that isn't necessary. Mrs. Duberly, there is certainly no reason why you should answer questions about your personal acquaintance."

She was grateful to him, though she was ignorant of Shottel's real motive, which was merely to test her veracity in a matter upon which he had private information. He had not intended to go farther than that question, and he felt a thick annoyance with Trower's prunes and prisms.

But Trower himself was actually to present the cup to her.

"And Mr. Duberly told you nothing of his plans?"

She looked him in the eyes—it seemed to her that every nerve and muscle in her body was strained by the effort to lift her own. "Nothing whatever. As I say, I particularly asked him not to. I have no gift for lying, and I preferred not to know."

Trower, sore with defeat, exclaimed. "I could have sworn you were giving us the straight tip this morning, Mrs. Duberly. Otherwise I should have been pretty busy to-day."

She flushed. "I thought I was. I never dreamed that we should not both be here this evening to see you."

She hesitated a moment before following them to the drawing-room door. "I have no idea how much this shortage is. I should be very glad to know. I have some money of my own, and of course it is quite at my husband's service as far as it will go. I don't suppose I have enough to do much good, but my husband's lawful creditors are quite welcome to anything I can pay them. Perhaps you would take that informal message from me. . . . Of course I should employ a lawyer to see that he wasn't cheated by them; and of course I should reserve enough—as it is quite my own money, and did not come from Mr. Duberly—to make sure that my husband and I have the simple necessities of life. You will also kindly tell whomever you represent that it is only my own money that I am offering. It will be my duty to abide by my husband's instructions as regards anything of his. I don't know anything about the law, but that is what I hold to. Good afternoon." She bowed them out.

Pacing her drawing-room afterward, Ellen Duberly reviewed her field of battle. She had not only lied; she had been believed. At the last moment, also, she had been given strength to show them how

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little they could afford to consider her a thing apart from Henry Duberly. Her first impulse had been to offer the Prairie Trust, through Trower, everything Duberly had given her, every possession of theirs that could be converted into money. She was ready to strip the walls of paintings, the library shelves of their first editions. The same archaic conception of her rôle that had compelled her falsehood had held her back from doing this. No: to the end, she would do nothing in Henry's name that was not done at his explicit bidding. She could understand wifehood in so far as it was duty, and marriage in so far as it was the rule of an order. She saw now—now that she was beginning to have a little time to think—that, if the situation as she had first conceived it would have bound them together as never before, the situation as Mavis Charle had revealed it to her bound her to him even more relentlessly. Their relations had suddenly ceased, utterly, to be personal; there remained nothing but a stark tradition. It was beautiful, doubtless, to be able to trust your impulses, as in the spontaneity of shared love you could; yet, with no emotion left, you entered into a beneficent convention, blessed in that it could be learned by rote. Her ancestral doubt of all impulses fed on this new sense. There was nothing left of their relation but a faded contract—a crackling parchment over whose quaint terms she would have all the rest of life to pore.

She knew now that she did not love Henry Duberly in any sense that she would, as a bride, have understood. She could not have lied for love! But she had a vision of what a wife may be called upon, as sheer testimony to wifehood, to do. She was determined that no wife of them all—Griselda or Godiva—should surpass her in rigid interpretation of the contract. Such was the twist in Ellen Duberly's mind that the total loss of her own private stakes—the way life had swept them in like an impassive croupier!—made infinitely for her reassurance. Nothing was perfectly pure that gave gladness. Oh, in comparison, it was so easy now! What was loneliness, what was pain, what was shame or sordidness, if only one knew what was right? The relief of knowing that she need never fight for herself again—that Henry could want from her nothing but the loyalty of a perfectly adjusted mental mechanism! She need never think of her looks, her gestures, the feminine figure that she cut. He had given that task to Mavis Charle. The slavery of being Mavis Charle! The slavery, that is, of trying to be Mavis Charle with Ellen Duberly's equipment! . . . The years of that slavery slipped from her shoulders; she shed her youth like a burden—and in some strange way seemed to grow younger by losing it.

Ellen Duberly, lying on her sofa, felt the blessed certitudes of the enlisted man. She had nothing to decide, no personal goal to achieve; her very hands and feet would be counselled from without. Peace descended on her like a breath from heaven; and, towards evening, consciousness blessedly slipped from her. Sleep, like a sculptor's hand, passed over her features with repentant skill. That dreamless slumber treated her face with supreme art; eliminating, emphasizing, harmonizing, as if for the first time it found her plastic. Lovely she could never have been; but hints of loveliness were there—like a straight tip from the Creator.

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THE RELUCTANT PRINCE

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

I

FREDERICK, second of the name, and king, by the grace of God, of Kervia and the Kervians, was a tall, grizzled man with the devil's temper. The responsibility of ruling a nation increases inversely with the size of the nation. Kervia, which of course is not to be confused with other Balkan states, is a small country; and it is a recognized fact that men who are accustomed to dabble in small affairs are the men who take themselves the most seriously.

In a kingdom containing only four hundred square miles and a population less than that of Cincinnati, every male child is a potential regiment, every grumble is a revolution, every death is a massacre. Accordingly, any truly paternal ruler is not apt to find existence in Kervia conducive to tranquillity.

God gave to Frederick II not only the Kervians to rule over, but also three sons. His wife, Frederick protested, was given him by the devil.

Of the three princes the youngest, Joscelyn, was the most popular; the Crown Prince Diederick was the most like his father, and the second son, Charles-Edward, unluckily, perhaps, for him, beautifully resembled his mother. Like her he took little interest in pomp and ermine and the foolish little affairs of a foolish little state. She had taken him by the hand and shown him broader horizons, and she had led him, unconsciously on her part, to believe that life held greater things than commanding a regiment of lancers—greater things even for a prince, who might wear all the orders of merit simply through his divine right.

She taught him that there were other stars besides those worn on the chests of fat, incompetent generals. And all this was exceedingly grieving to Charles-Edward's father, the warrior king.

When Charles-Edward had duly reached the age of twenty-one, he was a young man very much out of the Kervian picture. Such military training as had been forced upon him had not served to nullify a slight stoop, born of libraries and books and the somewhat cramped position he was accustomed to assume in front of his easel. Thus his good six feet of height was lessened, apparently, to a more moderate five feet ten. Since his habit was to work his eyes rather than his body, his eyes had betrayed him, and he wore horn-rimmed spectacles, except when on public exhibition either at court or on the field. On such occasions his near-sightedness bothered him to such a painful degree that, in order to distinguish a general from a duchess, he acquired a trick of throwing back his head and squinting his eyes. This, though successful, was not regal.

His narrow face was cast in the most approved Hapsburg mould—which was a mystery because he was not a Hapsburg. He was smooth-shaven in contrast and defiance to his bearded father. What, perhaps, was his most noticeable trait was an ability (common enough in females, to be sure) to convert an assortment of odds and ends, old and new, costly and worthless, into effective and artistic clothing. A homespun Norfolk jacket, almost as old as the royal gold service, spotless flannels, a pair of white sneakers, a soft silk shirt, and a canary-yellow tie—if he did not look a prince in them, he looked, at least, a thousand times a gentleman.

Such, then, was Charles-Edward on his twenty-first birthday.

His coming of age was celebrated with all solemnity and ceremony, and when the ordeal was over he announced in his quiet, matter-of-fact manner that he proposed going to Paris to study his painting under Julian. A bomb in the palace could not have created more disturbance than this serene, innocent desire. Still, the prince was twenty-one and his mother

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stood back of him. Frederick II, in a rage, calling a meeting of his ministers in the council-room, found, to his added disgust, that they had known of Charles-Edward's intention for several weeks and were disposed to acquiesce to it. In fact, they seemed strangely willing to have him go.

Reinwold, the premier, made a tactful little speech, felicitating the king on having fathered three young men of such varied temperaments—a soldier, an artist, and a statesman. Joscelyn, the youngest, was the statesman, having shown, at the age of nineteen, a gift for intrigue and deception worthy a Medici.

But the king was implacable. He rose to his feet and pounded the carved table with a hairy fist.

"No, by ——," he cried, "Charles-Edward is no son of mine! If he prefers spending his days painting cubic nudes in Paris to entering the army of his fatherland, why, then, his fatherland is well rid of him—and the army is well rid of him, too. Kervia stands in need to-day not of a brush but of a sword. I have spoken."

The king sat down and his ministers sighed their relief. The lord of the exchequer, who had been adding columns of figures, looked up from his task.

"If it please your Majesty," he said, "I have computed the prince's necessary expenditures in Paris. Parliament shall vote him an allowance immediately. Now that his Royal Highness is of age it is fitting that he should be provided for in a manner to insure his financial independence."

"Let me see the figures," commanded the king briefly.

He scrutinized the carefully itemized list (the lord of the exchequer was a fiend for detail) and handed it back across the table with a snort.

"Cross out the twelve hundred francs for wine and entertainment," he said. "Cross out, also, the fifteen hundred for vehicular transportation, whatever that may mean. Cross out, also, three hundred for dentists' fees. Charles-Edward's teeth are sounder than his brain. Cross out, also, the three thousand, seven hundred and forty that you have placed under the heading 'Miscellaneous.' That is just another word for dissipation. Reduce the amount for board and lodging by one-third and the amount for clothing by one-half. No artist should live well; I am told it is bad for their art. Now compute me the total."

The lord of the exchequer worked rapidly and obediently. At the end of ninety seconds he raised his keen, ferret-like face and said:

"Your Majesty, that would leave the prince exactly six thousand, eight hundred and sixty-eight francs, fifteen centimes."

"Plenty!" cried the king; "plenty!" And once more his heavy fist shook the table. "That is enough money for any son of mine that shirks his duty to the nation in order to study art."

"But, your Majesty," observed the premier suavely, "Kervia can spare Prince Charles-Edward. His chances of succession are remote with you and the crown prince both enjoying such excellent health."

"Idiot," rebuked the king, "do you suppose the best liver and heart and stomach in the kingdom will avail against a bomb?"

"Oh, sire!" they exclaimed, shuddering.

"Health!" went on the king, in disgust, "health! Did health save my father and his father before him? Not a reigning member of my house has been known to die in his bed; and, mark my words, I shall establish no new and dangerous precedent. No, my lords, not only has Charles-Edward an excellent chance to rule Kervia, but it is even possible that his younger brother, Prince Joscelyn, should some day wear the crown. We Kervian kings must father many sons to be assured that our line continue. Our beloved people, when aroused, are prodigal with assassinations. What are a king and a crown prince to them, once their blood is up? And, my God, I admire them for it! I want no scanted jobs around me."

"The young Prince Joscelyn," insinuated the premier, "would be well liked as a ruler. He is a favorite with the people—more so, perhaps, than the crown prince—certainly more so than Charles-Edward, whom the people do not understand."

"I should despise them if they did," retorted the king. "A prince of my line

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that wears spectacles and has a tenor voice and does little water-colors is a blot on my 'scutcheon; yes, almost a bar sinister."

"Sire," interposed the cardinal archbishop, "judge not a wine by its bottle," and he imagined he was quoting the Scripture. No one present could prove him wrong.

"Very well, gentlemen," resumed the king, "I am glad you take the matter so easily. I wash my hands of it. Henceforth Charles-Edward belongs to you. Do with him as you see fit."

He rose and, withdrawing, broke up the conference; but the minister to France, Count Michael of Tretz, who had been summoned in haste from Paris for the occasion, and the premier lingered after the others.

"It passed off beautifully," whispered the premier.

"Yes; well enough," replied the minister. "There is no doubt he will go?"

"None at all. The doubt is, will he stay?"

"Will a young man of twenty-one stay in Paris? Your Excellency, have you never been to Paris?"

"Never," answered the premier, with a sigh.

"Well, then, that is the only reason you are not there now. Paris is not a place one leaves."

"It will be our duty, yours and mine, to keep him there forever. He must be made to bind himself there, to form unbreakable ties that shall keep him from Kervia the rest of his life."

"And then?" queried Tretz.

"And then, if anything should happen to both his Majesty and the crown prince——"

"Yes?"

"Why, then we should have Charles-Edward out of the way and Prince Joscelyn would succeed to the throne. You see the idea?"

"Yes," replied the minister dryly; "I know Prince Joscelyn and I see the idea."

II

A WEEK later, near midnight, Charles-Edward arrived at the Gare St. Lazare accompanied by a person who filled the intricate position of valet and guardian. This was a kindly, motherly old man, a retired corporal of the House Guards, who, ever since he had reached the age when his feeble neck could no longer hold his shako erect, had been retained about the palace as a gentleman-in-waiting to the young prince. For some reason, which the king, at any rate, could not fathom, Corporal Toblach became foolishly fond of Charles-Edward. The king put it down to spaniel devotion.

And so it was Toblach that tottered under Charles-Edward's hand-luggage when they descended from the Rapide at the Gare St. Lazare. The prince, a little bewildered, but his eyes shining behind his spectacles, followed him closely; and while Toblach transferred his impedimenta to a porter the prince drew a long breath and said to himself: "Life is wonderful; I am twenty-one and my sense of color is excellent and I am in Paris."

To a traveller arriving at night, Paris reveals a glamour and conceals a mystery: the excited, gesticulating porters that greet the train as though they were there to welcome friends and eager to serve them; the uncertain lights of the train-shed; the dinning in the ears of a strange language—a beautiful strange language; and the wild, exhilarating flight in a trunk-laden taxi through unknown streets.

There is glamour, if you will, in the lights of the restaurants, in the dizzy crowds, and in the broad, brazen avenues teeming with a race of people who like to believe that every day is a holiday; but there is mystery in the silent by-streets, lined with high blank walls and darkened windows, where a footstep echoes dismally and the beat of a horse's hoofs resounds like musketry; and there is mystery, too, in the stretches of fragrant gardens, with their tree-tops reaching up dark masses into the golden glow that hangs like a halo above the City of Lights.

Charles-Edward and Toblach were met by an attaché of the legation, and the custom-house had been warned that Charles-Edward, being a younger son of a king, had nothing to declare.

The attaché piloted them to their apartment in an automobile, with two men on the box. It was the last glimpse of luxury that Charles-Edward was to have. The two men on the box, with perfect dexter-

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ity, drove the car down the Avenue de l'Opéra, through the colonnade arches of the Louvre, and across the Pont des Saints-Pères, straight into the Quarter. Charles-Edward leaned, breathless, from the window.

"The old river looks well to-night," remarked the attaché, for want of something better to say.

The old river, in truth, held all the lights and colors of the crown of the king of Kervia. Charles-Edward sighed. He knew he should never be great enough to paint it.

They twisted around to the Boulevard du Montparnasse, and finally struck to the right, up the Boulevard Raspail, almost as far out as the Lion de Belfort. They stopped in front of a four-story house, grim and dark save for feeble lights in the windows of the top floor.

"We are here, your Royal Highness," said the attaché.

"Hush," said Charles-Edward, his finger to his lips; "I am no longer a prince, I am a man."

The attaché bowed and said: "As you will, monsieur."

Then he gave a long pull at the bell, and the door clicked and swung open, disclosing utter blackness beyond. Toblach nervously lit a match. From a tiny room on the left came the sleepy voice of the concierge.

"Monsieur will find his candle on the table. Monsieur has the fourth floor."

And so Prince Charles-Edward, followed by Toblach and the attaché of the Kervian legation, lighted the candle and climbed the four flights of stairs. Toblach and the attaché, being uninspired and wholly sane, were out of breath at the top; but the young prince trod them as though they were golden steps to Paradise. Have not all great geniuses, since Saint Simeon Stylites, lived as high above the street as possible?

The attaché fitted a huge iron key to the lock, swung the door open and stood aside with a grand flourish to let the prince pass.

"This is the apartment, monsieur," he said, as though he were ushering him into Buckingham Palace.

Two dim oil-lamps, added to the candle in Toblach's hand, flickered wanly on a suite of low-ceilinged rooms, done in the style of the Empire—that unholy period when all of the civilized world was unanimously inartistic. But Charles-Edward saw not the imitation black marble mantel, nor the funereal hangings, nor the unpardonable gilt mirrors. He walked to one of the two tall French windows, opened it with some difficulty (for it was used to being hermetically sealed), and stepped out on an iron balcony overlooking the quiet street. From there he had a view of the chimney-pots and the stars; and, between them, hanging, swirling, swaying, like one giant search-light piercing through the mist, the glow of a million lights. The prince drew a long breath.

"I will bid you good-night, monsieur," said the attaché at his elbow; "you must be tired; you have come a long way from home."

"No," said the prince, his eyes fixed over the city, "I think I have come a long way *to* home."

III

CHARLES-EDWARD had been a student in Paris for almost a month before he met Rose-Marie.

"We each have two first names, have we not?" she remarked, with large eyes on him. "How funny!"

"Yes," he answered, "very. What shall we do about it?"

"I find it hard to think in this pose," she protested. "When you are ready to let me rest I will decide."

So, in her fluffy little scarlet ballet-skirt, poised on one foot, she remained as motionless as possible for twenty more minutes. Charles-Edward worked in silence. A glimpse of a Degas had inspired him to paint a young lady balancing herself with a long pole on a tight-rope, far up in the bright darkness above the foot-lights. For this a beautiful and patient model was necessary; and Rose-Marie was as patient as a beautiful model can be.

At the end of twenty minutes he sighed, took off his spectacles, squinted his eyes at his canvas and then at Rose-Marie.

"You may rest now," he said, and was so occupied scraping his palette that he did not turn until she fell to the floor, her face pathetically white in the midst of her scarlet dress.

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"It is all right," she protested, as he bent over her. "My leg went to sleep, and when I tried to stand on it, it would not wake up."

"My dear child!" he exclaimed.

"Will you rub it a little for me?" she asked him, as she might have asked him to pass the salt.

So Charles-Edward sat on the floor and rubbed the two red stockings with all of his royal strength.

"Only the left one—the one I was not standing on," said she.

"I *beg* your pardon," said Charles-Edward; "how thoughtless of me!" and he actually blushed.

When she was better he helped her to limp to his sofa, and he summoned Toblach to bring them tea and *brioches*.

Then said she: "I once knew an English artist called Charles, but he had no Edward at the end of it like you have. Every one called him Sharlay."

"You mean," he suggested, "that every one called him Charlie?"

"Yes," said she, "that is it—Sharlay. Shall I call you Sharlay?"

"By all means," he answered, smiling. "I think it is a great improvement."

So she called him Sharlay, and she remained Rose-Marie, and thus they obviated the nuisance of two double names.

From that day they were fast friends, their intimacy enduring long after the painting of the scarlet lady walking a tight-rope had been completed, condemned, and destroyed. She pleaded in vain for its life; but Sharlay was obdurate where it concerned his art.

Rose-Marie necessarily lacked some of the graces and refinements of the ladies of King Frederick's court; but she lacked also all of their lazy immorality and their sophisticated boredom with life. There are some women who, essentially womanly, are superficially children. We have often heard of the child-woman—Rose-Marie was the woman-child.

Sharlay, looking at her through his horn-rimmed spectacles, saw a slim little person, straight but pliant. She might have been sixteen; she might, almost, have been less; but she *was* twenty. As a private citizen she was apt to wear black, with touches of lace that was whiter even than her young neck, and considerably whiter than her capable, brown hands. Professionally, as a model, she wore anything, but always something. And this was not because she was self-conscious or a prude or because God had shaped her imperfectly (he knows he had not), but because, as she put it, she knew she had a way of carrying her clothes. *Une façon de porter ses costumes* is no mean asset for a model.

She watched the world through large, wondering brown eyes, like a child watching a conjurer. To her every sunrise was a feat of white magic. Her thoughts must always have been pleasant, for even during her silences a smile hovered about her lips, teasing to be born.

One day she said: "I smile too much. I don't know why. Perhaps it is that later in life I shall have to cry a great deal."

"Not if I can prevent it," answered Sharlay firmly, rubbing some cobalt blue from the side of his nose. "I will have no red-eyed models, and I refuse to do a study of Niobe."

"You are a very droll man, Sharlay," she retorted, "especially when you are painting. You really have a kind heart. I know that, because I have seen you feeding the birds in the Tuileries. And you are good to Toblach, too. But when you are painting—oof—everything then is paint. Every woman is a model, then, and nothing else. You are selfish, Sharlay, when you paint."

"Yes, my dear," replied the prince absently. "Keep the shoulder more to the left."

She made a harmless little face at him and obeyed.

"There," she said, "didn't I say so?"

At the end of ten minutes he allowed her to rest. She curled herself up on the sofa with a sigh, and smiled at him. Art for the moment put aside, he removed his spectacles and smiled back at her. He felt completely happy.

"Who are you?" she demanded after a while.

"Who am I?" repeated Sharlay, mystified.

"Yes," said she. "Tell me all about yourself. Who were your father and mother? What sort of a baby were you? Did you always squint up your eyes? Why

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did you leave Kervia? Are you going to get married, or are you married already and, if so, where is she? You see I know nothing about you, and Toblach is always so very discreet, and except for your brother Joscelyn, whom I detest, scarcely any one else ever comes to see you. So begin, now, and talk to me about yourself. It always pleases a man to do that. Also, in this case, it will please me."

"Well, really," Sharlay began, "there is nothing to tell."

"Oh," said she, "there is nothing to tell! What, then, of the wonderful coat of arms that I see on your cigarette case with *Multum in parvo*, whatever that may mean, and two dogs on their hind legs?"

"Those are not dogs," corrected the prince; "those are wolves."

"Wolves, then," said she. "What, then, of the wolves?"

"That is—well, it is somebody's coat of arms, I suppose," he answered weakly.

"Ah!" she said, hurt at his reticence; "I beg your pardon. I am very rude. I did not mean to be." And her mouth, for once, drooped pathetically, like that of a child who has been scolded.

Immediately Sharlay succumbed. His was a nature so sensitive itself that it could not endure to inflict distress. Men like him do not prosper.

"Poor little Rose-Marie," he said; "I have hurt your feelings now, haven't I? I have been a brute."

"How absurd!" she replied, trying to smile. "It was only that I thought we were better friends than—than you seem to think we are. And friends do not have mysterious chambers in their lives to which they withhold the keys—Bluebeard!"

She was serene once more; but, nevertheless, she rose and started to put on her hat, pulling her long pins from the upholstery of the sofa.

Forthwith he was determined to tell her all that she wanted to know; so he said: "Listen!" And she, being a woman, put her hatpins slowly back, one by one, into the sofa and sat down at his side.

IV

MEANWHILE the young Prince Joscelyn had been very busy. He was in Paris on what purported to be a month's vacation; but since Joscelyn, aside from bowing graciously to the plaudits of enthusiastic Kervians as he galloped at the head of his well-dressed regiment on gala days, had no confining duties of state, there was a minority that winked shrewdly and said: "He is hatching something. Wait, and we shall see."

Joscelyn lived at the expense of Kervia in the royal suite of the Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. Occasionally his limousine found its way across the river to his brother's apartment; more often it was seen standing in front of the Kervian legation in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, for Joscelyn and Count Michael of Tretz, the minister, were as thick as thieves.

One raw February day, when every conscientious sybarite should have been at the Riviera, Joscelyn sat in the minister's study. The Count of Tretz, a smile of admiration on his thin, colorless lips, and a sleek hand playing with his pointed beard, sat opposite him and added him up. The world and his birth certificate knew that Joscelyn was twenty years of age. Tretz had but to close his eyes to imagine him forty.

"The trouble with you," said Joscelyn, "is that you always want to have a foot on each side of the fence."

"The trouble with you, prince," retorted Tretz coolly, "is that you are overimpatient. That, perhaps, is the only fault of youth that you possess."

Joscelyn bowed ironically.

"I admit," he said, "that I am no dawdler—no temporizer."

"Quite so," said the minister. "But this is a case of love, I believe, and of marriage. It is well to walk softly when they are in the woods. They are shy, wild creatures and easily startled."

"Rot!" said Joscelyn emphatically. "I tell you that Charles-Edward is in love with her now. He would marry her to-morrow if it should happen to occur to him."

The minister smiled.

"I don't imagine we shall be able to dispose of him as easily and as quickly as that. What we most desire, of course, is that he should marry this Rose-Marie person you have told me about, not at our suggestion but against our emphatic and earnest protest. It is only that way that we can force him to sign a renuncia-

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tion of his chances of succession to the throne. We must point out to him how calamitous such a marriage would be; we must urge him to give up the idea; we must plead, we must threaten, we must reason with him; and, at the same time, we must be sure that he will remain steadfastly deaf to our prayers and our threats and our arguments. Now, that is a state of affairs—nay more, a state of mind—that cannot be brought about in a week. I should advise you, prince, to extend your vacation." And the Count of Tretz put his hand to his lips to hide a smile.

"Oh!" said Joscelyn grandly; "as to that, there will be no difficulty."

"I take it," suggested Tretz, "that, in your life, vocation and vacation are synonymous."

The prince drew himself up.

"Aren't you getting just a bit impudent, Count of Tretz?" he said.

"I beg your pardon," replied the count. "We will talk of other things. You have heard of the proposed marriage for your brother, the crown prince?"

"No," said Joscelyn serenely; "have they got some one at last for poor old Diederick? I hope she isn't too awful. Who is the fortunate lady?"

"The fortunate lady," said Tretz, with amusement, "is the Princess Charlotte of Holbein-Schönberg."

"God save the crown prince!" said Joscelyn with feeling.

"You are pleased to be frank," commented the minister. "It is true that the Princess Charlotte is not physically beautiful. I am told, however, that she has a beautiful soul. Moreover, such an alliance brings power to Kervia; it insures us the good will of Germany."

"Poor Diederick!" was all Prince Joscelyn vouchsafed to say. A moment later, however, he added: "By Heaven, you know, I think I should prefer Charles-Edward's Rose-Marie!"

The Count of Tretz surveyed him keenly.

"No, prince," he said. "You would not envy Charles-Edward his Rose-Marie if *you* were crown prince."

"Ah!" said Joscelyn, "if——?"

"Exactly," replied Tretz.

Joscelyn shifted his eyes uneasily, and when he spoke again he was gazing out of the narrow window into a colorless sky.

"There is a great gulf between me and the throne," he said.

"There are only three men," said Tretz, "and they are all mortal."

"My father enjoys excellent health," said Joscelyn.

"So do you," returned Tretz, "and you are three times as young."

"Diederick is not only young, but he is a capable man—a first-rate soldier."

"Yes," said Tretz, "and soldiers do not wait to die in their beds."

"Charles-Edward is but a year older than I, and he has resigned from his regiment. He runs no risks."

"He runs the greatest risk in life—he is in love."

Joscelyn turned slowly, and this time he looked the minister fairly in the eyes.

"Am I to understand, then," he asked, "that you and those in your confidence will be behind me in anything I may do to get the crown on my head?"

"Ah," said Tretz, "I do not say that. Not quite. But I will go so far as to state that there is a party in Kervia that would view with disfavor the possibility of Charles-Edward becoming their king. He is an enigma that most of us cannot solve. He is termed an eccentric—he has nothing of royalty in his make-up, and Kervia can never forgive him his spectacles."

"To my mind," said Joscelyn, "he's completely mad. For that reason he should be easy to handle. Once get him married to some one far beneath his rank, for whom he has conceived the grand passion, and he will sign his renunciation of the throne as gayly as he would sign his marriage license. All lovers are facile. Tie him hand and foot, I say."

"Tie him hand and foot," agreed Tretz, "and then wait until the hand of Time puts an end to the other lives that are in your way."

"You talk like Lady Macbeth," said Joscelyn, with a shudder.

Nevertheless he left the ministry in great good humor.

V

CHARLES-EDWARD painted hard all winter, and it is to be supposed that he made progress, for, as Rose-Marie had

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hinted, he spelled his art with a capital letter and saw to it that everything in his life was subservient to it. But more and more he came to rely on Rose-Marie for companionship in his idle moments and for an inspiration in his busy ones. She posed for every female figure that he put on canvas from the day he first met her. She was his scarlet lady on the tight-rope; she was a white-clad nymph by a moonlit pool, she was a Madonna, and she was a Circe. It can be readily seen that, as yet, Charles-Edward had not found himself nor enrolled his name in any definite school. He was groping.

His Madonna was the best of his year's work, for it held in it something of the fanatic fervor of the middle ages, something of the white fire that raised Chartres and Amiens and Notre-Dame. In an iconoclastic era Charles-Edward was not ashamed to be a Christian. And so his Circe was hung in the salon, but his Madonna was hung in many hearts.

As for Rose-Marie, ever since the day when he sat beside her on the sofa and told her that he was Charles-Edward, Prince of Kervia, she had regarded him as she might have regarded a strayed child, lost in the aisles of some huge department store on a bargain day. A prince without his courtiers was, naturally, an object for pity. The world was so large and mankind was in such a hurry, and unprotected princes were so helpless!

She had a vague idea that princes were incapable of tying their cravats or brushing their teeth or cracking their boiled eggs, but that assiduous menials performed all such manual labor for them. She imagined that potential kings were taught solely how to hold the sceptre, the correct way to wear a crown, and the elementary principles of walking in ermine robes; and, although Sharlay was not what would be termed a practical man, his abilities were so much superior to her preconceived ideas of what his abilities should have been that she was kept in a state of constant wonder.

Be it understood that in her manner toward him there was no trace of awe, no title-worship. As a man he gained nothing in her sight by being a prince, but as a prince she was disposed to regard him as a child. And that is just where the womanliness and the motherliness of her nature revealed itself most perfectly.

One evening Joscelyn, on his weekly visit, found them both elaborately costumed for the Bal Julian. Toblach had procured for them native costumes from Kervia, and Sharlay was busy teaching Rose-Marie the Kervian national dance.

Joscelyn, tall and blond and correct in his evening clothes, stood in the doorway twisting his mustache. He knew that he was not a very welcome guest; Rose-Marie had taken no pains to conceal her dislike for him, and Sharlay merely tolerated him. But Joscelyn, having his reasons for coming — reasons of state he would have called them, no doubt — ignored both the coolness of his brother's hospitality and the frank expression of Rose-Marie's disapproval. He was inclined to patronize Rose-Marie.

"You look like the Merry Widow," said he from the doorway. "Is that your Prince Danilo?" and he pointed at Charles-Edward, who stood resplendent in white-and-gold and boots. Charles-Edward took off his spectacles, mopped his brow, and cast a casual look over his shoulder at his brother.

"Hello, Joscelyn," he said. "Find a chair, if you are in no hurry." And then they continued the dancing-lesson.

Joscelyn, putting a good face on the matter, mixed himself a cocktail and sipped it from a seat on the sofa.

"You make a very good pair," he remarked at length. "You should dance through life together."

Rose-Marie went crimson, shot him a look of anger, and stopped abruptly. Sharlay finished out the steps alone, in great dignity, and then he, too, stopped and deliberately lit a cigarette.

"What did you say, Joscelyn?" he inquired.

"I suggested you dance together through life," said the prince. "You know, operetta sort of thing—the Beggar Student—the Waltz Dream—very Viennese."

Sharlay said nothing for a while. Rose-Marie stood with her back to them, arranging her head-dress; but in the mirror she could mark every expression that crossed Sharlay's face.

"Monsieur Joscelyn is ever free with

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The king was implacable. He rose to his feet and pounded the carved table with a hairy fist.—Page 238.

suggestions for the conduct of others," she said, trying to speak lightly.

"That," said Joscelyn, "is because I have always the interests of others at heart."

"It is you that say it," replied Rose-Marie quickly.

"Don't fight," Sharlay interposed. "My young brother's words are not to be taken seriously. He is what is known as a wit."

Joscelyn bowed low.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea that an innocent remark of mine would be taken up so quickly and picked to pieces and flung back at my head with all sorts of scathing additions. Rose-Marie, you are a little tiger. I shall never suggest that you dance through life with any one—you would tread on their toes."

"I would risk it," murmured Sharlay half aloud.

Toblach entered, gray and erect, to announce that the cab was waiting in the street; and without ceremony they left Joscelyn to his own devices.

He made himself comfortable with a book and a package of cigarettes, intending to while away an hour before joining a supper-party at the Café de Paris. He had turned but half a dozen pages, however, before he looked up, threw the book aside, yawned and stretched, and pulled the old-fashioned bell-rope on the wall behind him. Toblach answered the summons.

"Toblach," said Joscelyn, "is everything going well here?"

Toblach eyed the prince with dislike. As an ardent disciple of Charles-Edward, he had no use for his more dashing and more popular younger brother. Joscelyn's Greek god's face meant nothing to Toblach.

"Yes, your Royal Highness," he answered gravely, "everything is satisfactory."

"Finances aren't low?" queried Joscelyn.

"I do not know—that is not my affair, your Royal Highness."

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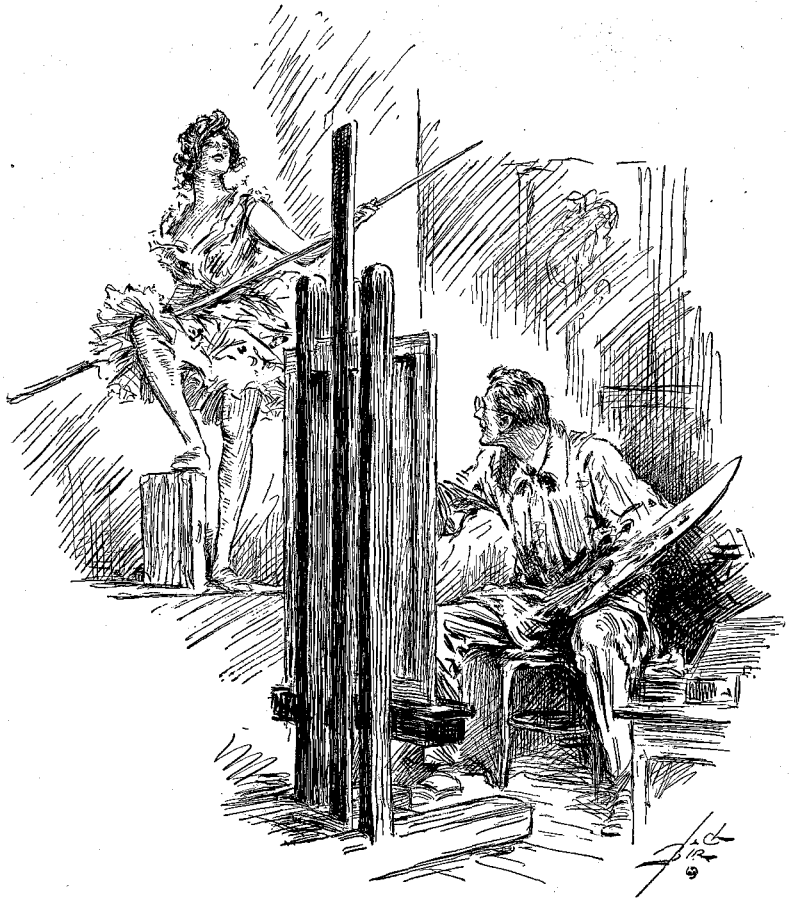
"Ah," said the prince, "to be sure. I thought you would have noticed any embarrassment in that direction, however."



"We each have two first names, have we not?"—Page 240.

"I have noticed none, your Royal Highness."

"So much the better," said the prince. "And the little love-affair—how does that prosper?"

"I do not understand—I know of none," replied Toblach very stiffly.

"And you wouldn't tell if you did, I imagine. Isn't that so?"

"Perfectly, your Royal Highness."

"Come, come," said Joscelyn. "I am only asking in order to help him. I don't want him to make any mistake that he will come to regret. Charles-Edward may be called to fill a high position some day. It would not do if, when the time came, he were hopelessly entangled with a little artist's model. You can see that, Toblach, as well as I. Now, this Rose-Marie—is he not with her a great deal—day and night, in fact?"

Toblach raised his chin an inch higher, and his pale old lips tightened under his bristling mustache.

"As I have said, your Royal Highness, it is none of my business; but I can assure you that the prince spends his nights in his home. I might add, too, that the prince would not tolerate any such insinuation against the name of the young lady in question. I speak for him."

"Ah," said Joscelyn with a sneer, "she is a virtuous lady, is she?"

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Drawn by Reginald B. Birch.

Joscelyn, tall and blond and correct in his evening clothes, stood in the doorway twisting his mustache.—Page 244.

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"She posed for his Madonna," answered Toblach briefly, and turned on his heel and left the room.

VI

It was within an hour of dawn when Sharlay and Rose-Marie left the Bal Julian. As was his custom, he escorted her to the door of her attic room, in the rue de Vaugirard, facing the gardens of the Luxembourg. There she lived with a sister who was employed in a milliner's shop in the rue Royale.

"Very near to Maxim's," Rose-Marie had explained, "but yet very far."

Sharlay understood and thanked God she had not gone into heroics, for people that boasted of their decency bored him amazingly.

As they stood in the hall the first tentative daylight made a silver rectangle of the narrow window that looked out into the gardens. From the street came the click-clack of horses' hoofs on the asphalt, and the warning "ee-up" of the cabbies as they rounded the corner of the deserted rue Bonaparte. Far off some revelling students, returning from the ball, were singing the chorus of "Cœur de Tzigane," their voices mellowed by the distance. On the sidewalk beneath them a pedler chanted his wares like a priest intoning mass.

Sharlay and Rose-Marie, opening the casement, leaned out to listen. The first breeze of morning brought to them cool perfumes from the gardens, to remind them that it was May.

Sharlay laid his hand gently on hers, and she turned her head to meet his eyes. The sweetness of her, the youth of her, and the womanliness of her plucked at certain strings of his heart that had hitherto lain untouched. He looked on her with reverence—he, the son of kings.

"Rose-Marie," he said softly, "there is a new day being born. For me it is as though it were the first day of a new life. I have been a prince—a very incompetent prince—until now. To-day I am a man, and, pray God, I shall fill that rôle more capably. A prince's life belongs to his nation, but a man's life belongs to himself and to his God. A prince must often be silent when his heart would speak, but a man may cry his love from the housetops. Rose-Marie, I love you. Will you help me to live my new life—will you take the little I can offer as a man, and believe that it is a thousand times more than what I might have offered you as a prince?"

She answered, looking him full in the eyes.

"Sharlay," said she, "I cannot. The time will come when we should both be sorry. You do not know what the future holds for you—you cannot tell. Always, in spite of what you may do, in spite of your denials, you are a king's son. God, at your birth, created you for your country; God did not create you for me."

She stopped because she did not trust her voice. Tears hung perilously close to her eyes. She turned away from him that he might not see them.

He hesitated not an instant, but took her in his arms.

"Rose-Marie," he said gravely, "there are others in Kervia who are only too eager to rule—others who are better able to rule than I am, but there is no other in this world who is more eager to serve you or better able to love you than I am. Only one reason shall prevent your marrying me. If you will look at me and say, 'Sharlay, I do not love you,' why, then—I shall have nothing more to say, and I will try to believe that, perhaps, if I had started sooner in life to be a man, I should have made less of a botch of it."

He waited, very serious and wistful, for her to speak. At length she looked up at him with eyes that held not tears, but something even more wonderful—the joy of giving.

"Sharlay," she said, "I love you—my prince, my lover, my man."

The sunlight, sifting through the trees in the Luxembourg gardens, groped hesitatingly in at the hall window and found that all was well.

VII

They arranged to be married in the church of St. Germain des Près. At its high altar many a girl and boy before them had knelt with shining eyes, rich only in their confidence for the future and an immeasurable wealth of love. God

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has been invoked through so many ages under the vaults of St. Germain des Près that its aisles are fragrant with an incense more subtle than that of the swaying censers—they are hallowed with centuries of earnest prayer.

"I do not know—that is not my affair, your Royal Highness."—Page 245.

To the ceremony, which was to be on the first day of June, Charles-Edward invited perhaps a score of his friends. His father, the king, emphatically declined to come, sending his answer through the Count of Tretz. He said in part: "You are fulfilling all my expectations for you. I always knew you were mad."

The premier, representing the country and its government, forwarded as wedding-gifts an ivory paper-cutter and a draft for one thousand francs. The Crown Prince Diederick contributed a set of the romances of Chateaubriand, bound in cloth, gold edges, and Joscelyn gave them oyster-forks. Joscelyn was, perforce, to be best man.

If they laughed a bit cynically over these tokens of love, they were not to be blamed. Luckily it amused them that they were expected to set up housekeeping on Chateaubriand and oyster-forks.

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Had they been older, and less in love, they might have been annoyed.

On the morning of the first of June, then, the sun came up gloriously to wish them joy. Prince Joscelyn, who had arisen long after the sun, was eating his morning eggs at eleven o'clock, when there came to him in hot haste a messenger from the Count of Tretz. The prince was desired at the ministry immediately—the affair was of grave importance.

"What's wrong now?" thought Joscelyn. "Is Charles-Edward going to balk at the post?"

He found Tretz in great distress. For once the diplomat was at a loss.

"You look sick," said Joscelyn frankly. "You're yellow as Confucius. Better take a liver pill."

"God help us!" said Tretz shaking.

"Don't be absurd," said Joscelyn; "you know he won't. What is it?"

Tretz handed him a telegram in the government code.

"This," he said, "arrived five minutes ago. In half an hour all the world will know it."

"You'll have to translate," said Joscelyn. "I don't know the code."

"Very well," said the count. "Can you bear it? It is a blow."

"Deliver it," replied the prince.

Tretz swallowed hard, and began to read in a trembling voice.

"At half-past ten this morning his Majesty Frederick II and his Royal Highness, the Crown Prince Diederick, were shot at and killed while driving in the streets. You are requested to inform Prince Charles-Edward and Prince Joscelyn immediately and arrange for their speedy return. The Princess Charlotte of Holbein-Schönberg is waiting at the capital. It is imperative that our new king, Charles-Edward, take his late brother's place with her before the altar. The marriage cannot be delayed with safety. The favor of Germany must be gained. [Signed] Reinwold, premier."

The Count of Tretz drew a long breath.

"There," he said, "we are done for."

But Joscelyn sat quiet, thinking.

"This came but five minutes ago?" he queried at length.

"Yes," answered Tretz. "If it had been half an hour later, Charles-Edward would have been married and his renunciation signed and in our pockets; and you—you would now be his Majesty the king."

"Well," said Joscelyn, "perhaps I shall be, even now. Who knows of this despatch besides ourselves?"

"No one," said Tretz, plucking up hope.

"Then," said Joscelyn slowly, "why, then, it has not arrived yet, that's all. It will arrive while we are both away, helping Charles-Edward get married. Do you understand?"

"It is dangerous," said Tretz.

"So is life," replied Joscelyn sententiously. "You will reseal this telegram, and you will have it delivered to you at Charles-Edward's apartment, directly after the ceremony. I shall have the contract of renunciation ready for his signature, formally drawn up. He will never desert his bride on their wedding-day. Do you understand? Now, pull yourself together and be a man. Yours is not a face I should care to see at my wedding."

Carefully they placed the despatch in a new envelope, and readdressed it. They gave instructions to Tretz's confidential secretary, and along with the instructions they gave him five thousand francs. The confidential secretary would have sold his soul for half the sum, but they wanted to be sure.

Then, quite cheerfully, they put white gardenias in their coats, and drove to the Church of St. Germain des Près.

VIII

THE white-haired priest stood at the high altar. Before him knelt Charles-Edward, by the will of God and the hand of death, King of Kervia; and at his side knelt Rose-Marie, his wife.

"May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, be with you, and may he bestow on you his blessing that you may see the children of your children unto the third and the fourth generation, and that thereafter you may lay hold of eternal life, through the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who, being God, liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost throughout all the ages of ages."

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Drawn by Reginald B. Birch.

The Kervian minister read the message as though he had never seen it before. The others waited in silence. –Page 252.

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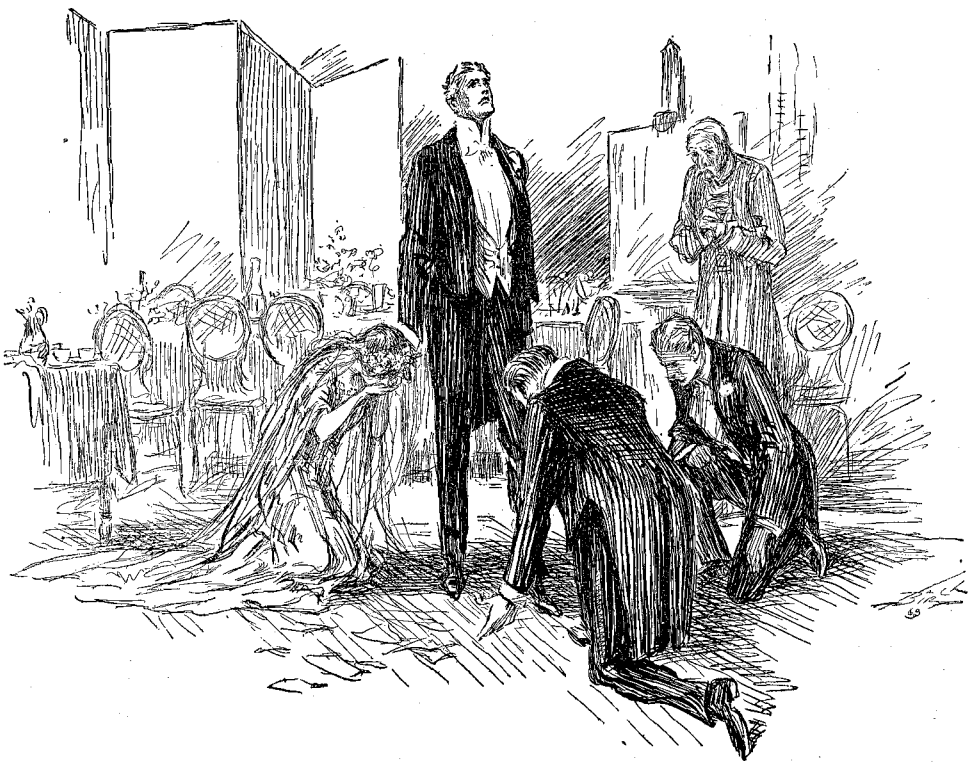
They arose, he very straight and proud, and she with face as white as her veil, but with happiness young in her eyes. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.

At the apartment of Charles-Edward, high up under the eaves, they sat down to their wedding-breakfast. There were Sharlay and Rose-Marie and the sister of Rose-Marie, freed for a day from the making of hats in the rue Royale; there was the Count of Tretz and there was a model who had posed for Henner; there was Prince Joscelyn, uneasily cheerful, and a girl who sang at "La Cigale"; and there was champagne and ice-cream and much merriment.

Standing, they drank the health of the bride, and it is to be said in their favor that Joscelyn and Tretz, forgetting their rank, made short, felicitous speeches. Joscelyn went so far as to say that in Rose-Marie a prince had found his Princesse Lointaine; and Tretz pointed out that Rose-Marie was, both by profession and by temperament, *une épouse modèle*. The remark was voted tasteful and witty.

And then there came a mad ringing at the bell. Toblach, who had been serving them with the paternal assiduity of an old servant, answered the summons. Tretz put down his half-empty glass with fingers that trembled. Joscelyn drained his at a gulp.



And then she, too, went on her knees and kissed his hand.—Page 254.

An attaché in military uniform entered, clicked his heels, and saluted.

"An urgent despatch for his Excellency the Count of Tretz," he said.

The Kervian minister took the pale-blue envelope, tore off its end, and read he message as though he had never seen it before. Joscelyn rose and walked to the window, where he stood, looking out, his back to the room. The others waited in silence. From without came the sing-song chanting of the venders of news-

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papers, as they raced down the streets calling out extra editions.

The Count of Tretz bowed his head in his hands and the telegram fluttered unheeded to the floor. Then, rising, he briefly addressed the attaché.

"Return to the ministry," he said slowly; "put the Kervian flag at half-mast and shroud it with crape. By now this news is the property of all the world."

The attaché hesitated, waiting for more.

Sharlay had risen, and Rose-Marie, anxious and timid, had gone to stand beside him, in the circle of his arm.

Then said Tretz:

"The king is dead and the crown prince is dead; long live the king!" And he went on his knee before Charles-Edward.

After him came Joscelyn and the attaché, and then Toblach, his eyes bright with proud tears, to kneel and kiss the hand of their king.

Rose-Marie stood silent, frightened, looking fearfully into the future. And what she saw there was glory for Charles-Edward and desperate grief for Rose-Marie.

Slowly, wonderingly, like children wide-eyed in the presence of death, the others withdrew, until there were left but Sharlay and his bride and Joscelyn and the Count of Tretz.

Sharlay was the first to speak.

"Count of Tretz," said he, "tell me what it means?"

The minister stooped and picked the telegram from the floor.

"It is in cipher," he said, "but I will interpret it for your Majesty."

Sharlay stopped him with a gesture, disclaiming the title.

"Not yet," he said. "I must first understand."

Tretz bowed.

"Your Royal Highness, then," he continued, "this despatch is signed by Reinwold, the premier. Inasmuch as it is in the government's secret code there can be, alas, no doubt as to its authenticity. It informs me that this morning, at half-past ten, your father and your brother Diederick were shot and killed while driving in the public streets. There are no further details as yet, but it is urged, naturally, that you return home immediately to take the place that is so tragically left to you. Permit me, prince, to add my own condolences, along with those of the world, to you in your great bereavement."

"Thank you," said Charles-Edward simply. "Our loss is indeed great."

Then he turned to Rose-Marie and took her hands.

"My bride," he said, "our lives are not to be of our own disposing, for you and I are called to higher duties than we could have foreseen. We can only thank God that we shall have each other to lean upon in the responsibilities which we must shoulder; and I am proud that Kervia, if it have not a great king, shall have at least a glorious queen."

He drew her to him and kissed her lips, but she hung back, uncertain, afraid.

"Prince," said Tretz, "there is more to this than I have told you. More, that I am afraid will be even harder for you to bear."

Charles-Edward turned quickly. In Tretz's manner he read a hint of what was to come, and instinctively he steeled himself against the blow.

"Tell me," he commanded briefly.

Tretz sought Joscelyn with his eyes, but Joscelyn was lending no encouragement. He had maintained a complete silence.

"You are aware," resumed the minister, "that the Princess Charlotte of Holbein-Schönberg is even now at the capital?"

"I am," answered Sharlay through tight lips.

"And you are aware, of course, that she was to have married the Crown Prince Diederick within the month?"

"Yes."

The Count of Tretz hesitated for the space of a long breath. Then——

"Kervia," he said, "expects you to take the place of your murdered brother at the altar. In no other way can the salvation of Kervia be wrought."

The prince laughed harshly.

"That," said he, "is impossible. I was married this morning in the sight of God and of man."

Tretz bowed gravely.

"There is a way out," he said slowly. "A king may marry whomsoever he chooses—morganatically. I have no

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doubt that your present marriage could either be annulled——"

"Stop!" said Charles-Edward quietly. "Do not blaspheme."

Rose-Marie slipped to her knees on the floor before him and pressed his hand to her cheek.

"Sire," she said, "he is right. I am not worthy."

She spoke bravely, but who shall blame her if her voice was trembling and if her face was whiter than her bridal veil?

When he tried to raise her she clung to his knees, hiding her eyes that he might not see the tears in them and think her weak.

Tretz coughed nervously, and for a brief moment forgot the stake for which he was playing. But Joscelyn did not forget.

"My brother," he said evenly, "the hand of God has fallen heavily on our house to-day; and on you and yours is the brunt of the sorrow. I can only regret that it is not in my power to take some of your burden onto my own shoulders; for I am young and alone in the world, and the sacrifice you are called to make would be perhaps easier for me. You will know that I am speaking disinterestedly when I say that I could wish our positions were reversed."

Charles-Edward regarded him in silence. He was thinking rapidly.

"Prince Joscelyn has spoken generously," remarked Tretz, "and, perhaps, to some purpose. It is a delicate matter—extremely delicate—but if you should care to consider a renunciation of your rights to the throne——?"

"I see," said Charles-Edward slowly. "I see what you mean."

Rose-Marie stood up and faced him proudly.

"Sharlay," she said, and now her voice was steady and earnest, as of one who has suffered in order to see aright. "Sharlay, you shall not do this thing that they suggest: you shall not give up your birthright for me. It will mean unhappiness for us both."

He looked at her very tenderly.

"No, my dear," he said, "it will mean happiness for us both. Tretz, I should make but a poor king. Joscelyn has all of the attributes. Show me what to write that the cards of our destinies may be dealt again."

He crossed to his desk and put his horn-rimmed spectacles to his eyes. Joscelyn came up behind him, at his shoulder, and handed him a type-written sheet, terminated by a large seal.

"Sign there," he said, pointing. But he could not keep the eagerness out of his words.

Charles-Edward grasped a pen, and without a glance at the printed page, started to write at the bottom. He got as far as "Carolus," and there he paused, pen in mid-air.

The Count of Tretz was biting his nails in a fit of nervousness. Rose-Marie stood quietly beside him, her soul in her eyes.

"Go on," urged Joscelyn, atremble.

Charles-Edward looked up sharply, caught the eagerness in his brother's face, and pushed back his chair with a short oath.

"You were forehanded, Prince Joscelyn, were you not?" he said, and he pointed contemptuously at the document. "You came prepared, Prince Joscelyn, did you not? Well, that was where you made your mistake. I will not sign it, for just one reason. I will not sign it, Prince Joscelyn, because, by God, you are not fit to rule Kervia—I will not hand my country over to such as you!"

Slowly and systematically he tore the contract into small strips, and he threw the pieces at his brother's feet. Then he drew himself up and faced the two men, as they stood, white and quaking, in front of him.

"Get down on your knees and pray for mercy," he said. "I am your king."

They started to obey him; but Rose-Marie, with a cry of joy, reached him first.

"I thank God," she said. "I thank God. You have proved yourself more than a king—you have proved yourself a man."

"And I have lost you," said Charles-Edward gravely. "Good-by, Rose-Marie."

"Good-by, Sharlay," she said, "and may God bless you and keep you!"

And then she, too, went on her knees and kissed his hand.

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THE PALACE OF HIS SOUL

By Albert Bigelow Paine

WHEN Hugh Estabrook was engaged at fifty dollars a month and expenses to sell a patent-right, and showed me his contract, I was impressed, and wondered what he could do with so much money. We were about the same age—eighteen then—and I had never been able to earn more than fifteen dollars a month, clerking in the general store and post-office, yet even so was not unenvied by other boys of the village—this being in the middle West, it should be said, where all things were cheap in those days of thirty years ago.

But Hugh had the gift of finance—a gift only relative to industry, which, without that golden touch, can remain in obscure, even if honorable, penury for a thousand years, provided the struggle continued so long. He had already shown by commission sales that he was worth the contract, and more. Of course, he did not stop there. It was the merest beginning of a career.

But I am going too fast, I think. We were very close friends in those early days. We had a good many tastes in common. We liked the same games and books—also the same girls, sometimes, though without friction. We read together, and covered a good deal of semi-classic ground, first and last. If I cared more for literature than he, it was only from the constructive side, for he had a true love for the beautiful and was fond of Shakespeare, and Byron, and Moore, and prose tales of romance, dwelling especially on passages descriptive of sunlit kingdoms, and the airy architecture which belongs mainly in a poet's dream. He had always a vision of one day acquiring wealth enough to build a sort of Alhambra, with terraces and balconies, and tessellated courts where fountains would sparkle and where the nightingale and bulbul would sing in the flooding moonlight. He pictured all this to me, time and again, revelling in the details of his fancy.

I came to think it curious by and by, when I heard of his victories, one after the other (for he had soon left us), that he should have had this romantic, even poetic, leaven, and to wonder if in the struggle for much money its force would wholly fail of effect. I saw him rarely, and briefly enough. His flights to the home village were hurried and far between. He progressed always from one enterprise to a larger one, and at last I heard of him only as associated with this great "deal" and that, until his name began to be a synonym for millions, as clearly it must be sooner or later.

I had not progressed in that direction. The clerkship in the general store had been put aside even after the fifteen dollars had reached the maximum increase of thirty, and such faith as I possessed I had pinned to art—constructive art—and if I had not startled the world, at least I had not entirely failed, for by the trade of letters I had somehow survived. So they passed—twenty-five years of separation—our paths merely touching a little at first, finally not at all. Reports of Estabrook's increasing power were frequent enough in the daily news—how this thing and that grew or withered under his touch according to his will. Perhaps he had not been infallible in his judgments, but his failures were not reported. Stories came also of a wide domain—an imposing home—somewhere in the Berkshires, where he lived in loneliness; for he had never married—being too selfish, it was said, to share his comfort. Reading such things I concluded that Hugh's gift of gain had become mere greed, which had killed those gentler, and, to me, lovelier tendencies of his youth. I speculated somewhat concerning the home he had made for himself, recalling the terraced and tessellated court of his dream. It was more likely to be heavily structured, I thought, of sombre and repellent ugliness, with the conventional surroundings of the sordidly successful man, who is willing to pay for

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substance and taste, careful to get the value of his money in both, according to the conventions of his class. The man who had piled up his millions in mines, and inventions, and railways would hardly care for the singing of the bulbul and the nightingale.

Reports—or perhaps they were only rumors—came, by and by, of Hugh Estabrook's ill health. He had broken down, it was said, through overwork. The chase for the dollar had been too hard—the usual result. A seizure of some kind was reported, though this was later denied. "He will die all in a moment, some day," I thought, "like the others—I wonder if it has been worth while." And I remembered a fresh-faced boy who had always beaten me at chess, and had worn his clothes until they were too small for him, for economy's sake. But a year or two passed and brought not much news of him, further than that he had retired altogether to his retreat in the hills and gave less active attention to his schemes.

I can hardly say how much surprised I was when one day a letter came from Hugh Estabrook, urging me to come to him. "I have made the circuit," he wrote. "Like Cassius, 'Where I did begin, there shall I end—my life is run his compass.' I have given up my projects, and I want to pass my few remaining moments as we did in the days that now seem to me to have been the best that I have known. I have whatever comforts you will be likely to need. I can have more, if you can think of them. My heart turns to the past. Come if you can. If your habit of work is a fixed one, you can work here—but let me see you—let us go back a little—it will not be for very long—come!"

I too—after all the round of life—was alone. So I went to him—partly out of the old friendship—partly out of curiosity; let me confess that now—it was human, I think. Certainly it was with curiosity that I drove into the massive entrance, toward the residence hidden among the trees and foliage. It was much as I had supposed: he had bought his taste as he had bought his great domain. The place was indeed beautiful, as expensive landscape gardening often is. One could find no fault with the noble avenues, the carefully trimmed hedges, the neatly disposed shrubberies, the skilfully adapted bowlders and waterways. Everything spoke the home of the millionaire who had been willing to buy only the reputed best.

The house was in perfect accord with the grounds. I seemed to have seen it almost clairvoyantly, that solid, sombre structure, of wide verandas, massive furniture, and costly carpetings. Handsome and luxurious it was—lavishly so, but without a soul—such a soul as its owner had seemed to have, so long ago.

I was shocked when I saw him. We had not met in twenty years or more, and one ages in that time. Moreover, he was ill—that was clear enough—thin and stooped—his hair, which I remembered as thick and nearly black, sparse now, and quite white. I fancied—indeed I was certain—that his nose had greatly sharpened. I should not have known him.

I had aged too, of course, but my burdens had been of a different sort, and I had not failed in health. He insisted that I was hardly changed; then he broke out:

"You chose the best—oh, the best—all that was worth while! You chose the reality—I fought for the husks!"

"It is beautiful here," I said, truthfully enough.

"Yes, yes, beautiful, if you call it so—and costly—it has cost me my life, these husks."

He led me into a rich room of couches and other comforts where it seemed that he spent most of his days. I noticed that he walked uncertainly, and seemed short in his breathing. I suspected a trouble of the heart.

But in the dim light, and with repose and revived interest, the years seemed to fall away. He began to be as I had known him in the old days. We spent such an evening as comes to those who meet after the long lapse of years. Old names long unspoken—many of them of the dead—passed back and forth, always with something just a little startling in the first utterance of their half-forgotten sound. Old memories refreshed trivial incidents. We recalled the games, the sweethearts, the books and studies of the past.

"I shall grow young again," he said, when we parted for the night. "It was good of you to come."

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I thought, indeed, that he was younger next day, and he walked with a lighter step. He led me about the grounds, resting here and there on the seats and banks, in shady places, talking always of our earlier years together, or making me talk—admitting scarcely a word of his triumphs, though urging me to tell of my own modest successes, which, it seems, in some measure he had followed. We came at last to a gate among some vines.

"We won't go in there now," he said, "and I am going to ask you to wait until I can go with you. I have a reason for wanting to show you that portion of the place myself. We'll call this the 'forbidden gate' until some day when I am a little stronger, and we can enter it together."

There was something in his voice that gave me a thrill—brought vividly back the spirit of mystery and romance I had known in him in youth.

There followed now some days of rain, during which we were much together, talking, reading—always the old talk and the old books—playing the old games. He could still beat me at the games, but it seemed to give him little pleasure. Indeed, I thought these successes saddened him. Then there came a day when he was poorly and only lay on the couch, listening while I read. But next morning, when the rain had gone and the sky was blue, he seemed much refreshed—in fact, quite well. We drove out, and in the afternoon when the grass was dry he proposed a walk. This time we did not linger about the grounds; he led me at once to the "forbidden gate," opened it without remark, and together we passed through.

There was a little path on the other side, and I saw that it led from the grounds proper into the less ordered and less frequented portions of the estate. Passing through some shrubbery we crossed a more open field, entered another through a break in a tumbling stone wall, and followed along a gentle slope where slender cypress-like cedars grew, and bay and sumac, and huckleberry. It was not a wide field, and at the other side was another open wall, beyond which the hill dropped more abruptly and formed a sort of basin which looked as if nature might have planned a small lake there and left it not quite complete. The time of year was early September, and this natural sunken garden, for it was really that, was gorgeous with a riot of goldenrod and purple aster, while the ascending slope beyond was aflame with a mass of autumn sumac.

It was not this splendid color, however, that brought my quick word of surprise. It was something quite different—something wholly unexpected: beginning at what might be called the bottom of this lake of flowers, starting from a kind of base or landing of considerable width, there rose flight by flight amid the bloom and foliage a series of graceful marble stairways, the whole forming a gleaming cascade of steps, the top of which disappeared among the cedar and maple and pine that fringed the summit of the hill. The unexpectedness of it and its rare beauty, with the spell of silence and remoteness that lay upon the place, deeply impressed me. My companion said nothing.

"Is it enchantment or reality," I asked at last, "and where do those steps lead?"

And Hugh Estabrook said:

"It is reality—the only reality I know. They lead—those steps—to all that ever meant anything to me—I brought you here to tell you about it—the palace of my soul."

He did not offer to descend to the beginning of the marble stair, as I had expected, but led me to some stones arranged as a seat, where one could rest and look down upon the vision below.

"Twelve years ago," he said, "when I bought this place, I thought only of somewhere to go to catch my breath a little during the summer. I was deep in a lot of things, and I did not care much what the place was like, if it was suitable, and in keeping with my station in life—something I could show to my associates—not my friends, for I seemed never to have had any during all those years. So it happened that I found the place up here, and I gave an order for the buildings. It was really *carte blanche*, and I took what they built for me, and it filled the bill. I came to it now and then, but never for long. I was too busy—into many schemes. I seemed to have a knack for making things go, and I liked the game. It was *only* a

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game, by and by, for I had money enough —more than enough—but the game had become a habit, a kind of passion, I suppose, and I played it night and day—it was with me even in my sleep. Then five years ago I broke down—something gave way. The doctors said I must give up part of my work. But I could not give up part of it—I could only give up all of it, or none.

"I came up here. I left everything just as it was and have never meddled with the game since. I said: 'Now I am going to do some of the things I used to dream of doing. I am going to have the things that I love most.' So I came here. But then I found the place was not my place—not my kind of a place—and during those days when I was lying in the sun, or in the big room there listening to the rain, I planned what I would like—just as I used to plan so long ago when you and I were young together and went hand in hand through the hills of Granada and the vales of Cashmere. My first thought was to tear down the house that had been built for me, and build another in its place, but it would not have belonged there. Then one day I happened to come to this quiet spot, and suddenly I seemed to find my lost soul again. This was my Vale of Cashmere: here I would build my palace. It would have in it all that I used to love. I needed no architect to come between me and my reality.

"So the workmen came. There is the stairway which we built to lead to the entrance, and beyond that curtain of trees I have built my palace. It is all that I used to dream, with its airy colonnades and balconies, its terraces that fall away to flowery banks, its meadows that stretch into the sunset like swards of paradise. And in it are mysterious passages, and doors that lead to hidden rooms, and there are tessellated courts, with fountains that plash in the moonlight, and in the trees that overhang the walls the apricots ripen and the nightingale sings, and everywhere are noiseless-footed attendants who serve us—for with me there is the one whom I love—she whom I have loved, and shall always love, so long as love endures. It is my palace—the palace that I dreamed with you in our youth—the palace of my soul."

He seemed to be thinking aloud rather than talking to me, and I cautiously scrutinized him, for I thought his mind disturbed. I was thinking what I should say, when he spoke again.

"You are doubtful of my palace," he said.

"No, not doubtful," I assured him, "but some of the things are almost like enchantment, and I did not know—that is, I thought you lived—that you were here without companionship."

"So I was until she came—came to me from my lost dreams. So I am now—alone—so much. For she is young, and I remember sometimes that I am old, and ill, and must not lay my burdens upon her life. It was remembering those things that made me send for you. I shall not keep you long—not very long—and you will be repaid. I have arranged for that —for everything—but for the palace up yonder beyond the trees—that is only mine. When I am gone—not before—you will climb the stair that leads to it, and you will understand. No owner enters there but me—no one climbs the marble stair. And it is so beautiful. Always there are butterflies drifting across the waving grass, and there are long white terraces with divans and the pale carpets of Persia, and music and flowers and love—her love—and all of it mine, at least for a little while. It is always radiant morning there, or drowsy afternoon, or still, drenching moonlight—without gloom, without cold, or rain, or any snow —where every wind blows softly—you remember the lines from 'Morte d'Arthur'?"

I nodded and murmured assent. I had the feeling of being a part of some misty dream or enchantment, a feeling mingled with a curiosity to know what really lay behind the fringe of trees. He seemed to feel my thought, for he said:

"You will not venture until I am gone? You will not invade my palace?"

"No," I said, "I shall hold it sacred."

The September days passed. The russet hill became gold. Estabrook plainly grew no better, but he had strength to walk with me, and there were days when he wandered off alone. Twice I met him coming from the vine-hidden gate and knew that he had been following the path that led to the sunken garden with its white stair. Once he said:

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"Ah, it was all so beautiful to-day—so perfect, and the scent of her hair is still upon my cheek."

But there came a day in late October when he labored for breath and could not move from the couch. I guessed that the end was not far away, and when the attending physician came he did not leave again. Toward evening Hugh could not speak above a whisper. I said:

"Is there any one I can bring to you, or send for?"

He looked at me meaningly.

"No," he said, "you cannot bring her. But—she will be here. Afterward you will understand."

He died without speaking again, a little before sunrise. I lay down then, and exhaustion overcame me. When I awoke some one had laid a note on the table by my bed. It was written in Hugh's feeble hand, and dated the evening of the day we had walked across the fields. It only said:

"It is ended now; you may climb the marble stair."

It was bright and still as I came out into the field of cedars and bay, and passed through the wall and looked down upon the white cascade of steps that led from the sunken garden through the wild tangle to the fringed hilltop beyond. The golden-rod and aster were faded, the sumac had taken on a duller red, but the marble flight gleamed in the morning sunlight, and my pulse grew quicker in the thought of what I was about to learn.

I could discover no path leading from the stone seat down to the landing-stair, but perhaps Hugh had another way of approach. I noticed too as I came near that the stairs had an unused look. Dust and leaves that had drifted into the steps did not seem to have been recently disturbed. I climbed slowly, though I confess with an eager heart. At the top of the last flight a marble footway wound into a group of cedars, and in the midst of these I came upon a marble arch, and a gate. I thought at first that it was ivory—its carving was so delicate—its tint so mellow. It was rich beyond words—its design Oriental. It was like a gate to the Taj Mahal.

I hesitated, not knowing whether to push or knock. I tapped lightly at last and waited, but there came no response. I pushed gently and the beautiful gate opened. I pushed wider, and looked through.

A stretch of meadow—a tapering cedar here and there—birds dipping down as they swung across it, under the blue sky. Nothing more than that. No vision of the Orient, no court of fountains and slender colonnades; no marble balconies full of light and love and music. With Estabrook had vanished the airy architecture of his dream. It had been only his, as he said—the palace of his soul.

THE KEENIN' WIND

By Clinton Scollard

Oh, wind o' the moor an' mountain, why are you keenin' so?
"I keen for the ancient glories, an' the heroes of long ago;
I keen for the maids of the sea-gray eyes, an' the breasts as white as snow.

"Where are they gone—Cuchullin, an' 'Conn of the hundred fights'?
Where are they gone—brave Finn MacCoul, an' all of the valiant knights?
Scota an' Maeve an' Deirdre, an' the dreams of lost delights?

"Into the last great darkness, void of a path or chart;
Into the last great silence—ah, but the bitter smart!
An' so I must still keep keenin' the song of the lonely heart!"

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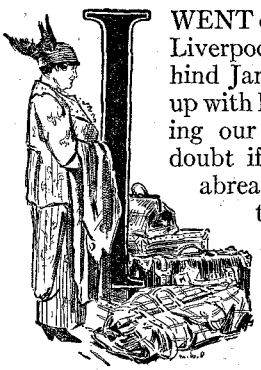
ABROAD WITH JANE

BY E. S. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

II



I WENT down the gangway at Liverpool about six paces behind Jane. I did not catch up with her permanently during our travels. Indeed, I doubt if I shall ever walk abreast of Jane for long in this life. The prow calls to her, but my disposition is toward the rudder end of things. We meet amidships a great deal and consult freely, but when it is a matter of getting under way, Jane's decisions are apt to be prompter than mine and her firm steps, toeing out, almost always precede my more deliberate ones.

There was a special train. The stewards brought along our impediments and piled them in a suitable heap in the station under our letter. But our trunk from the hold did not join them. I had to go back on board and take advice about it and then locate it among the custom-house officials, and then catch a porter, and reassure Jane, who had also run it down. We got seats, but I had to hurry, which is undesirable; and I had to think, which was what I did not want to do. I had furnished myself with plenty of assorted silver pieces, and aspired just to let things happen without haste or thought, and be gently conducted to London. When you come to a country which has a going civilization, why not sit down and ride in it? I was for having the British civilization carry me all it would, and willing enough to drop in the necessary coins and have it do it in its own time and fashion.

For the truth was, though I did not recognize it, that I was still tired. I had pictured to myself getting completely rested aboard ship from all my eons of toil in about five days, and springing ashore refreshed and eager like a patent-medicine hero "after taking." But it was not so. I was still tired. Possibly I had exerted myself too much to make acquaintances, but I had to have them and I could not get them without exertion. Neither could I abandon all at once the general habit of exertion. While I was making the acquaintances, Jane rested, and so kept fresher than I and better able to converse with them when provided, and she gave me comfort after we had landed by assurance that it was the general sentiment of our friends of experience in seagoing that we had had rather a languid voyage, warmer than usual and less stimulating. That was consoling, though I had not known before that anything ailed the voyage. It had finished being warm. We had no further trouble about that in all our travels. And so the porter put us in the London train.

I never had much fault to find with the British porter-and-sixpence system for baggage. You have nothing to show for your trunk when you give it up but the British constitution, and that is not written, but you have to take things as you find them, and under the British system we usually found all the things we took, even our umbrellas. And the British railway porter is a lovely institution. He is the real father of his country. I was in a perfect frame to appreciate his fatherliness. I wanted him to do all the work, including the necessary thinking, and he did it. I loved to have him hustle in and find us proper seats in trains. In that particular of service I am seldom able to realize Jane's reasonable expectations, but the British porter did and I honored him for it with admiration and shillings.

And isn't a shilling a dear little talisman? I was so pleased with them. They do so much for you, and leave you with a cheerful glow and a sense of having parted with a true friend. You can get quite a lot of them for five dollars and they are

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the cheapest thing for the money that you can buy in England. Even their fractions are nice; very desirable and convenient; companionable while they stay with you, and remunerative when they leave. I tried to keep always provided with shillings and their silver fractions, and duly also with pennies, which are issued in England in large folio editions. I can remember when our honorable little cents were of a dignified amplitude like that. Did they buy more then, do you suppose? Certainly they were of more relative importance in the scheme of things than cents are now, and I'm not sure but that it would be an operation worth trying on the high cost of living to make them big again.

We went up to London and stayed there three days: seeing people that I aspired, or had agreed, to see, getting our letters, and making our reports to our family, re-sorting our effects, notifying persons who expected presently to see us, and perfecting plans accordingly. Between other activities I looked a little at London, but we did not count those days as travel at all, but merely as preparation, and when the morning was the fourth day we took a train for York.

But our trunk from the hold did not join them.—Page 260.

Every traveller to his taste about railway vehicles. For my part, I like the British trains. They are like the British hotels in being more domestic than ours. My imagination is a better habitat for me when I can smoke a little; Jane doesn't mind tobacco smoke in moderation, so she and I in our travels up and down England usually got into a smoking-carriage. And when we didn't we were apt, if we went first-class, to have a carriage to ourselves with smoking privileges. That is real

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Then catch a porter, and reassure Jane.—Page 260.

luxury in travel, much more of it, it seems to me, than the Pullman Company, or any railroad company, gives us here at home. If a traveller would smoke on one of our trains he must detach himself from what is conceded to be the chief refining, uplifting, and improving influence of American life, and go off to the end of the train and smoke with a lot of overfumigated men. That makes smoking too important, also too troublesome. I dare say we ought not to smoke at all; but if one is ever to smoke it will be when he travels, and to insist and plan that he shall have tobacco only at cost of detachment from his great Antidote, is so mistaken as to be almost immoral.

I was very glad to sit by the window opposite my Antidote on our various stages of travel to Edinburgh and back, and smoke a cigarette from time to time or keep a pipe alight, without foregoing the solace of her companionship. Besides that, to my mind the seats of a good English railway carriage are more agreeably sustaining than Pullman seats are, and its windows that lower from the top are vastly better to look out of than ours that raise from the bottom and put a broad band of wood across the field of vision. The British railway windows beat ours; there is no doubt of it. In some of them a heavy pane of plate glass slides up and down in its slot, so wherever it stops there is nothing to obstruct the vision. Our car-windows are bad. The great mass of our patient people don't know it, because they never see any other kind, but in the elimination of the blemishes on our civilization, now so fairly proceeding, the turn of the car-windows will come after a while and they will be made to let down like carriage-windows, instead of opening upward like portcullises.

At least, I think they will. Of course it is possible that a wheel may come off our chariot of progress before it gets to car-windows. Or the good English may conclude that our kind of railroading is better adapted to the needs of a democratic society than theirs is, and adopt it, car-windows and all. I hope they won't. We get enough of ours at home.

Jane kept pointing out to me the poppies in the wheat. The flowers that I have seen used at home for the embellishment of wheat-fields have usually been Canada thistles, field daisies, mustard, and wild carrot, which do well enough, but are not to be compared with poppies for purposes of agricultural decoration. I was charmed with the poppies; also with the churches, little and big; also with the harvest, which was proceeding everywhere as we went along. They seem to plant and reap in that country just as diligently as though there were no wheat-fields in Minnesota and Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and no daily assurance that England would starve immediately Britannia eased up the least mite in her historic employment of ruling the

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wave. Once we saw cathedral towers in the distance. Now and then we passed a town with a tall, high-shouldered abbey church. There has not been much in our newspapers about the abbeys in the last twenty years, and I had pretty much forgotten about them. Of course they are our abbeys which we had to leave behind when we migrated, and I was gradually and increasingly interested in rediscovering them. One can't forget the cathedrals. They are too big and beautiful and well preserved, but the whole tale of civilization by abbeys and the final decline and collapse of that system had slipped out of my mind. It may be that our excellent country is at some disadvantage in not being littered up with any remnants of the middle ages. They make one think, those remnants do. We have some Indian mounds and those curious Aztec ruins in Central America and some cliff-dwellings and such things that may be middle-aged. But they are not our family properties. They are things that we have moved in on top of; but these British abbeys and cathedrals, and old parish churches, and more in Normandy, and more and various other reminders in Germany and Italy and the rest of Europe, are the very mould in which we were cast.

I did not do more on this journey than discover that the ruined abbeys existed. We missed the best of them, which are accessible from York, and saw only those that we stumbled over because they were in our way. But discovery is something, for, after all, the main fact about them is that they were, and lasted longer than anything of ours has lasted yet in North America, and are not.

Which of our cherished and heavily endowed institutions do you suppose will in due time fulfil their mission and go the way of the abbeys? We have nothing I can think of to compare with them except our apparatus of education, which runs so fast nowadays to brick, stone, marble, and cement. Is it conceivable that some day the soul of man will rise up against our cherished universities and declare that the shell of them has grown too heavy for the snail, that they have run too much to bricks and stone and not enough to spir-

And so the porter put us in the London train.—Page 260.

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it and to truth? When commercial and fiscal monopolies have all been curbed, will there come a searching of the knowledge trusts and charges of monopoly against them?

I guess not, because though the abbeys are ruined, the universities in the older countries still flourish, and in England some of them are still large holders of what once was abbey property. Perhaps it is our office-buildings that are fated to be our exemplary ruins. Masonry seems never to have saved a people, never even to have saved itself. When the spirit goes out of it, down it comes. It all rests, like everything else, in faith and its derivatives, and if faith crumbles under it it drops. Men love it, it is so strong, and it may be so beautiful. They mourn at its decay and piously uncover and preserve its remnants. And in that they do well, for there is a grim, high courage that may proceed out of them—an understanding of the vast remorseless justice that directs life, and decrees immutably that what is rotten or outgrown shall fall.

Those ruined abbeys make you think. I wish we had some. We need to think a good deal nowadays. We read, instead. The typewriter and the telephone are convenient, but they won't save us, and maybe not even the newspaper.

We walked along the wall at York to the cathedral. I liked the wall. On our former journey to England Jane and I had examined Chester, and I remembered our satisfaction with the wall there. Coming down from Edinburgh I tried to get sight of the old Roman wall against the Picts lately re-edified in stories by Rudyard Kipling, but no visible remnant of it was reasonably accessible. There are excellent gates in that wall at York, as good as new, where rebels' heads were wont to be exposed. My! my! what a long, long slough of killings our English history wades through! It makes one ashamed to be impatient with Mexico for a year or two of butchering and loot while government is changing heads. Think of having a wall and a moat between you and persons of different views! And think of their being an effectual protection! I suppose our newspaper-governed world is freer and safer and possibly pleasanter than that world of walled towns, and the immediate agent in improvement seems to have been gunpowder. It seems a toss-up between the Bible Society and the Duponts which is contributing more effectively to civilization. I suppose, too, that a good many carefully maintained defences of our newspapered society are as obsolete for practical uses as these walls of York, only we don't know it. The walls are admirably interesting, a fine promenade, a profitable attraction to visitors, a very valuable civic property. Apparently our great wall against the intrusion of persons of different views upon us and our opinions is the Constitution of the United States and the power of the Federal courts to declare new statutes unconstitutional. And just how stiff a rampart that is, who can say? It looks substantial. It has been kept in repair. There are weather-stains and moss on it; it shows the action of the elements; but one questions at times if there is *give* enough to it, to stand up much longer under the impact of modern projectiles. And there is the Monroe Doctrine, and trial by jury, and monogamous marriage, and pretty much all the rights of property—all heartily and frankly assailed in these times. Has the store of Bibles and explosives so much increased and improved in our day as to make these venerable defences, or any of them, obsolete? At any rate, the practice of posting traitors' heads on their gates is pretty well gone out of fashion.

But the cathedral is not obsolete. It may be more commodious than the spiritual needs of the present population of York require, but it is alive. And it's none too big to look at, which seems to be the chief end of British cathedrals nowadays. You cannot educate the eye without sights, and the eye is worth a good deal of education. The complexions of these old beauties, their weather-stained grays—how soothing they must be to live with! The best complexions in London are the skins of the Wren churches.

It is a shame to destroy good property as the Parliamentarians and Presbyterians did when they massacred the stone saints in so many English cathedrals. It was a loss to style and to architecture, but I did not find myself able to feel that it was a loss to religion. I found that as a twentieth-century Protestant, while I re-

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gretted the impaired museum and auction value of the carvings in the lady chapel at Ely, I did as a rule sustain the judgment of the seventeenth-century Presbyterians. I cannot see, any more than those Parliamentarians could, that our religion is any the clearer from being filtered through so many saints.

I was very glad to sit by the window opposite my Antidote.—Page 262.

These matters I should have discussed with my learned friend Osborn, who knows more about the middle ages than most of us will ever know about anything. He would have expounded to me the mind of the middle ages and how it had to have saints, just as York had to have walls, and how ignorant and narrow it is to rail at granite saints or granite walls because in the twentieth century they seem out of date. We went over to see him the next day, but meanwhile, with the help of a hack-driver, Jane and I inspected the rest of York, including the little old hidden-away church which has posted in its vestibule a typewritten recommend to tourists and their shillings out of *Harper's Magazine* from Mr. Howells, and the ruins of Saint Mary's Abbey, and the rest of the wall; and were very much charmed and edified with all of it.

The learned Osborn and his wife were staying at a hydro about fifteen miles up the road. I did not speak to him of the middle ages at all. I had barely discovered them, and had not yet been able to connect them anywhere with modern life and the newspapers. Nothing is really interesting except in so far as we can connect it with ourselves, but if we only know enough there is nothing that we cannot connect with ourselves. Everything that is or ever was is connected with us: we are cousins to all creation, but it takes a somewhat practised penetration to trace the tie. Mr. Henry Adams, in a book

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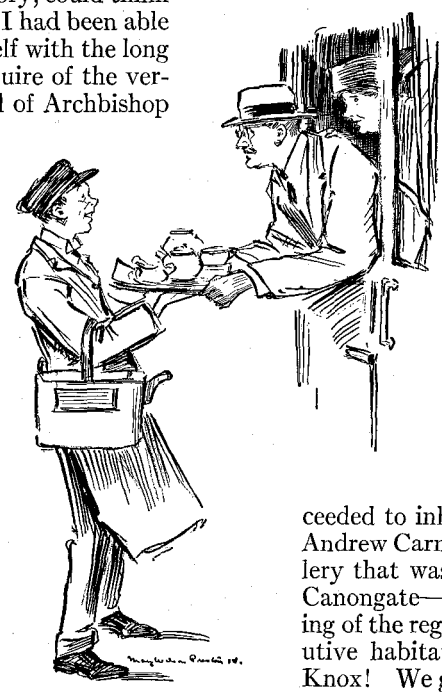
about Saint Michel and Chartres, has connected us Americans of English derivation very intimately and agreeably with the middle ages in Normandy, but I did not know that at that time and could not know that Osborn knew it, and therefore did not extract it from him. That was my great loss, for he can think like a man of the middle ages, just as Disco Troop, in Kipling's story, could think like a cod. The best I had been able to do to connect myself with the long past had been to inquire of the verger in York cathedral of Archbishop Adrian Scroope, from whom Disco Troop and I, and with some help from tradition, and barring a few breaks, can both trace descent—probably collateral, because, I suppose, it was irregular before the Reformation for archbishops to have descendants.



To be passed in the carriage-window.—Page 268.

Osborn of the middle ages, and his wife who belongs to our time, met us, shocking to say, in a Ford motor, most modern of contraptions. Their hydro—a hydro is a water-cure—was on the edge of the Yorkshire moors and was filled with respectable British people undergoing, not a cure, but an ordinary process of summer recuperation. They seemed to work at it diligently, and to get benefit. One respected them for liking it. The ability to endure sober and respectable recreations like hydros and cricket is a very valuable racial endowment. The Osborns confessed that they impaired the benefit they might have got from the seemly discipline of the hydro by daily forays in the impenitent Ford out into the surrounding country—to Sheffield, Leeds, and prettier places, like York and Fountains Abbey. In the Ford, in due time, they carried us off to Leeds, regaled us there magnificently with tea and manifold cakes, and put us on the train for Edinburgh.

Alas for the perversity of our poor minds that think the thoughts they think instead of those they should think! When I think of Edinburgh I think first of the little elevator boy in the hotel who warmed Jane's heart by always saying "Thank you!" when he threw open the doors of the lift. I owe that cheerful child a shilling. Somehow I missed him when we came away, and that is what I have to think of when I think of him.

The wonderful Scotch! Out of how frugal a corner have they proceeded to inherit the earth! I saw Andrew Carnegie's portrait in a gallery that was open, and I saw the Canongate—the very modest dwelling of the regent Murray, the diminutive habitation where lived John Knox! We got a line from the consul to say we were not suffragettes, and a permit on the strength of it to see Holyrood. The hydro must have been a gay place compared with Holyrood, with the Canongate for a shopping district. Poor Mary!

The Canongate makes you understand the old-time poverty of Scots, and why they leaned so hard on the consolations of learning, whiskey, and religion. Scotland, *arida nutrix* of engineers and story-tellers and preachers—how poor she was, and what a debt we owe her! And she is a fairly good collector in these days.

I confess that I did not get Edinburgh co-ordinated. It is a two-story town—a three-story town if you count the castle. One day is not enough for so glorious and complicated a city. Perhaps when I go back I shall like Sir Walter's monument better and correct the impres-

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sion that too much of it is monument and not nearly enough Sir Walter. Perhaps I shall even modify the impression gathered in the Canongate of the old-time poverty of Scotland, but I guess not, for that is sustained by too many jokes of the times following James I, his coming down to London to be king with his hungry retinue behind him. What a strange human habit it has been to have hereditary kings, and what extraordinary selections it has forced even on sensible and practical people like the English! Government begins in force and proceeds in superstition. Superstition promptly crystallizes in axioms like "The king can do no wrong," and "Just government rests on the consent of the governed," which form a working hypothesis under which the immediate governing is done by those who have the gift and the nerve, with the Great Ruler always in the background and his inflexible intentions forever working out according to law.

I wish there could be a report by Doctor Flexner on the Scots and how they came so, and whether they owe their great place in the world, and in literature and the hearts of men, to poverty, the Presbyterian religion, whiskey, or oatmeal. Certainly they lived in the imagination and a good deal on it, having so little else to live on. It is a hard life, but very spirited while it lasts, which, usually, is not long. It is fine for the health to have enough to eat, and to go dry-shod and clothed in cold weather, and to wash, and sleep warm, but it seems not to be particularly good for the spirit. We see such splendid results from poverty, hard fare, and short commons, that you would think it would become the fashion. Not so. Those who embrace it are not admired. What we most admire in poverty is its power to make out of some materials strong people who can beat it, and either get rich or otherwise become glorious and respected. But especially we ad-

Strange customs, but interesting to antiquarians!—Page 269.

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mire those who get rich. That is what poverty, combined with a strong climate, whiskey, oatmeal, and religion, did for the Scots. It qualified them to get rich, glorious, and respected. They seem to have no Franciscan sentiments about poverty. They think nothing of it, and that is a sound opinion, for the fear of it is its best trait. It's not healthy; it's not pleasant. It makes for short life and short language. But it seems to be about as healthy as extreme wealth, which makes for small families, large expectations, and distaste for exertion.

The great drawbacks of poverty are relative. Short commons are not so bad, but it hurts to be too much poorer than other people of your own sort, and all the time falling in the social scale. I suppose the Scots, with the clan and the kirk, and a lively and apprehensive community of interest in the possibilities of the future life, held so large a spiritual and sentimental property in common, and held it so hard, that they were less put out than most peoples would have been by not having material blessings enough to go round. Where very few people get rich, they have to keep on associating with the poor, because there is no one else to play with. Where many people get rich they play with one another, find that more convenient, and easily and naturally tend to become detached from close association with persons who have not succeeded in expressing themselves in money. Of course that is a terrible price to pay for affluence, but it takes more talent to avoid paying it than it takes to make money. In our abnormally prosperous country this social separation automatically induced by money bears very hard and unfavorably on the affluent, who fail to get a profitable variety of association. But no doubt that will be better presently. The bulk of American wealth is extremely new, and hasn't formed settled habits. It is entitled to be excused for many faults and drawbacks on account of the immense good it has done. For one thing, it has added valuably to length of days. People live so much better and are so much more skilfully doctored that a reasonably large percentage of them in our time come to years of discretion. People that have any sense coming to them at all are apt to get it by the time they are sixty—though stubborn cases take longer. With the young so bumptious and confident as they are getting to be, it is not an unimportant matter that the proportion of the population that has passed even forty should be so much larger than it used to be.

One of the blessings that the increase of wealth and commerce is conferring upon mankind is the five-o'clock-tea habit. Of course it has spread to the Land of Freedom, but our country has not gripped it yet with the same tenacity that England has. Our clubs are coming to it fast, to the detriment of John Barleycorn. Our railroads don't recognize it yet, but it's time they did. Jane and I found this agreeable practice scrupulously solemnized on the way down from Edinburgh to Harwich. At about four o'clock trays of tea and bread-and-butter would appear on the station platforms, to be passed in the carriage-window when we stopped, and passed out again at some station farther on. Another lively little boy with manners won Jane's heart and sixpence somewhere between York and Peterborough by the amiable alacrity with which he did this consoling service. Services by the hand, done with good will, are one great charm of travel in that agreeable country where the people still a little outnumber the machines.

We discovered more abbeys in this journey down East England: Melrose and Dryburgh in regular course, while we paid our dutiful respects to Sir Walter; and another by sheer luck. Ely and Cambridge did not take all the day we had for the little journey from Peterborough to Harwich, so, at a venture, we stopped off at Saint Edmundsbury and found great treasures—especially the imposing gateway (all there is left) of the Abbey of Saint Edmunds, one of the largest and richest of them all. There were other treasures of antiquity in that town—a Pickwick Inn; men actually playing at bowls on a bowling-green; a house where Louis Philippe, or some such French person, had lived after he ceased to be needed at home. And at 'Bury, being about to adventure beyond the precincts of the English tongue, I had my hair cut —not wishing, of course, to have it cut in

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Dutch or French. It was done by a "hair-dresser" over a perfumery-shop. I discovered that there are no barbers in England nor any shoeblacks. Shoes are blacked privately and very ill, being first detached from the wearer; and hair is cut by hair-dressers, who still employ the rotary brushes you see in John Leech's pictures. Strange customs, but interesting to antiquarians!

Finding 'Bury was like finding a good chair in a junk-shop. Our perverse minds prefer the unexpected. At Peterborough what really bit into my poor intelligence was not so much the cathedral which we went to see, as the lively Saturday-night market, which I discovered in a vagrant sortie, crowded with people and embellished with street-stands, especially fishmongers' stands, where periwinkles were sold to be eaten as you stood. That was a fleeting show that could be taken in and digested in half an hour. There are advantages about a small show when you have little time to give it. I got more out of the three hours we spent in 'Bury than out of the three hours we spent in Cambridge, because there was so much less to see in 'Bury that one had time to take it in. The gateway of the abbey of Saint Edmunds is my clear mental possession—what there is of it; but Durham, Peterborough, and Ely cathedrals are a moving picture in my head, and Cambridge is another. Nevertheless, the eye does learn, even from fleeting impressions, and out of a succession of things worth seeing, too briefly seen, there does come increased power to see what you look at, and to appreciate its qualities. And what men have built is better and sounder history than the printed page is apt to be.

But I guess cathedrals were not made to be inspected on the run, two or three a day, with ruined abbeys on the side. An active motor-car tourist in a good country can do as many as that without undue exertion, but I'm not sure the motor-car tourist ever digests anything but gasolene. Cathedrals are hardly a quick-lunch-counter dish, even in our precipitous, machine-made phase of creation. But there is this to say, that even a scurry of travel stirs up one's interest in new lines of reading. The merest glance around in an interesting country is enough to disclose that there is something about it that is worth knowing, and make you interested when you run across a fragment of that something in a book.

So Jane and I, having wondered for nine days at the marvels of the three kingdoms, took ship at Harwich for the Hook of Holland.

(To be continued.)

WOOD MINSTER

By Stephen Berrien Stanton

THERE is a dome of vaulted oak,
A Gothic aisle of pointed pine,
Amid the minster of the trees
Where pace no other feet than mine.

And there with wealth of tracery
Upon the pavement of the ground
The mullioned windows of the wood
Let softened sunlight all around.

Nor voice nor footfall here disturb
The murmured orisons of trees—
From leafy chantries ever drifts
The sound of low-sung litanies.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

Our Canyon

OUR canyon is not grand. We see it from our windows, a fold of greenness, always beautiful and full of intimacies, between kindly hills. Up its gentle path the Man of Books and I have climbed so often that for us the groundsel bushes fringing the narrow way are peopled with the shades of former moods, some weary, others wistful, more merry or consoled; and yet the August day when first we sought it out our eyes, all unaccustomed to this Western world, found much of strangeness in its air and aspect. At the heart of its sunny atmosphere, aromatic with tarweed and aralia, there lurks the freshness of Pacific fogs and breezes. Its ever-mounting way twists between tawny hill flanks that rise steep and bare, save for a few live-oaks now and then, and the blue patches of young eucalyptus groves. Here and there a bay-tree shades the path, its glossy, scented leaves freighted with odd double connotation of Mrs. Rorer's "Cook Book" and Botticelli's "Spring." Surely Flora and her Graces could hardly pose their curves against a more becoming background than the straight, conventionalized shafts of this sturdy laurel. With a dread beauty, akin perhaps to that of tiger, flame, and snake, the poison-oak extends enticingly its leaves of feverish red. Lizards rustle in and out of cracks. The very birds differ from their Eastern relatives. Flickers face their wings with red. I frankly miss their yellow plumage. The larger number of the plentiful towhees are tamely brown, although some handsome Eastern-looking ones are also visible. Jays, shorn of crest, wear coats of bright cerulean, and humming-birds have lost their ruby throats.

Against this strangeness, familiar objects stand out with heightened value. Walking through alien greenery where a mottled eucalyptus, like a great giraffe, silently stretches an elaborately slim trunk, one may discover that elder and thimbleberry bushes, always slighted in the Berkshires, have become possessed of charm. I have seen common cornels clad in a winsomeness wholly unachieved by ruddy-limbed madronas, and the red berries of the cohash, reminiscent of fresh Adirondack woods, wearing an adventitious beauty.

To-day, however, experiences like these are rarely ours. We've learned better to reciprocate our canyon's friendly glances, and many of the now familiar forms it carries in its lap are much endeared to us because our children love them.

For Sharp Eyes, aged seven, and Jonquil, barely four, the winding path supplied enchanting ambushes from which to fall on dilatory parents. Sometimes the all-expectant Jonquil trudges solemnly ahead alert for caterpillars of the woolly-bear variety, or palafox, imaginary beasts that cower behind cascara bushes, while inventive Sharp Eyes lures a black spider from his hole bored neatly in the baked adobe, by flicking bits of wild oats upon the gossamer that decks it. Oh, the joy that lights their faces if they chance to spy a fat and placid gopher, or come upon an exquisitely supple snakeskin, trophy meet, in their eyes, to bear home to Sunshine and Sweet Bibs, whose legs are still too short for canyon ways! The sight of tiny quails perched on the mother bird's back turns any afternoon to rose color, and how high excitement waxes when a whole covey of the gallinaceous birds crosses the path with outstretched necks, or whirs up from the bushes at our coming!

And such delights last through the year, for our canyon's doors are never closed for cold. We have but two seasons—the green and the brown—in this land where chrysanthemums and hyacinths nod at each other in our gardens and pussy-willows open into a world gay with fleur-de-lis. Soon after the godetias—pink glory of our hills in summertime—dry away and the rains come around again, our children gather the pink blossoms of wild currant, the Man of Books and I beside them rejoicing in the fresh beauty of buckeye and blue lilac, whose names to Eastern ears are most misleading;

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and though no snowy bloodroot or furry-stemmed hepaticas grace our Western spring, deep-blue brodiæas with their bell-shaped clusters, lupines of several shades, orange monkey-flowers with rich green leaves, and golden poppies soon make for us bright nosegays and we are well content.

Satisfying, truly, is the loveliness of out-of-doors; and yet even it is magnified by the lenses of mind and memory. That the hill has several paths, each on a different level, is especially pleasing to the Man of Books, because he has a fondness for San Remo's terraces. The fennel that we pass, fragrant with remembrance of Pheidippides, breathes the assurance that we too may rejoice and conquer, and my very heart is touched by the likeness of the live-oaks and brown ridges to old olive-trees at Corfu and the barren slopes at Attica. Even small Sharp Eyes feels for the canyon an affection heightened by her other loves. The way leads past the "Pig Ranch," as the children call it. Recently, as we were leaving it, I smiled to hear her murmur: "Hic porcellus ad forum iit; hic porcellus domi mansit; hic porcellus carnem bubulam assam habuit; hic porcellus nihil habuit; hic porcellus 'wee wee' vagivit dum domum veniebat," and then, forgetting the pigs, she confided to me that *veniebat* was her favorite word and laughed with glee to learn that there are others very like it. In a garden near the canyon's entrance some acanthus grows! This failed to interest Sharp Eyes till one afternoon, "stung by the splendor of a sudden thought," she noticed for the first time how closely the leaves resemble those that crown Corinthian columns in her father's "History of Art." And what new lustre has adorned the bay since she found it on the map! This bay forms the centre of the hilltop vision in which the canyon culminates. Over its misty brightness, broken by islands and busy with plying ferries we look straight west to the Golden Gate through which steam steady ships laden with Hawaiian sugar or tea and rice from China and Japan. Between us and the shining waves stretch in unbroken mass the gray roofs of two merging cities, and sometimes at their edge, beside the margin of the bay, there floats the white streamer of a train. How Jonquil shouts at that! Even the Man of Books and I can feel our heart-beats quicken. Possibly that train has spent three energetic days in traversing the giant deserts and Sierras that part us from our past. Across the water to the North there rises above the lower hills blue Tamalpais—a promontory sought by sailors far out on the Pacific. Never do the children tire of tales about the wild life hidden in its gulches. Nor do I cease to wonder that coyote, deer, and catamount still safely roam so close to civilization. Almost at the southern edge of Tamalpais we, looking across the bay, discern the steep streets of the cosmopolitan metropolis that bears Saint Francis's name—unique city with lofty buildings, all under a decade old; place loved of yore by picturesque prospectors lavish of their gold dust, and Spanish Franciscans bearing high the cross; the goal to-day of European peasants so soon to journey by the thousands through the new canal.

UP to this vision of bay and mount and cities, "which seems to lie before us like a land of dreams, so beautiful, so various, so new," we often climb without our children. We have learned, you see, that all play, even up a canyon, may make Jack dull and listless. Luckily a child's day is spacious, and I like to think of Sharp Eyes and Jonquil working at set tasks designed to save them from mental and moral flabbiness, and a needed supplement to the canyon's fun if they are to gain that fulness of life which is important at four as well as at forty.

Its Solace

And it is just this fulness of life that the Man of Books and I find lacking sometimes when we begin our walk. Our souls feel numb and empty; the world about us withered, drab, and savorless. For, pride ourselves though we do on the comfort of our modern homes, so many are the trifles necessary to the complex completeness of luxury that some are often missing or impaired. However finished the appointments of table and apartment, the machinery of living never runs with perfect smoothness; even though a clever mind continually anticipates and circumvents annoyances, new ones crop out as inevitably as do the heads of trolls lopped off in fairy-tales. So patent with the passing years does this "certain natural unkindness" in material things become that too great preoccupation with them inevitably both irritates and palls,

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forcing one to look elsewhere for satisfaction. Fortunately one has not far to look —behind the scenes, as it were—back of appearance to reality, back to the judgment that is not according to eye and ear, but righteous; back to the word that proceedeth out of the mouth not of man, but of God. Indeed, things seen with their endless train of cares and hurries and anxieties are always in the end so powerless to appease us that their futility is laughable. And yet they may cast for the moment a powerful spell.

This the Man of Books and I can often break most easily in the silence of our canyon. However insistent the trivial and transient, however wearying their insipidity, as we slowly climb toward the ever-widening view, our fingers toying with seeds of giant umbelliferæ, our eyes pleased by patches of what Sharp Eyes calls the "Nightly lamp shade," then and there shiftless students, slack servants and quarrelling children, sleepless nights, lost tempers, mistakes, and even telephones begin to lose their blighting magic. As under "the good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth" we gain the upper reaches and, recalling Socrates, on the Illissus, find "grass like a pillow gently sloping to the head," our equanimity returns and it is easy to frame anew our philosophy of the soul's intrinsic freedom and feel the peace therein involved. Escaped for a time from the entanglements of sense, we look "beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars" into a region where our accustomed props are needless; where reliance on material comfort for joy, or on books for knowledge, or even that reliance on a physician for health which Emerson calls somewhere "a kind of despair of ourselves"—from such despair we feel completely safe as, supported by something eternal, we become aware of restoration and serenity. You see, the Man of Books and I belong to the many whom William James describes as conscious of "a wider self from which saving experiences flow in."

Such moments of inflowing strength and solace come unheralded and are not kin to time and space. One may meet them along sluggish Ohio creeks and on the curving streets of dignified New England. I have known their vibrant peace at parties and the dentists, and again have sought them fruitlessly in temples and on "silent seas." That they have laid their hallowing fingers on our little canyon lends it, for me at least, a holy beauty.

At length we take our downward path, too busy now composing our own rubrics to read the canyon's path—and with the gathering dusk the eternal vision is shut out a little by thoughts of warmth and tea and the small quartet so keen for food and fact and comfort whose welcoming shouts will shortly greet us. But yet as, full of health and peace and gladness, we reach our doorway, it is only natural to glance back at our canyon, and, seeing it lying there all lovely between its sheltering hills, lighted by the smile of the evening sky, we feel anew its fascination, and adopt for our own Plato's quaint and delightful faith—that beauty has an advantage over wisdom, temperance, and justice, for those eternal ideas have not reached our bodily vision. Beauty alone has achieved this, and so it is that "Beauty is the clearest and most certain of all things and the most lovable."

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THE FIELD OF ART

OLD TAPESTRIES

WHY is it that the man who has the frank courage of a boy in declaring his opinion of a painting will stand cowed and humble before a tapestry? He will go toward a Raeburn portrait as toward an old friend; he will smile caressingly on the Schools of Siena and Umbria; but place him before hangings of the woven art, and he retires within himself abashed.

This, no doubt, is because so much of mystery surrounds these fascinating fabrics that cover more and more walls in our art-absorbing country.

A little knowledge, at least, of their history is imperative in these latter days if one is to be unafraid as an observer, or in a position to buy wisely as a collector. Acquiring a thorough knowledge of tapestries is a long process, but a little smattering of honest quality may be got from a brief presentment of the matter.

Centre panel from Gothic tapestry, Flemish, about 1500, representing the coronation of the Virgin.

This tapestry is among the treasures of the Louvre.

The word "tapestry" needs to be defined, for it may mean anything from figured furniture covering to carpets. Tapestry, as the word is here used, is a pictured fabric, woven by an artisan on a hand-loom, in which the design forms the cloth and is not worked upon a basic tissue. The design itself is painted by an artist, and the loom, either upright or horizontal, has altered but little from prehistoric times to the present. The difference in the tapestries through the ages lies in the dyes, in the design, and in the talent of those who translate the drawings in weaving. The species of stitch alters not, and belongs to all peoples—Asiatic, European, aborigines of North and South America.

For those who would be quickly wise in a general classification of old tapestry, it may be said loosely that three great periods of design and weaving dominate the history of the art. First, the Primitive or Gothic; next, the Renaissance; and then that florescence of decorative design which belongs more peculiarly to France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As these three great periods of artistic development prevailed all over the Christian world in all varieties of art, one can, by using this simple key, arrive almost instantly at the century to which a tapestry belongs.

Let us begin with the Gothic; go back to the stirring times of the fifteenth century, when castles were hard and chilly shelters, and, to make the stony rooms habitable, large tapestries were ordered from the chief seat of the industry of weaving, and were hung round about on big iron hooks, and in-

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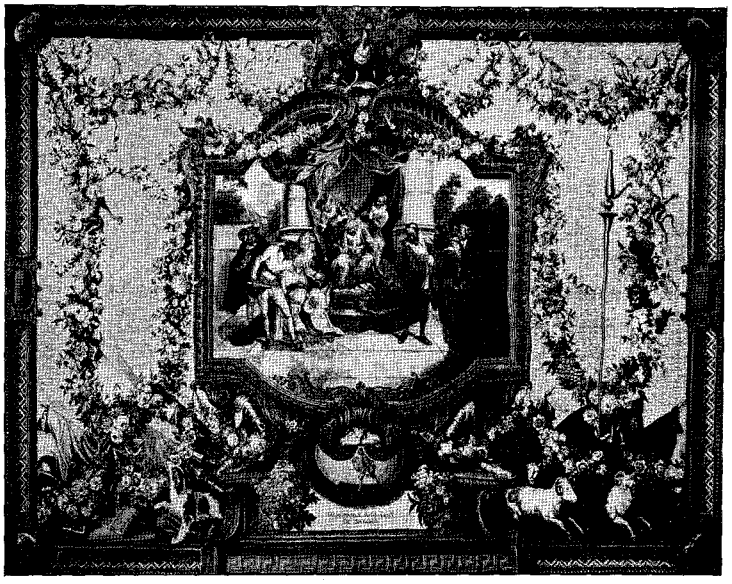
geniously arranged to terminate at a doorway, that entering folk might push them to right or to left. Space was left between the stone walls and the hanging, and thus haven made for the eavesdropper, unless unhappy chance sent a sudden sword-thrust from one grown suspicious.



Gobelin tapestry, middle of eighteenth century, from Don Quixote set composed by Coypel, assisted by Andran and others in the decorative motif.

Five of these hangings are in the Morgan collection; that illustrated is owned by Mr. J. B. Duke.

Paris set up looms, and likewise the Low Countries in the fourteenth century. But Paris fell behind in skill and in production, while north of her the industry grew, and in the following century its chief centre was the capital city of Artois, which was Arras. Through the excellence of the work, and by reason of the enormous production, which was sold and sent all over Europe, the tapestries of that day were known as "Arras." The name went down into Italy when her powerful families introduced the art, and, suffering a slight change, became "Arrazzi," which is still in use.

The dukes of Orleans, that great amateur Jean duc de Berri, the sovereigns of England, of Spain, of France, all patronized the busy town of Arras; but, most of all, the dukes of Burgundy regulated and patronized the art. Were a royal bride to be married, a gift of tapestries was choicer than jewels; were a foreign monarch to be appeased, a set of hangings toned the *entente cordiale;* were there sins to be excused, the church was decorated.

In those days tapestries were in sets, not in single pieces, "chambers" they sometimes called them; so the weavers were kept busy filling the orders. The dukes of Burgundy, by methods of strategy and war, were almost as powerful as kings and had power to control the industry which kept busy all the towns in the comité of Artois, with Arras in the lead. When these aristocratic marauders travelled, the great tapestries were unhooked from castle walls and went with their owner to Paris to deck the bridges for the coronation of a king, or to the field of battle to make luxurious the tents of the leader.

If any one element reigned in the production of these marvellous tapestries of the Middle Ages, it was the efficacy of the guilds. All the factories were dominated by them, all production regulated, all excellence obtained. The busy towns of the Low Countries were filled with happy, industrious people who shut out from their minds the outer world of stress and storm, and worked for perfection in their craft.

Arras could not hold all the ateliers, nor weave all the orders, and the industry spread to innumerable towns, notably to Brussels. When Louis XI set his vindictive hand on Arras, and with one blow scattered the thousands of workers, it was but natural that the craft itself should spring the stronger in some other place. Then came Brussels to the front, and it was soon after that the golden age of tapestry-weaving began.

Tapestries prior to about 1500 reflect the art of that time. They are naïvely primitive, frankly childlike. We would laugh at their artist's absurdities were they not so

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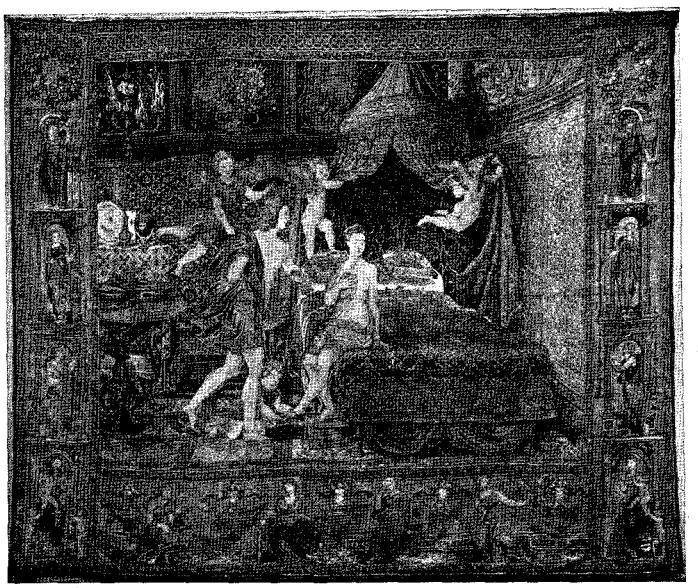
terribly in earnest. Colors are strong and few; subjects are frequently religious, or at least allegorically moral.

Then, about 1500, came a change in the Gothic expression. Artists looked to Memling and the Van Eycks for inspiration; drawing became truer, and as for the gifted weavers, it is impossible to say enough of their skill. The first quarter of the sixteenth century produced tapestries in the highest perfection of the Gothic art; when drawing was at its loveliest and when craftsmanship was at its cleverest point.

It is due to the taste and generosity of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of Mr. George Blumenthal, of Mr. Martin F. Ryerson, Mr. Frederic Pratt, Senator W. A. Clark, and others that we have in our country wonderful examples of this exquisite period.



Renaissance tapestry, woven in Brussels about 1525 by W. de Pannemaker. The cartoon is Italian, and the border is remarkable for its beautiful drawing after the style introduced by Raphael.

In the collection of Mr. George Blumenthal.

After the Gothic, the Renaissance. That is the rule all over Europe in all the arts, but how it came about in tapestry-weaving, is most interesting, and touches the history of the Sistine Chapel.

To produce an appropriate set of tapestries for the space below the frescoes of Michael Angelo, of Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Perugino, Raphael was called upon to draw cartoons, scenes from the Acts of the Apostles. There was not in all Italy one atelier where Raphael's great work could be executed, for the new style of painting allowed less liberty to the weaver yet exacted higher skill than ever before.

Brussels was the centre of the craft which at that time concerned most of the Flemish cities, and many of those in northern France. To Brussels the Raphael cartoons were despatched in 1519, and intrusted to the care of the master, Peter Van Aelst. By contrasting a picture of the Gothic style with one of the high Renaissance we can realize what it meant to those northern craftsmen to have such strange copy set for them.

The Raphael cartoons were so large and so many that three years were consumed in their execution. Then hundreds of gifted *tapissiers* who worked on them absorbed day by day the principles of the new movement in art, and could never again return to the old. It was about this time, in 1528, that an edict was issued making compulsory a woven mark in the border, the design being a shield flanked on either side by the letter B.

The unconscious purity, the sweet *naïveté* of the Gothic passed and the sophisticated art of Italy's high Renaissance dominated the Flemish workshops, and henceforth the looms put out those magnificent tapestries which belong to the second great expression of the golden years of weaving. Unhappily decadence set in through pressing the workmen to overproduction, and Flanders lost her skill.

The noble art was then revivified in France and had there its third great flowering.

About 1600 tapestry looms were encouraged by Henri IV, and the industry grew under his wise patronage until even England's James became emulative, and estab-

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lished the famous Mortlake works, which reached a point near perfection with weavers from the Low Countries to follow the lead of Van Dyke and Sir Francis Crane.

When Louis XIV established the Gobelins factory in 1662 he had but to gather under the roof of the celebrated dye-house of the Gobelin family, the various ateliers which were scattered about Paris, to have a considerable nucleus for the enterprise.

The story of the king's factory is a part of history. It was a community of the best artists and artisans of the day gathered together for the sole purpose of producing beauty for his royal eye to feast upon, and for giving him pleasure vicariously through the joy of those whom the king delighted to honor with gifts.

The great Colbert was considered none too great to direct the establishment financially, and Le Brun was the governor of the corps of great artists under him.

It was a grandiose age, a time when everything was oversized and heavy. Rooms were as large as council-halls, and wall-spaces were wide. Tapestries showed great scenes of ceremony with dozens of life-sized personages, and often the portrait of the king among them. But alas! before many decades the Gobelins factory fell into the mistaken methods that lead to decadence. After a few years of superb, strongly decorative tapestries the tendency came to copy too closely the methods of painters and paintings. In the extended reign of the Grande Monarque the factory went through the stress that shook the kingdom, and, like all of France, worked up to the coming day of wrath. Depleted in vigor, in aim, in finance, it passed into the hands of the succeeding kings and reflected their weaknesses.

The lovely scenes by Boucher, Coypel, Watteau, Fragonard, in which palace grounds were the setting where royalty and courtiers disported, disguised as shepherds all and maidens fair, those were the scenes rolled out from the Gobelins factory for use in palace and château, and those are scenes that charm and delight us.

But loveliness was not content to rest here. It must needs become *mignonne*. The demand of the eighteenth century was for beauty in miniature. In rooms altering from the *grande salle* of Louis XIV to the little rooms of the Petit Trianon, heroic squares of tapestry had no place. At most, a panel for a wall of *boiserie* was wanted, or a portière, until at last designs became mere decorative detail, exquisite, of highest charm, but miniature detail, nevertheless. And, finally, the grand art of weaving noble hangings for grand interiors or for kingly pageants shrunk down to the level of mere furniture-coverings. The enthusiast knows this to be an abasement of a noble art, but witching beauty is found in the dainty bits of the time of Louis XVI.

The golden age of tapestry-weavers ended in the eighteenth century; their art atrophied and fell into the catalogue of lost arts.

Let us sum up in a word the logical reason apart from rarity for the superiority of the very old tapestries over the modern ones. The old tapestries prior to the eighteenth century were the translation of decorative designs into pliable fabric, using *as few colors as possible;* the newer method had an ever-increasing tendency to copy paintings, to paint in thread instead of in pigment.

Where the primitives in tapestry-weaving produced their marvellous stained-glass effects with a gamut of twenty or thirty colors, the later work required thousands of tones, subdivided into thousands more. Early work of the Gobelins Factory, under Le Brun, has been examined of late for copying, and but seventy-nine tones discovered. But fifty years later the decadent influence prompted the use of as many as seventy thousand to vex and perplex the patient weaver.

The result to us is that the older tapestries have gained in beauty with the passing of the years which have but softened the colors; while the tapestries of insidious shading have lost their meaning with even the slightest fading of the tones. A face that might originally have shown such shading as brush-blended paint may do, appears but a flat insipid vacuity after sun and air have had their way with the wools for a century or two.

The Gobelins works still nestle on the banks of the Bièvre in Paris, but the industry is a curiosity, a remnant—dry bones of a saint whose works live after him. When we want satisfying tapestries we must turn to past centuries and beg of them their work; and if we thus despoil old Europe, to her disgust, why, that is because at the time her tapestries were made, America's looms were those of the Navajo, the Toltec, the Zuñi, and we have no native store from which to draw.

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

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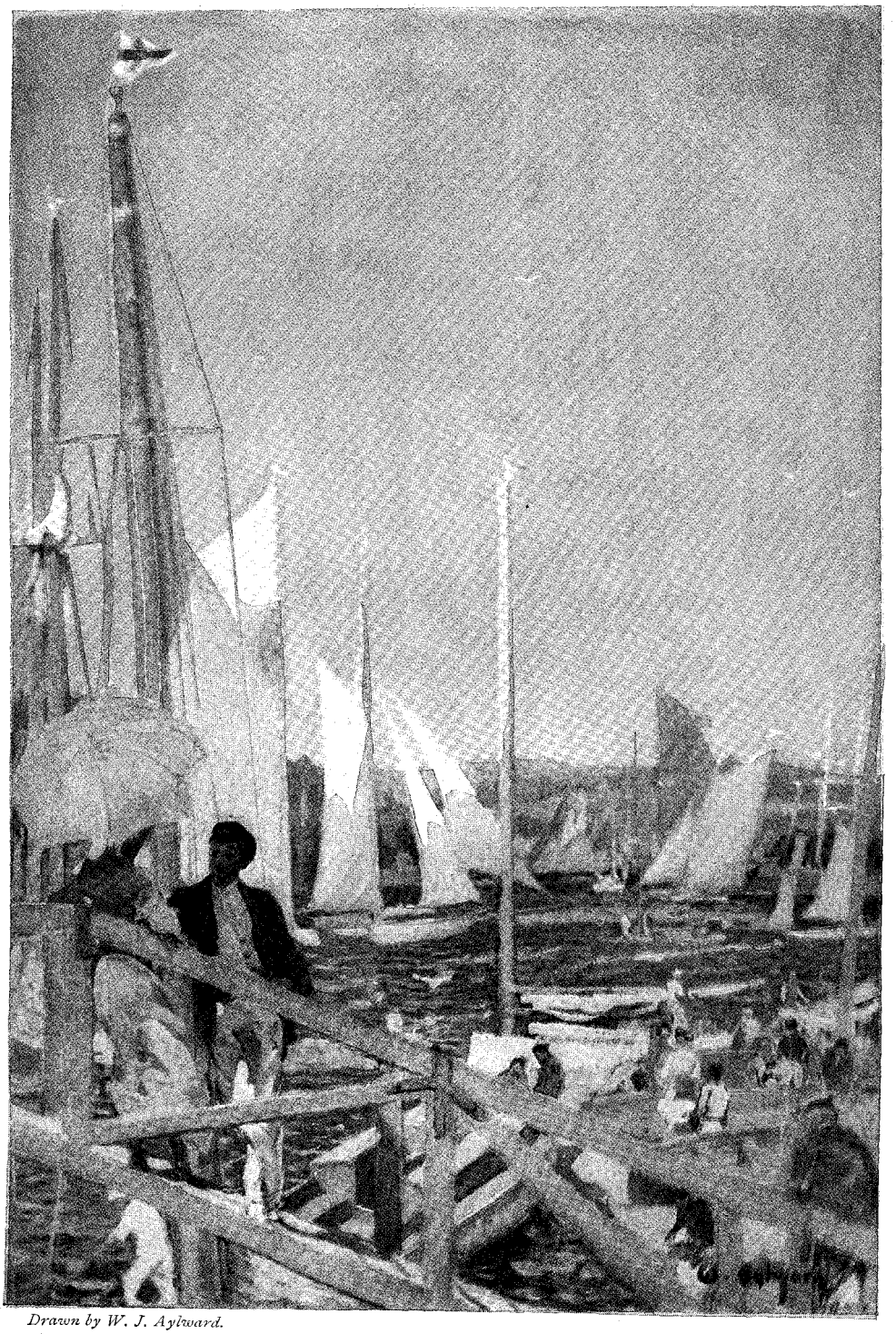

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

REGATTA DAY.

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